THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

A [illegible]rated Weekly
For[illegible] by Benj. Franklin

NOTICE TO READER. When you finish reading this magazine, place a U. S. 1-cent stamp on this notice, mail the magazine, and it will be placed in the hands of our soldiers or sailors destined to proceed overseas.
NO WRAPPING—NO ADDRESS.
A. S. Burleson, Postmaster General.

AUG. 3, 1918

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BOY HOWDY—By GEORGE PATTULLO

For that building you are planning—

Whether it be a Home, Garage, Factory, or Farm-Building

BARRETT Everlastic Roofings come in four different styles to meet the roofing requirements of every type of *steep-roofed* building, from the most pretentious home down to the smallest temporary structure.

The Everlastic Roofings, which we call "The Big Four," include artistic slate-surfaced roofings in rolls and shingles in a beautiful soft shade of red or green, as well as the popular "rubber" roofing in rolls.

The cost per square of each kind is low, and all styles are economical to lay. They are made of high-grade waterproofing materials and are weather-proof and fire-resisting to a high degree.

No better value in ready roofings can be had than the Barrett Everlastic System offers.

Everlastic Roofings are made by The Barrett Company, the largest manufacturers of roofing materials in the world, with sixty years' experience in making roofs for the greatest commercial and industrial buildings in America. When you choose a "Barrett" roof you are always choosing the best.

In the panel at the right we give brief description of each of "The Big Four" Everlastic Roofings. Read about them. Then go to your dealer's and see this famous line.

The Everlastic System offers you roofing advantages and economies that you cannot afford to overlook.

Booklet Free

Write for booklet describing these roofings and also telling about other Barrett Specialties that you constantly need. Address nearest office.

"The Big Four"

Everlastic "Rubber" Roofing

This is our most popular line and thousands upon thousands of buildings all over the country are protected from wind and weather by Everlastic "Rubber" Roofing. It is tough, pliable, elastic, durable, and very low in price. It is also easy to lay, no skilled labor being required. Nails and cement are included in each roll.

Everlastic Slate-Surfaced Roofing

This is the most beautiful and durable roll roofing made. It is manufactured of the same materials as Everlastic "Rubber" Roofing but has a beautiful surface of real crushed slate, either red or green. The slate not only makes a very handsome roof but one that is fire-resisting and very durable.

Everlastic Multi-Shingles

This is the newest thing in roofing, being *four shingles in one.* When laid they look exactly like individual shingles and make a roof worthy of your very best buildings. Being four shingles in one, they save a great deal of time in laying and require fewer nails. Red or green crushed slate surface.

Everlastic Tylike Shingles

These are made of the same material as the Multi-Shingles (red or green) mentioned above but come in individual shingles. The finished roof is far more beautiful than one of ordinary shingles, and in addition, Tylike Shingles are fire-resisting and cost less per year of service.

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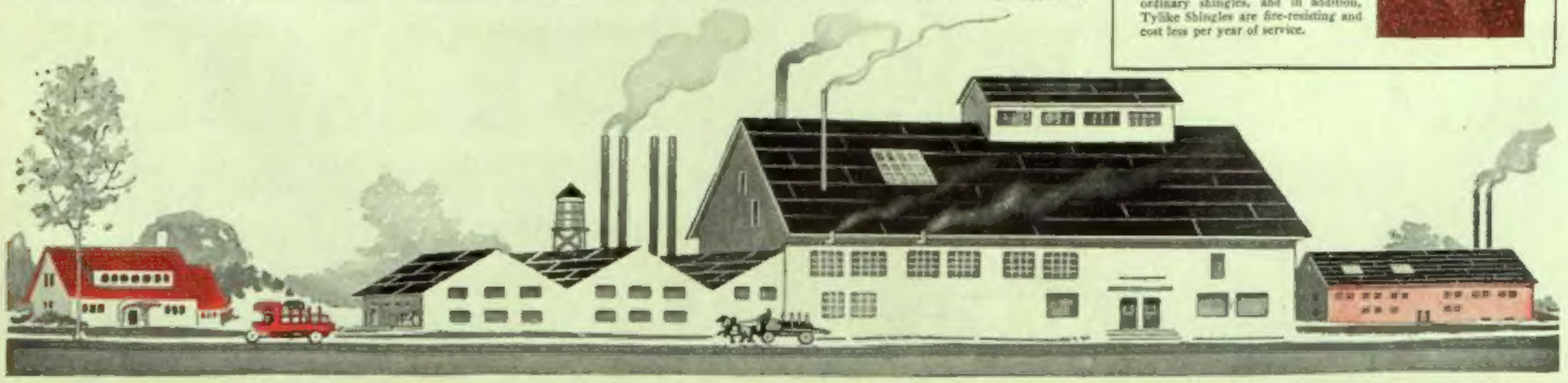


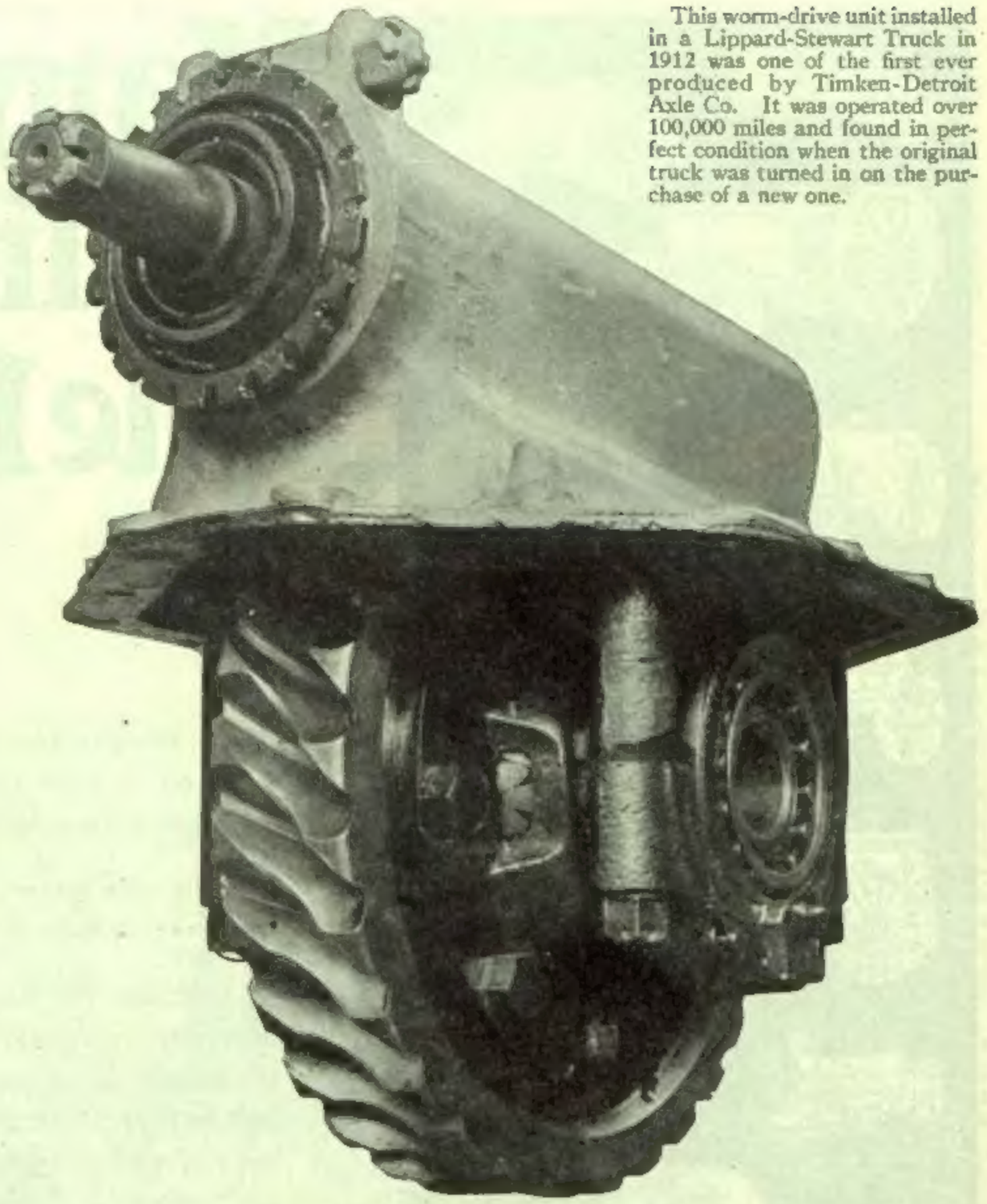
We Don't Know—

how long a Timken-Detroit Worm Gear will last, because in over 6 years of use in thousands of trucks not one Timken-Detroit Worm or Worm Wheel has ever been worn out by anything that can even remotely be traced to its worm-drive principle.

We Do Know—

that many worm-drive trucks have already extraordinary records of over 100,000 miles—some over 200,000—and the worm gearing is in first-class condition and good for years to come.

Contrast that with the conditions prior to the advent of worm-drive, when a two to three year life and ten to twenty-thousand mile service was considered thoroughly satisfactory for rear-drive mechanism.



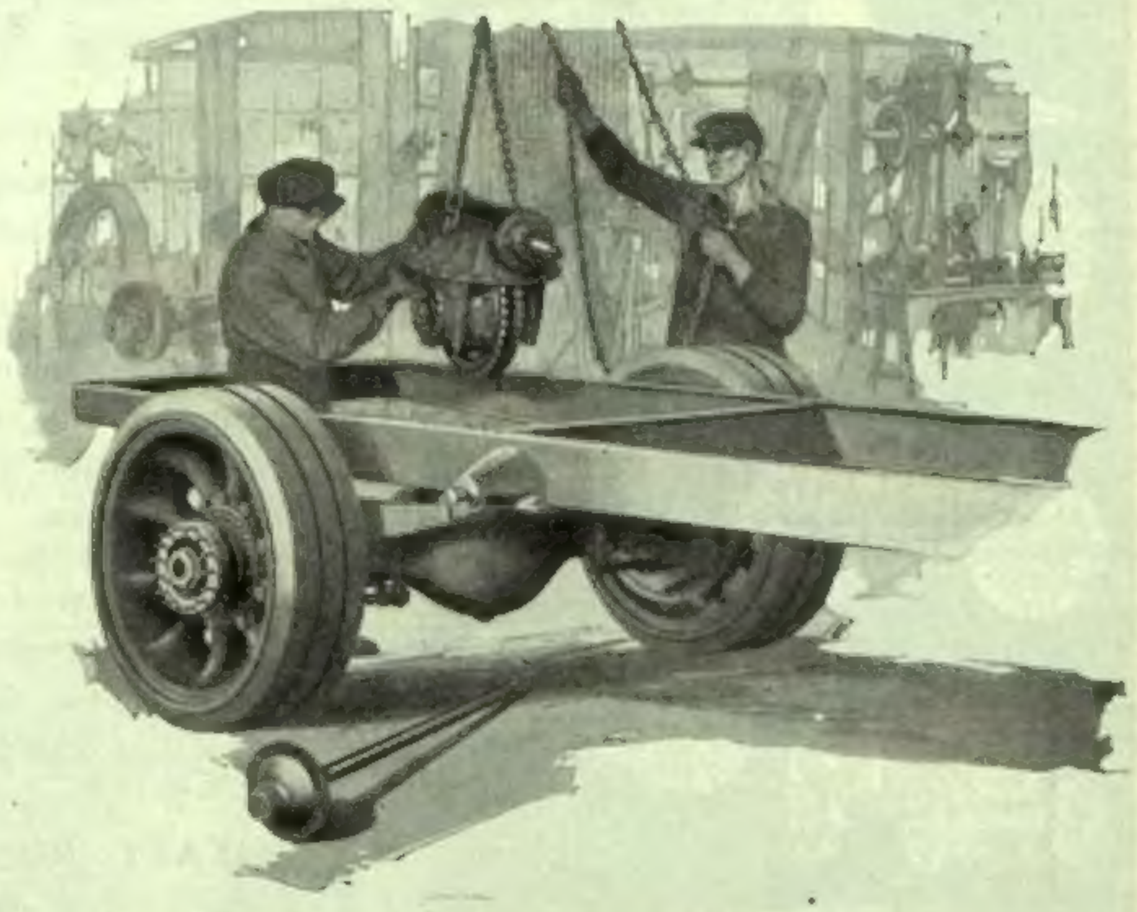
This worm-drive unit installed in a Lippard-Stewart Truck in 1912 was one of the first ever produced by Timken-Detroit Axle Co. It was operated over 100,000 miles and found in perfect condition when the original truck was turned in on the purchase of a new one.

"Good for Another 100,000 Miles in Another Truck"

It has several times happened that a worm-drive truck has reached the point—after a long mileage—of diminishing returns on account of worn parts, yet the worm-drive axle was still in perfect working condition.

It has paid the owners either to rebuild the old truck, retaining the Timken-Detroit axles, or to install the axles in a new truck, with every expectation of another 100,000 miles or more of good service.

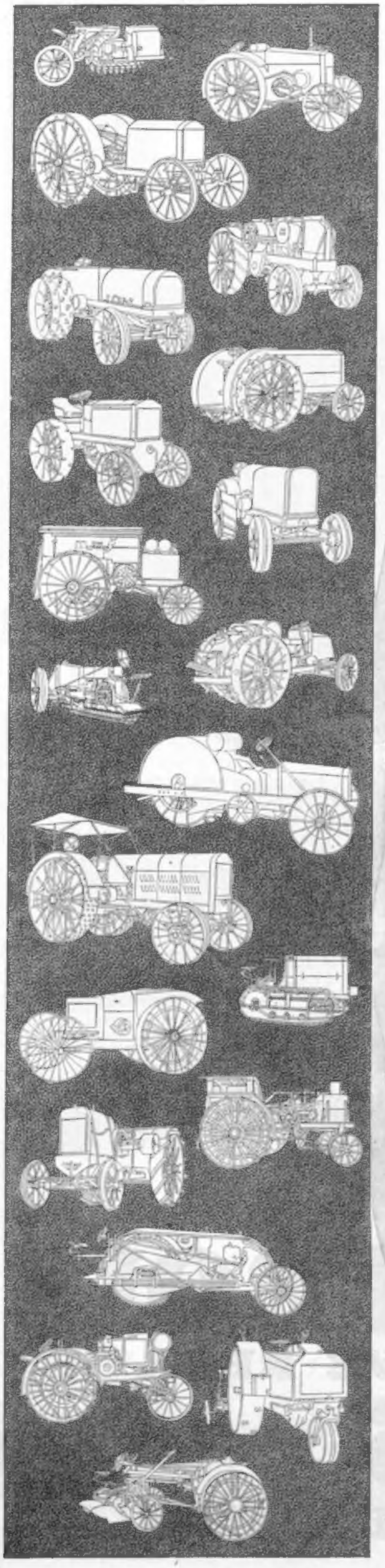
The illustrations at the right are a case in point.



THE TIMKEN-DETROIT AXLE COMPANY
Detroit, Mich.

Oldest and largest builders of front and rear axles for both motor cars and trucks.

TIMKEN-DETROIT
FRONT and WORM-DRIVE REAR
AXLES
For Efficient COMMERCIAL Haulage



Many Types Of Tractors- One Bearing

Many designs, many principles, many merits are involved in farm tractors we see today. Hardly any two of them are alike in appearance.

For this very reason it is all the more significant that the majority of them are alike in one feature.

To eliminate the necessity of constant lubrication, to reduce friction, to make possible the delivery of the maximum power of the motor at drawbar and belt, to keep shafts in line and gears in mesh without the need of adjustment—75 of the largest and most successful builders of farm tractors use Hyatt Bearings in the construction of their machines

Such a unanimity of opinion in a field of such diversified design carries an extremely important message to you as a tractor owner.

Hyatt Bearings—because of their spiral hollow roller construction—give greater wear, carry more lubricant and distribute it better and demand less attention than any other bearing regardless of type or make.

The opinion of the majority of the best engineers and an experience as old as the industry itself point to the fact that *your* tractor should be equipped with Hyatt Roller Bearings.

HYATT ROLLER BEARING COMPANY
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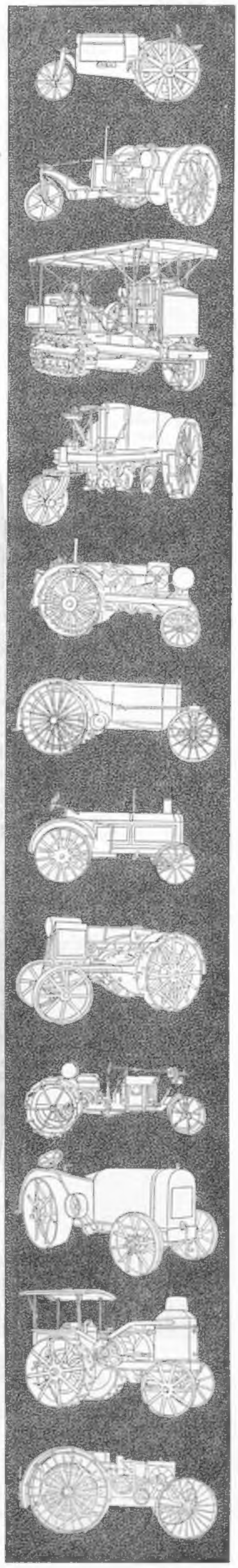

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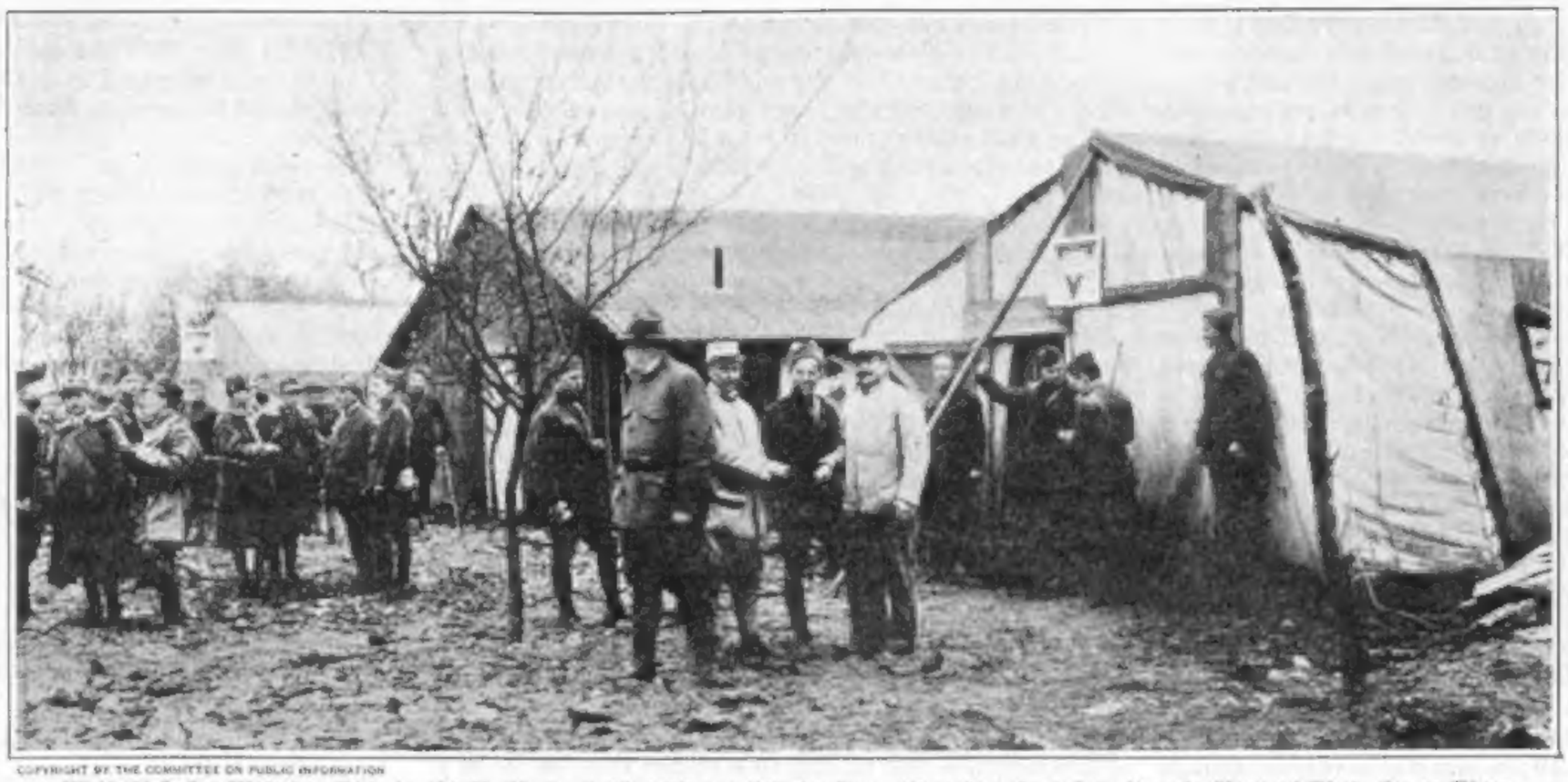
PRIVATE VALENTINE

By Ring W. Lardner



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Well Al I Am Writeing This in the Y. M. C. A. But Where All the Boys That Can Crowd in Spends Most of Their Spare Time

SOMEWHERES IN FRANCE, Feb. 2.

FRIEND AL: Well Al here I am only I can't tell you where its at because the censer rubs it out when you put down the name of a town and besides that even if I was to write out where we are at you wouldn't have no idear where its at because how you spell them hasn't nothing to do with their name if you tried to say it.

For inst. they's a town a little ways from us that when you say it its Lucy like a gal or something but when you come to spell it out its Loucey like something else.

Well Al any way this is where they have got us staying till we get called up to the front and I can't hardly wait till that comes off and some say it may be tomorrow and others says we are libel to be here a yr. Well I hope they are wrong because I would rather live in the trenchs then one of these billets where they got us and between you and I Al its nothing more then a barn. Just think of a man like I Al thats been use to nothing only the best hotels in the big league and now they got me staying in a barn like I was a horse or something and I use to think I was cold when they had us sleeping with imaginery blankets out to Camp Grant but I would prespire if I was there now after this and when we get through here they can send us up to the north pole in our undershirt and we would half to keep moping the sweat off of our forehead and set under a electric fan to keep from sweltering.

Well they have got us pegged as horses all right not only because they give us a barn to live in but also from the way they sent us here from where we landed at in France and we made the trip in cattle cars and 1 of the boys says they must of got us mixed up with the calvary or something. It certainly was some experience to be rideing on one of these French trains for a man that went back and fourth to the different towns in the big league and back in a special Pullman and sometimes 2 of them so as we could all have lower births. Well we didn't have no births on the French R. R. and it wouldn't of done us no good to of had them because you wouldn't no sooner dose off when the engine would let off a screen that sounded like a woman that seen a snake and 1 of the boys says that on acct. of all the men being in the army they had women doing the men's work and judgeing by the noise they even had them whistleing for the crossings.

Well we finely got here any way and they signed us to our different billets and they's 20 of us in this one not counting a couple pigs and god knows how many rats and a cow that mews all night. We haven't done nothing yet only look around but Monday we go to work out to the training grounds and they say we won't only half to march 12 miles through the mud and snow to get there. Mean time we set and look out the cracks onto Main St. and every little wile they's a Co. of pollutes marchs through or a train of motor Laurastakeing stuff up to the front or bringing guys back that didn't duck quick enough and to see these Frenchmens march you would think it was fun but when they have been at it a wile they will loose some of their pep.

Well its warmer in bed then setting here writeing so I will close for this time. Your pal,

JACK.

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A Man Don't Half to Go Along All the Wile on What the Army Hands Out to You

SOMEWHERES IN FRANCE, Feb. 4.

FRIEND AL: Well Al I am writeing this in the Y. M. C. A. hut where they try and keep it warm and all the boys that can crowd in spends most of their spare time here but we don't have much spare time at that because its always one thing another and I guess its just as well they keep us busy because every time they find out you are not doing nothing they begin vaxinating everybody.

They's enough noise in here so as a man can't hear yourself think let alone writeing a letter so if I make mistakes in spelling and etc. in this letter you will know why it is. They are singing the song now about the baby's prayer at twilight where the little girl is supposed to be praying for her daddy that's a soldier to take care of himself but if she was here now she would be praying for him to shut up his noise.

Well we was in the trenchs all day not the regular ones but the ones they got for us to train in them and they was a bunch of French officers trying to learn us how to do this in that and etc. and some of the time you could all most understand what they was trying to tell you and then it was stuff we learnt the first wk. out to Camp Grant and I suppose when they get so as they can speak a few words of English they will tell us we ought to stand up when we hear the Star spangle Banner. Well we was a pretty sight when we got back with the mud and slush and everything and by the time they get ready to call us into action they will half to page us in the morgue.

About every 2 or 3 miles today we would pass through a town where some of the rest of the boys has got their billets only they don't call it miles in France because that's to easy to say but instead of miles they call them kilometts. But any way from the number of jerk water burgs we went through you would think we was on the Monon and the towns all looks so much like the other that when one of the French soldiers gets a few days leave off they half to spend most of it looking for land marks so as they will know if they are where they live. And they couldn't even be sure if it was warm weather and their folks was standing out in front of the house because all the familys is just alike with the old Mr. and the Mrs. and pigs and a cow and a dog.

Well Al they say its pretty quite these days up to the front and the boys that's been around here a wile says you can hear the guns when they's something doing and the wind blows this way but we haven't heard no guns yet only our own out to where we have riffle practice but everybody says as soon as spring comes and the weather warms up the Germans is sure to start something. Well I don't care if they start anything or not just so the weather warms up and besides they won't never finish what they start unless they start going back home and they won't even finish that unless they show a whole lot more speed then they did comeing. They are just trying to throw a scare into somebody with a lot of junk about a big drive they are going to make but I have seen birds come up to hit in baseball Al that was going to drive it out of the park but their drive turned out to be a hump back liner to the pitcher. I remember once when Speaker come up with a couple men on and we was 2 runs ahead in the 9th. inning and he says to me "Well busher here is where I hit one a mile." Well Al he hit one a mile all right but it was ½ a mile up and the other ½ a mile down and that's the way it goes with them gabby guys and its the same way with the Germans and they talk all the time so as they will get thirsty and that's how they like to be.

Speaking about thirsty Al its different over here then at home because when a man in uniform wants a drink over here you don't half to hire no room in a hotel and put on your nightgown but you can get it here in your uniform only what they call beer here we would pore it on our wheat cakes at home and they got 2 kinds of wine red and white that you could climb outside of a bbl. of it without asking the head waiter to have them play the Rosery. But they say the champagne is O. K. and I am going to tackle it when I get a chance and you may think from that that I have got jack to throw away but over here Al is where they make the champagne and you can get a qt. of it for about a buck or ½ what you would pay for it in the U. S. and besides that the money they got here is a frank instead of a dollar and a frank isn't only worth about $.19 cents so a man can have a whole lot better time here and not cost him near as much.

And another place where the people in France has got it on the Americans and that is that when they write a letter here they don't half to pay nothing to mail it but when you write to me you have got to stick a 5 cent stamp on it but judgeing by the way you answer my letters the war will be all over before you half to break a dime. Of course I am just jokeing Al and I know why you don't write much because you haven't got nothing to write staying there in Bedford and you could take a post card and tell me all the news that's happened in 10 yrs. and still have room enough yet to say Bertha sends kind regards.

But of course its different with a man like I because I am always where they is something big going on and first it was baseball and now its a bigger game yet you might say but whatever is going on big you can always count on me being in the mist of it and not buried alive in no Indiana X roads where they still think the first bounce is out. But of course I know it is not your fault that you haven't been around and seen more and it ain't every man that can get away from a small town and make a name for themself and I suppose I ought to consider myself lucky.

Well Al enough for this time and I will write soon again and I would like to hear from you even if you haven't nothing to say and don't forget to send me a Chi paper when you get a hold of one and I asked Florrie to send me one every day but asking her for favors is like rolling off of a duck's back you might say and its first in one ear and then the other.

Your pal, JACK.

SOMEWHERES IN FRANCE,
Feb. 7.

FRIEND AL: I suppose you have read articles in the papers about the war that's wrote over here by reporters and the way they do it is they find out something and then write it up and send it by cablegrams to their papers and then they print it and that's what you read in the papers.

Well Al they's a whole flock of these here reporters over here and I guess they's one for every big paper in the U. S. and they all wear bands around their sleeves with a C on them for civilian or something so as you can spot them comeing and keep your mouth shut. Well they have got their head quarters in one of the towns along the line but they ride all over the camp in automobiles and this evening I was outside of our billet and one of them come along and seen me and got out of his car and come up to me and asked if I wasn't Jack Keefe the White Sox pitcher. Well Al he writes for one of the Chi papers and of course he knows all about me and has seen me work. Well he asked me a lot of questions about this in that and I didn't give him no military secrets but he asked me how did I like the army game and etc.

I asked him if he was going to mention about me being here in the paper and he says the censors wouldn't stand for mentioning no names until you get killed because if they mentioned your name the Germans would know who all was here but after you are dead the Germans don't care if you had been here or not.

But he says he would put it in the paper that he was talking to a man that use to be a star pitcher on the White Sox and he says everybody would know who it was he was talking about because they wasn't such a slue of star pitchers in the army that it would take a civil service detective to find out who he meant.

So we talked along and finely he asked me was I going to write a book about the war and I said no and he says all right he would tell the paper that he had ran across a soldier that not only use to be a ball player but wasn't going to write a book and they would make a big story out of it.

So I said I wouldn't know how to go about it to write a book but when I went around the world with the 2 ball clubs that time I use to write some poultry once in a wile just for different occasions like where the boys was called on for a speech or something and they didn't know what to say so I would make up one of my poems and the people would go nuts over them.

So he said why didn't I tear off a few patriotic poems now and slip them to him and he would send them to his paper and they would print them and maybe if some of them was good enough somebody would set down and write a song to them and probably everybody would want to buy it and sing it like Over There and I would clean up a good peace of jack.

Well Al I told him I would see if I could think up something to write and of course I was just stalling him because a soldier has got something better to do than write songs and I will leave that to the birds that was gun shy and stayed home. But if you see in the Chi papers where one of the reporters was talking to a soldier that use to be a star pitcher in the American League or something you will know who they mean. He said he would drop by in a few days again and see if I had something wrote up for him but I will half to tell him I have been to busy to monkey with it.

As far as I can see they's enough songs all ready wrote up about the war so as everybody in the army and navy could have 1 a peace and still have a few left over for the boshs and that's a name we got up for the Germans Al and instead of calling them Germans we call them boshs on acct. of them being so full of bunk.

Well Al one of the burgs along the line is where Jonah Vark was born when she was alive. It seems like France was mixed up in another war along about a 100 yrs. ago and they was getting licked and Jonah was just a young gal but she dressed up in men's coat and pants and went up to the front and led the charges with a horse and she carried a white flag and the Dutchmens or whoever they was fighting against must of thought it was a flag of truants and any way they didn't fire at them and the French captured New Orleans and win the war. The Germans is trying to pull the same stuff on our boys now and lots of times they run up and holler Conrad like they was going to give up and when your back is turned they whang away at you but they won't pull none of that stuff on me and when one of them trys to Conrad me I will perculate them with a bayonet.

Well Al the boys is starting their choir practice and its good night and some times I wished I was a deef and dumb mute and couldn't hear nothing. Your pal, JACK.

SOMEWHERES IN FRANCE, Feb. 9.

FRIEND AL: Well Al I didn't have nothing to do last night and I happened to think about that reporter and how he would be comeing along in a few days asking for that poultry.

I figured I might as well set down and write him up a couple verses because them fellows is hard up for articles to send their paper because in the first place we don't tell them nothing so they could write it up and when they write it the censors ameers out everything but the question marks and dots but of course they would leave them send poems because the Germans couldn't make head or tale out of them. So any way I set down and tore off 3 verses and he says they ought to be something about a gal in it so here is what I wrote:

Near a year ago today
Pres. Wilson of the U. S. A.
had something to say,
"Germany you better keep away
This is no time for play."
When it come time to go
America was not slow
Each one said good by to their girl so dear
And some of them has been over here
since last year.

I will come home when the war is over
Back to the U. S. A.
So don't worry little girlie
And now we are going to Berlin
And when we the Kaiser skin
and the war we will win
And make the Kaiser jump out of his skin.

The ones that stays at home
Can subscribe to the liberty loan
And some day we will come home
to the girlies that's left alone
Old Kaiser Bill is up against it
For all are doing their bit.
Pres. Wilson says the stars and stripes
Will always fight for their rights.

That's what I tore off and when he comes around again I will have it for him and if you see it in the Chi papers you will know who wrote it up and maybe somebody will write a song to it but of course they can't sign my name to it unless I get killed or something but I guess at that they ain't so many soldiers over here that can turn out stuff like that but what my friends won't be pretty sure who wrote it.

But if something does happen to me I wished you would kind of keep your eyes pealed and if the song comes out try and see that Florrie gets some jack out of it and I haven't wrote nothing to her about it because she is like all other wifes and when somebodys else husband pulls something its O. K. but if their own husband does it he must of had a snoot full.

(Continued on Page 28)

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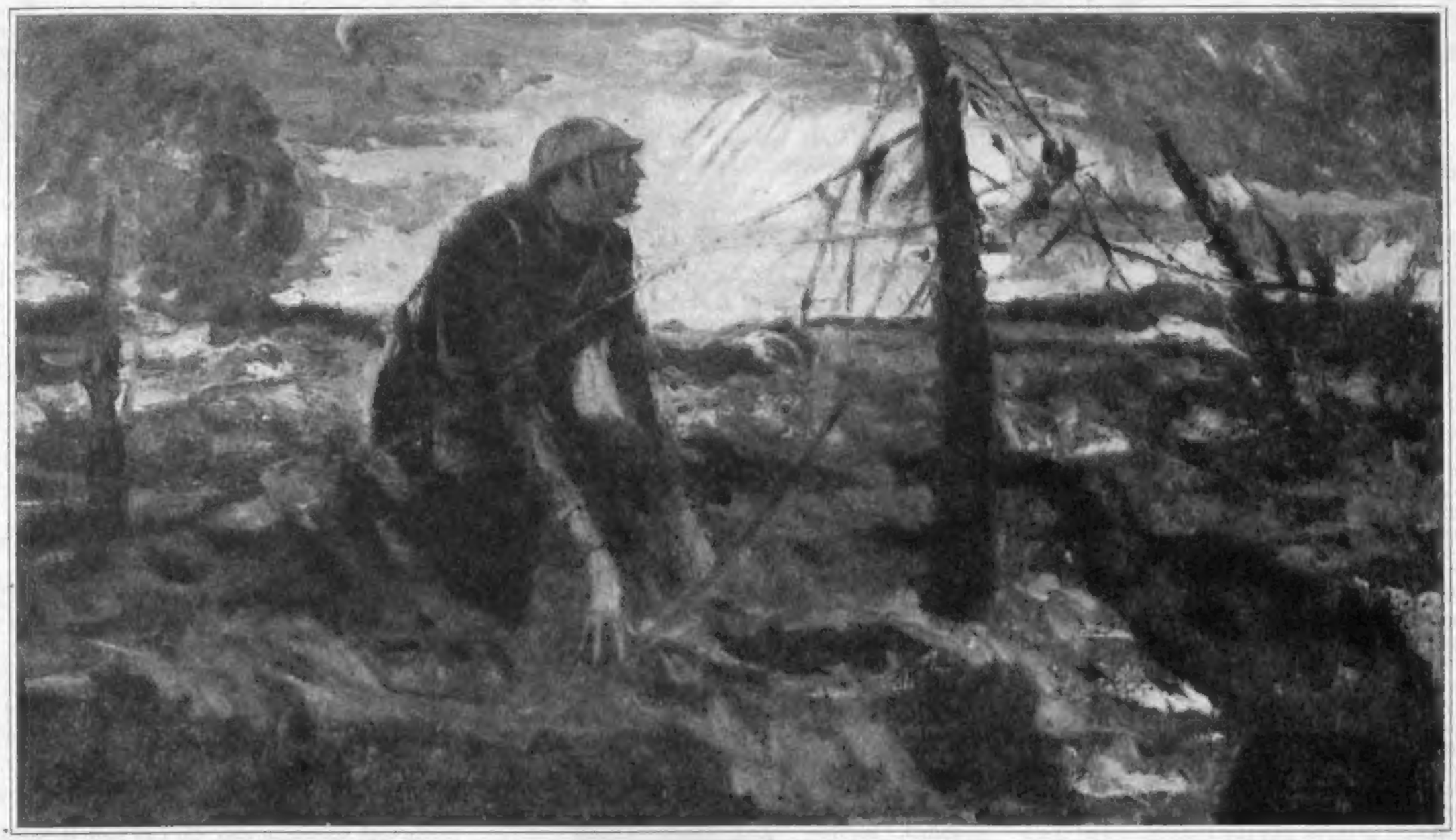
Well I Finely Got a Letter From Florrie and to Read It You Wouldn't Never Guess That She Had a Husband Over Here in France But You Would Think I Had Went Across the St. to Get a Bottle of Ketchup

BOY HOWDY!

By GEORGE PATTULLO

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARK FAY



In Some Inexplicable Fashion I Became Separated From My Comrades. But That Did Not Deter Me. There Were the Enemy Positions, and I Was Armed With Hand Grenades

THE lot of a hero, m'sieu, is never a bed of roses; no. There are always thorns in it. Better far to remain in comfortable obscurity than to scale the dizzy heights of renown.

Consider my own case. Nobody will deny the extraordinary nature of my exploit; the general himself complimented me before the entire brigade, exhorting all ranks to emulate my intrepidity and dash; yet there are persons in our company who do not hesitate to indulge in sneering remarks, who go about dropping innuendoes to the effect that my feat was an accident, a fluke.

Such is human nature. A soldier earns the Distinguished Service Cross—*bien*—forthwith all his friends stick their tongues in their cheeks and whisper: "Holy Mackerel! If I'd pulled that bone I'd have got a court instead of a medal!" Yes, M'sieu Joe Hicks is right in his contention that the minute you stick your bean above the tall grass somebody is bound to rock it.

A few have gone the length of making the affair a matter for gibes, notably one Sleuthfoot, a coarse fellow of no status in society whatever. This Sleuthfoot has a nasty habit of walking past me with his gaze fixed straight ahead and murmuring "Rabbit!" Twice have I been prompted to administer a *coup de pied*, but luckily each time I remembered that an assault on a comrade in arms would assuredly be punished with severity and that private animosities can well wait until we have disposed of the perfidious Hun. Moreover, considerable risk would attach to such a performance, because he is a perfect giant of a man and well versed in the arts of rough-and-tumble combat.

However, doubtless you are impatient to know why the envious should seek to detract from my glory, and why the K. P. known as Sleuthfoot should ejaculate "Rabbit!" in mockery. *Eh bien*, I will tell you. *Dites donc*, here is the tale from the beginning:

M'sieu Joe Hicks was fussing round the kitchen, making preparations for dinner, and I was peeling potatoes beside a great pot devoted to the purpose, when the door opened and a soldier shoved his head inside.

"Hicks, the captain wants you right away," he said. "You, too, Giraud."

"Mister Hicks when you speak to me, you big rookie," retorted my partner. "Don't you know how to address a gen'l'man?"

The messenger replied that he did not, never having met up with one in this man's Army, but if he were in our place he'd shake a leg, because the captain had no time to waste on can openers and dishwashers. With which gratuitous insolence he disappeared.

"I wonder what he wants now?" remarked M'sieu Joe, not without uneasiness. "Do you reckon he knows about that brandy I got cached?"

"It is very improbable. Let us go and see."

Forthwith we donned our helmets and gas masks, without which we were never allowed to stir in the trenches, and issued from the kitchen. It was located amid the ruins of a brick house, my friend. The upper walls had been shot away and the débris had fallen in a heap above the cellar, thereby offering a measure of protection against the shells that rained into the village at intervals from the boche batteries behind Mont Sec.

The door of the kitchen opened above a trench, and this trench threaded the ruined hamlet.

We followed the trench and presently arrived at the captain's dugout, or P. C., as it is called, which was deep underground and protected by twelve or fifteen feet of stone and earth on the roof. A flight of stairs led down to the entrance.

Alors, we found the captain seated at a table, making out some sort of report, and it was plain to the most casual observer that he was in a bad humor. This was not wholly unexpected on our part.

"Well?" he barked.

"You sent for us, sir," said M'sieu Joe.

"Oh, yes! I should say I did send for you. What the Sam Hill is this about a flock of rabbits being stolen when we left D——? Hey?"

My heart sank; but my partner was of readier wits. He answered with a fine air of innocence: "What rabbits, sir?"

"That widow woman's. The colonel sent me a note by runner, saying he'd just got a complaint that somebody in my company pinched eight bunnies the night we pulled out. What've you got to say? You fellows had rabbit to eat yesterday! No use lyin', because Sleuthfoot says you did."

Ensued a painful silence. M'sieu Joe gulped and shuffled his feet, but could find no words.

"Did you have rabbit for dinner yesterday?" shouted the captain, suddenly fixing us both with a baleful glare.

"Yes, sir."

"How many?"

"Only eight, sir."

"What? You guys had rabbit and let me eat slum?" His anger mounted alarmingly. "Where did you get them?"

"In D——, sir."

"How?"

The fatal moment had arrived. I looked to M'sieu Joe to explain; he looked helplessly at me.

"Well? Come on! Snap out of it! Where did you get those rabbits?"

"They belonged to the lady who runs the café, sir."

"I bet they did! She's the one who laid the complaint. Well, how did you get them? Steal 'em?"

A short pause; then M'sieu Hicks replied, a trifle huskily:

"No, sir."

At that the captain shot back his stool as though he intended to spring at our throats and shake the truth out of us.

"Then what happened? How did those bunnies get from D—— into your pot up here?"

"I'd—I'd been feedin' 'em now and agin, sir. They—they followed me off."

Never shall I forget the officer's face. It was contorted with pent-up emotion.

"So they followed you off, hey?" He rubbed his mouth and chin fiercely with his hand. "That's a fine one! I suppose the whole herd just rose up on their hind legs and came a-running."

M'sieu Hicks vouchsafed no reply. As for me I was dubious and miserable. It seemed to me that my friend had not been happy in his choice of an excuse. No; I was persuaded that he might have done better. In a word his technic was bad.

Suddenly the captain took another tack.

"What made you go and steal, anyhow?" he demanded in a puzzled tone. "You're rich, aren't you? The men say you're worth a hundred thousand dollars. Are you?"

"No, sir."

"How much are you worth, then?"

Alert, I Went Along the Trench to the Battalion P. C.

"Between three and four million," replied M'sieu Joe simply. "Leastways I was until the last income tax come along."

The captain's eyes grew round. "And what about him? What about Giraud there?"

"Henree's got as much, or maybe more; he don't loosen up the same as I do."

I could discern from his expression that the officer thought we were practicing a deception.

"Tell that to the marines," he said at last. "If you're worth all that money what're you cookin' in this outfit for?"

Upon hearing that, M'sieu Joe emitted a sigh of relief. He was now on firm ground; he could tell the truth.

"Well, sir, it looked like all my friends wanted to fight for democracy in the Red Cross or the Y. M. C. A., so I figured it out they maybe needed some of us boys in the Army."

"Well?"

"They wouldn't take me for anything but a cook—too old, they said, and undersized—but I'm a right good cook, so I joined up. Before that, though, I give an ambulance unit, me and Henree did. But after we got over here they took my name off'n it and incorporated the whole outfit in the Red Cross. That left me out of a job, sort of. I just had to get into this war somehow, captain."

The officer strummed on the table with his fingers, and scrutinized us both closely.

"How about Giraud?" he inquired, as though at a loss what to say.

"Oh, Henree always does the same as me. We're pardners. He come along too. I got him on as kitchen police."

The captain glanced round at a couple of soldiers who stood behind him, and then rubbed the top of his cropped pate. "I give up!" he remarked feelingly. "Dashed if I don't! You two're beyond me. Maybe you're lying. Are you?"

"No, sir."

"Then tell me the truth," he shot back with such intensity that it jolted both of us like a blow. "Did you steal those rabbits?"

M'sieu Hicks drew a deep breath. "Yes, sir," he said.

"But why? Why? With all your money, you go and pinch a crate of bunnies from a widow woman!"

It was now my turn to explain. "It was like this, sir," I broke in boldly. "We had often bought from madame. But there came a time when all our money was gone. It had been spent on the men of this company—I myself have cashed two thousand francs' worth of postal orders for the soldiery, on which they were unable to realize at the canteen because of the thirty-day clause ——"

"Sure," said my partner with a nod. "There was a hitch of some kind about them postal orders. I got more'n four thousand francs in postal orders in my bed roll."

"But what's all this got to do with the rabbits?"

"*Eh bien*, I will tell you, sir! You are aware that the rations came slowly just before we left D——. You are aware that for several days we had nothing but sowbelly, that there was no beef. The boys complained. The fare did not agree either with M'sieu Hicks or myself. But we had no money to purchase extras. Nobody had any; the pay was long overdue. We tried to persuade madame to trust us—to accept one of the postal orders. She was adamant. In consequence ——"

"In consequence you went and stole 'em, hey?" the captain cut in. "You tell the rest of the story, Hicks. We'll need gas masks if he tells it."

My partner coughed and replied: "That's all there's to it, sir. We were hungry; we didn't have a bean of cash; so we borrowed them rabbits. But of course we aimed to send madame the money when we got paid; didn't we, Henree?"

Having made a clean breast of it we stood stiffly at attention, waiting for the worst. But the captain's decision was slow in coming. He pondered long, his chin cupped in his right hand. Finally he glanced up and said: "I could make this a mighty serious thing for you men, but I hate to do it. You've been good boys so far, and we can't spare cooks right now. So go back and get dinner ready. I'll let you know your punishment later."

We saluted and took our departure, congratulating ourselves on having gotten off so lightly. But we little knew that officer, m'sieu. No; little did we suspect the devilish ingenuity, the exquisite cruelty of which he was capable.

As M'sieu Joe was enjoying his after-dinner smoke and I was engaged in scouring out a pot there entered the mess sergeant. He bore in his hands two large placards.

"Stand up, you two," he said, "and put these on."

"What's the idea?" asked my partner lazily. "Quit your kiddin'; I'm tired."

"Captain's order," said the other briefly. "You've got to wear these signs for forty-eight hours, everywhere you go. You ain't to take 'em off even when you go to bed. Understand? If you don't do exactly that it's the guardhouse for you."

"Aw, there ain't no guardhouse up here!" jeered M'sieu Hicks triumphantly. But his triumph was short-lived. For the sergeant, m'sieu, was not joking; he meant what he said. Despite dulity he forced our increus to rise, and there and then he affixed the placards to our chests, on cords suspended from the neck.

I was dumfounded, horror-stricken. For painted on the boards he condemned us to wear—painted on them in huge, black letters—were the words: I STOLE THE RABBITS.

Enough; why dwell upon a topic so painful? Suffice that my partner and I were compelled to wear those wretched confessions of guilt for two days and two nights. We wore them at our work; we wore them to bed.

Even after we were in our bunks snatching some much-needed rest the rough soldiery would invade our dugout in order to pull back the blankets for a look. I regret to admit it, m'sieu, but even those who had benefited from our generosity—even those who had partaken of the borrowed rabbits—lifted up their voices in raucous laughter at our expense. They came to the kitchen door for a peep. They conducted parties of friends to our dugout whilst we slept, and exhibited us, to the accompaniment of a flowery harangue in imitation of the barkers at a show of freaks.

Our Sang-Froid Was Truly Magnificent. In the Midst of the Most Terrific Shelling I Have Gone Calmly Ahead With My Sewing

But Henri Giraud has had revenge on them all. *Ma foi*, yes! For since the wonderful affair in which I displayed the mettle that is in me they have left me alone to a degree. If a man who alone and single-handed killed and captured fifteen Germans isn't entitled to respect, who is? I ask you. *Eh bien*, I am that man! Yes, you may well be surprised, for the fame of the exploit has gone abroad throughout this man's Army.

That is why, m'sieu, the majority of my comrades are disposed to give me the middle of the road. There are exceptions, of course; among them the dishwasher known as Sleuthfoot, who seeks to annoy me on every occasion by muttered repetition of the single word "Rabbit!" He has been known, also, to drop on all fours in the trench and skip about, kicking up his heels, presumably in imitation of the genus *Lepus;* but his crude performance is rendered even more ridiculous by the absurd lengths to which he frequently carries it under applause, as for instance squeaking in a pathetic fashion. For who ever heard of a rabbit squeaking? It is to this same Sleuthfoot that I attribute an anonymous package I received through the mails, containing a bundle of cabbage leaves.

Jealousy of my success is at the root of his miserable trifling. Yes; once he was a cook and I a humble dishwasher; our positions are now reversed. What more need I say? Wounded pride and resentment are at the bottom of the business, I assure you.

This is the way it came about: When my partner and I signed up, the only capacity in which they would take me was that of kitchen police. The procedure was irregular, I grant you—ordinarily it is a chance detail. Men are detailed for this work from the ranks, or possibly they receive it as punishment. Back home it was no uncommon thing for a soldier to be given thirty K. P.'s for having been pickled.

But it chanced that M'sieu Hicks encountered an old comrade of his ranch days in the person of a cook for Company ——, and this man exerted his influence to such purpose that an arrangement was effected to take us both. This was the more satisfactory inasmuch as the regiment was bound for the Front.

Voilà! There we were—soldiers—fighting to make the world a fit place for my noble boys to live in!

"What do we care what we go as so long as we get there, Henree?" said my partner. "There're just as good men in the ranks as we are, and better. And we ain't in this war for a career. So grab an extra shirt and come a-runnin'. We're in luck to get to go at all. It's the obsolete truth."

There could be no denying that. Moreover, the position of kitchen police held out the further inducement of close proximity to my partner. It took me only an instant to decide, and with Henri Giraud to decide is to act.

"*Bien*, I am with you!" I cried. "On to Berlin!"

"Fine!" he answered. "The truck leaves in an hour. But there're two or three stops on the way."

In such fashion, m'sieu, did I go forth to battle against the barbarous Teuton. But I will not deceive you; I did not like the job of kitchen police. It is true that innocent parents back home have occasionally boasted to the neighbors that their sons were kitchen police, under the delusion that it carried some sort of authority, but the fact is that kitchen police means nothing more than that you are a dishwasher. Yes; you peel the potatoes and light the fires and carry firewood and scour the pots. Would you call that a task for a highly endowed man? I ask you.

Nevertheless, I did not complain, but gave my best attention to the work. We had four cooks for our company of two hundred and fifty men, and there were five of us kitchen police. The cooks worked in shifts in order to lighten their labors; the K. P.'s worked all the time.

It soon became apparent that one of our cooks had no qualifications whatsoever for the post. He could detect when the water was at the boil, but beyond that his culinary skill did not go.

"Just because a guy took a correspondence course in barbering ain't no reason why he should think he's a cook, is it, Henree? That's the way it goes in this man's Army. I know a guy who learned to be a horseshoer, but he was too rough, so now he's a dentist over here," declared M'sieu Hicks. The cook to whom he referred, my friend, was this Sleuthfoot.

The climax came when Sleuthfoot concocted a mess which he called a pie out of foot powder in mistake for flour. We heard a long howl of rage from the captain's dugout, and forth came that fearless officer with his jaws clamped together and foam upon his lips. The lieutenants succeeded in prying his mouth open and extracting the pastry with the end of a bayonet, but then and there Sleuthfoot lost his job. "You're part French," cried the captain to me; "can't you cook? Well, try it, anyhow! You can't do a worse job than these blacksmiths."

You may well believe that I was delighted with the promotion. I would not seem to belittle the work of the kitchen police nor to exalt my present status unduly, but after all skill in dishwashing and the peeling of potatoes can be acquired through perseverance and diligence, whereas cooking is an art. A cook is born, not made.

And consider my position. What would I reply to one of my noble boys in later life if he should abruptly fix his

innocent blue eyes upon me and inquired: "Papa, what did you do in the great war?" Imagine my embarrassment and chagrin over being forced to reply: "I washed dishes for the soldiers, son."

But as cook I could hold up my head with pride, for there is no more useful functionary in the Army, I assure you. A good cook is more precious than rubies; the health and spirits of hundreds of men may depend upon his skill. What sort of fighting can you expect from underfed or improperly nourished troops? They have no heart for the fray, no nerve for the strain of holding the trenches. On the other hand, well-cooked food and a full stomach will spur men to snap their fingers at the enemy and then sally forth to bust him.

On my first assuming my new duties M'sieu Joe made merry at my expense.

"You'd ought to have a cap and apron, with ribbons on 'em, Henree!" he scoffed. "Man alive, cut out the frills! This ain't a domestic-science class! What've you got on that white shirt for?"

"Cleanliness never hurt anybody," I retorted, with a meaning glance at his own attire.

"Well, hustle up with the Java! And say, is the canned willie near ready?"

Bien, he soon dropped his raillery—*mais oui!* For granted that he excelled me in the preparation of the coarser fare—admitting, for the sake of argument, that my partner's considerable experience in cooking for the dauntless horsemen who chase the nimble cow across the trackless prairies rendered him unsurpassed in the making of slum—yet he was forced to yield the palm to me in dishes requiring a higher order of intelligence. Yes; he could serve a steak after a fashion which commended itself to the primitive tastes of our hairy comrades; but who cannot cook beef until it shreds into hunks?

It was when M'sieu Joe attempted loftier flights that he came to grief. In the matter of catheads, *par exemple*, I easily put him in the shade. Gippo too—I do not deny that he could concoct a fairly tasty gravy out of flour, but when you have said that you have said everything. My own—but I will not boast, m'sieu. Suffice that the soldiery cried for it.

My partner has always contended that his sinkers are sinkers *par excellence*, that they equal the kind mother used to make. *Eh bien*, what if they do? Henri Giraud excels him in that direction also. It is true that M'sieu Joe may possess a slight—a very slight—advantage in the making of Java, for that is a branch of the culinary art to which I never devoted serious attention; but that he should claim superiority for his sinkers is monstrous. My sinkers are unapproachable; they rival, indeed, my catheads. Let M'sieu Hicks brag as he will that his own sinkers resemble the kind mother used to make; I have it on the unsolicited testimonial of a doughboy that mother never made nothing like mine!

"Eat just one of 'em, and you don't care what happens!" the soldier said.

The most convincing proof of my superiority, however, is found in the flattering offer that was made to me by the battalion commander. We were seated in the dugout one day, I sewing up a hole in a sock, and M'sieu Joe singing whilst he cleaned the mud off his shoes. The song he sang was one that had attained immense popularity with the men of our company:

Keep your head down, you dirty Hun!
Late last night, in the pale moonlight,
I saw—you! I saw—you!
You were working in the wire
When we opened rapid fire;
If you want to see your father in the fatherland,
Keep your head down, you dirty Hun!

A rousing ditty, is it not, m'sieu? *Bien*, we were thus occupied when a runner came tumbling down the stairs. At the same moment there was a terrific explosion near the entrance and our subterranean abode quivered.

"Just did beat that one out," he panted, mopping his forehead with his sleeve. "Boy howdy, but they're flinging 'em over! One comfort, though."

"What's that?" inquired my partner.

"If they ever get me it'll be when I ain't lookin'."

"Me and you both," responded M'sieu Hicks. "What you got on your mind, buddy?"

"The major wants Henery Giraud to come to the P. C. right away."

My partner whistled. As for me I went weak all over. What did the summons portend? Were they about to revive the unfortunate episode of the rabbits? Surely not! We had recompensed the widow woman handsomely.

"Best beat it quick, Henree," M'sieu Joe advised. "I'm sure sorry, Ol' Timer. But don't worry over it—if you don't come back I'll tell Jane and the twins you done your duty."

Ma foi, what an idiotic speech to make! For I had every intention of returning, I assure you; and as far as my wife and adorable boys were concerned, they should learn of my conduct from my own lips.

Alors, I went along the trench to the battalion P. C. And there the major received me very kindly. During the return journey a portion of the trench was subjected to severe shrapnel shelling, but that did not frighten Henri Giraud. No; I simply waited where I was until it died down, the shelling being some hundreds of yards ahead.

"Well?" demanded my partner.

It was almost more than I could do to tell him, for well I knew how terrible the blow would be.

"Take courage, my friend," I began, laying a hand on his shoulder.

"I'll try to bear up all right. Shoot!"

"It is this, m'sieu: The colonel of the regiment desires a new cook—an efficient cook—an artist; and the position has been offered to me."

He seemed curiously unimpressed. "Well? What about it? You don't aim to become a dog robber, do you?"

"A dog robber?" I repeated in astonishment. "Assuredly not! Do you think I have so soon forgotten our recent experience?"

"This is different. A dog robber's a guy who waits on an officer. The officers call 'em strikers, but we call 'em dog robbers."

The information startled me. Also, it placed the proposition in a new light.

"Of course you'd be way back, cookin' up fancy dishes for the Brain Trust, while I'd be up front, can-openin' for a bunch of roughnecks; but we signed to take care of these boys, didn't we? Well?"

"But consider what an advance it signifies—cooking for the colonel!"

"Shucks!" snorted M'sieu Joe. "I was eatin' at the Waldorf-Astoria when most of these officers had their laigs wrapped round a bean-counter stool! It's the obsolete truth. And a lot more boys in this man's Army are in the same fix."

"But Why? Why? With All Your Money, You Go and Pinch a Crate of Bunnies From a Widow Woman!"

It was all very well for my partner to make light of the opening afforded, but I was not blind to its distinct advantages. Only one consideration deterred me. That was my sense of loyalty. One of smaller soul might have been seduced by ambition, but to Henri Giraud there is only one guiding star.

Why Dwell Upon a Topic So Painful? Suffice That My Partner and I Were Compelled to Wear Those Wretched Confessions

"I shall remain here," I said firmly.

"Good!" grunted my partner. "And now you'd best get a move on. If we're late again this evenin' the captain'll raise hell."

In the trenches the hours for meals differed considerably from those in camp. We sent up breakfast about half past seven o'clock, but many of the men often did not bother to rise and eat, having just turned in after an all-night vigil on the fire step, or nerve-racking work with pick and shovel in an area too dangerous to be approached by the light of day, or possibly a patrol of No Man's Land.

The food was carried in marmites, which are huge tins, and in our company it always reached the soldiers hot. This was due in part to the fact that the carriers had a very short distance to go, since the kitchen was within ten minutes of the front line; but it was due in a greater degree to the forethought and vigilance of Henri Giraud. Yes; I made it my business to see that everything was well heated before being placed in the tins. That is the secret of successful service in marmites.

Alors, we sent up dinner between three and four; and along about midnight, when the soldiery were fatigued by long hours of alert peering over the top into the wire entanglements, on the *qui vive* for the treacherous boches, we served hot coffee. I invariably managed to supplement the coffee with hot soup, by the captain's permission; for look you, m'sieu, an empty stomach is a poor ally, and the night is long. Everybody must be up all night; *oui*, they must all be up, ready for combat. If not, so much the worse for them. Many a soldier sleeps little better than four hours out of the twenty-four in the trenches.

As for the food I do not care to discuss it. Sometimes the ration was adequate; again it was lamentably short. The arrangements for feeding our Army in the field have not yet been brought to a satisfactory point; they are far inferior to our garrison methods. But that is war.

Moreover, proper feeding in face of the enemy presents difficulties that can be appreciated by the dullest mind. I know them thoroughly. The ruthless Hun likes nothing better than to shell our kitchens and communication trenches during that part of the day he thinks we will be eating.

Par exemple, at a certain hour each morning, and again in the evening, a perfect rain of shrapnel shells was thrown round our kitchen. Indeed, the vicinity of the kitchens is usually the most dangerous in any sector.

Whee-ee! Bang! Whee-ee! Bang! How the boys did scatter for shelter!

The American soldier has a fondness for gathering in the vicinity of kitchens at any time. That is human nature, and the enemy knows it; and being registered on every foot of our positions it is easy for him to harass us in this brutal manner.

But if he thought to disturb our arrangements he was sadly disappointed. We snapped our fingers at him. What did we care for danger? Our sang-froid was truly magnificent. In the midst of the most terrific shelling I have gone calmly ahead with my sewing. Yes; with the *obus* shaking

(Continued on Page 73)

BERLIN DAYS

By Neville Taylor Gherardi

Mr. Gerard and Members of the American Embassy at the Tennis Club

I WENT to Germany in the spring of 1913 with my husband, who was Naval Attaché to the American Embassy, and stayed until we broke relations four years later. I therefore had a fair chance to see the German people pass through certain great changes that are of interest to all in these times.

On arriving in Berlin, in May, 1913, we began at once the required formal leaving of some two hundred and sixty-five visiting cards on the members of the diplomatic corps, which amounts to announcing that you have arrived and want to join in the game, for it is a game.

Early in the winter large dinners and small dances were the result of the card-leaving, and in this way we met those who were in official life from the Imperial Chancellor to German princelings, and from members of the diplomatic corps to elderly professors who had reached that height of position which carried a title of Excellency with it. I always found, by asking my neighbors at dinner a very few questions about themselves, that they were only too willing to start off on a full account of Germany's virtues, and how much everything German excelled everything American. I once told my host at a dinner that I found that their methods of educating children in the schools were good, whereat he answered calmly: "Why, my dear woman, we can teach a child in this country in a year what it would take you in America four years to teach him."

In the beginning I often used to feel that Germans were kind in trying to acquaint us with the customs of their country, but it was finally borne in upon me that they were trying to instruct the ignorance they expected to find in all foreigners. In looking back on those days it seems to me that everyone we met was really entertaining us with an object—to make propaganda or to get information of some sort about something, which at the time would have seemed to me thoroughly unimportant. There never was anything like real friendship, or informality, about these people even among themselves. It was all cut-and-dried, give-and-take.

Stiff and Gaudy Functions

AFTER Christmas the court functions began. To sum them up I might repeat the saying of an old diplomat who had been at many courts during a long and active career. He said, in substance: "Madam, there has never been to my knowledge the equal in the gorgeousness of the effects that are carried out by this court at the present time." I often wonder if they ever seemed as artificial to anyone else as they did to me. I have now a picture in my mind of the whole embassy gathered together one afternoon, both men and women, all in deep mourning for someone's royal great-aunt, whom we had never heard of until we were ordered into court mourning for her. All of us looked so solemn that someone asked: "Where is the corpse?" The notice about wearing mourning came from the court to the embassies and legations, and failure to follow it gave deep offense.

We were thus gathered together to visit the grand mistress of this court, who is the Empress' chief lady in waiting, so that she might know us before we were presented to the Empress. Of those who did not have a husband along she demanded where he was and why he was not in Berlin, and generally asked the most pointed questions about everything concerning us.

The court functions themselves are really as beautiful as years of practice and magnificent costuming can make them. The surroundings and number of participants make them impressive, but anything social or even human is totally lacking. They are as set as a play. Indeed one has exactly the feeling of waiting for or doing one's turn on the stage all the time. After walking through literally dozens of rooms, each with its setting of magnificently dressed lackeys and officers, one comes to the room before the throne room, where all the women to be presented are together and where a court official is supposed to look them over and see if their trains are really exactly four meters long and the other requirements as to dress have been fulfilled. Then a door is opened and a few women are passed through at a time.

The ladies of the various embassies and legations go in as a group, passing and courtesying to the Emperor and Empress. Usually most of the Imperial family surround the throne, and with the functionaries grouped on the dais make a glittering tableau. After making your courtesy and passing on a court officer picks up your train with a long staff and throws it over your arm. Following that you pass into the great marble hall, where there are refreshments and a little gossip, and then home or perhaps to a dance given by some of the embassies or legations, where court trains and the most severe formality can be laid aside.

The surprising thing to an American at court is to see how nearly everyone—German or of other nationality—jostles the others to get a word or look of recognition from royalty or even from the smaller princes. It seems to me strange, especially if it is realized that few ever truly know the royalties, whose so-called favors are handed out entirely according to circumstances, and whose pretense of friendship would be thrown aside for the slightest reason. You meet them, talk and perhaps dance with them, but the foreigner at court is a passer-by.

In 1914 I accompanied my husband, who was a delegate to the Olympic Game Conferences, to Paris, where plans for the games to be held in Berlin in 1916 were drawn up. Practically every nationality was represented and there were daily conferences for the men and social functions for the delegates and their wives. It seems impossible to realize now that it was one of the last times for many years that those nationalities were able or will be able to meet in friendliness and good comradeship.

How beautiful Paris was just then! Germans envy Paris and are fascinated by it; they long for it to be under their conquering heel, and would probably destroy it if they could. I remember speaking to a German officer at some function about his being out of uniform, a thing not possible for him in Germany, and he said: "Well, you know, here in Paris we can't go on the streets in our uniform, and it is such a bore to go about in a closed cab."

I was really surprised at this, but he assured me that the French still had much feeling about the German uniform—this forty-three years after the Franco-Prussian War, and with no such horrors to remember as the French now have. Yet I have often heard Germans say that after this war the feeling would soon die out and they would be able to visit Paris and do business with the French as before.

Germans have all their good times outside of their own country. They do not know how to enjoy themselves, so have to attach themselves to someone else's good time. After making their fortunes they prefer England and, above all, sunny Italy as places to live, rather than any in their own country. There were many wonderful entertainments given for the delegates at that time—some fencing by the champions of France and Italy and of former Olympic games, little private plays with the best actors from the Comédie Française, beautiful receptions at some of the historic houses of the old nobility—who seldom opened their homes to foreigners at all, but who, barred from politics in France, had turned their interest into advancing the nation through the upbuilding of its youth by athletics.

Ihre Königlichen Hoheiten
der Prinz und die Frau Prinzessin Heinrich von Preussen
empfangen im Königlichen Schloß zu Kiel
am Sonntag, den 28. Juni von 5½ bis 7 Uhr.

The Invitation to the Garden Party at Prince Henry's, at Kiel, Which Had to be Given Up on Account of the News of the Murder of the Heir to the Austrian Throne

German Play for English Favor

WE WERE guests of our good friend, Colonel Thompson, at the Ritz. One night he gave a dinner for the entire group of delegates and their wives, some two hundred people, at the Ambassadeurs, where he had engaged the entire balcony, the floor of the house being sold to the public as usual, to see the vaudeville performance. We were a perfectly quiet party it seemed to me, but when dinner was about half over the people down in the audience began to murmur, and finally yell at us and shake their fists because they could not hear what was going on on the stage. I suppose two hundred chattering people cannot help making considerable noise.

The dinner guests tried to be quiet, but soon forgot about it. A Frenchman on the floor mounted a chair and made an impassioned address, demanding his rights and the rights of the people. There were shouts and cheers, and for a time it looked as if the lower part of the house would carry the balcony by storm, but somehow the management succeeded in calming things down. Then the dinner guests would forget again and the audience again become angry, and this went on the rest of the evening.

I sat between the Duke of Somerset and Prince Windischgraetz. The attitude of each toward the affair was so characteristic of his nationality, for the Englishman of course was quite unruffled by it, but the Austrian fidgeted and apparently wondered whether his dignity was being hurt by this sort of thing.

From Paris we went direct to Berlin and stayed only a few hours, got our car and drove to Kiel for the last Kiel Week, this being the regatta week which the Emperor holds there every year and at which it is incumbent upon all naval attachés to be present.

We arrived in Kiel in time to pay the regular calls and get started for the week. The German Fleet was there, and the day after we arrived the English Fleet came in. They all saluted each other and began their entertainments. The Germans seemed to have only one thought in the world that week, which was to please and ingratiate themselves with the English. It was really most evident to other nationalities as well as to us. They failed markedly in the courtesies usually extended to their various other invited guests during Kiel Week. The English were their only thought, for with this war

in view their hope was to keep England out of it; and their absolute conviction that they could do so was what made them so bitter when they failed.

Their hatred of the English is a jealous hatred, for every German really admires the English above all other nationalities and copies them when he can. I have never seen the time that a German officer could not be flattered by being told that he looked like an Englishman, even after they went to war, though they pretended not to like it then. No German ever understands an Englishman, and rarely any other nationality in the least. They have been taught to consider themselves perfect and cannot understand other nations, which get along satisfactorily but not in accordance with the German way.

The pleasantest recollection of my stay in Kiel is in connection with a hastily improvised supper party on board the British battleship Centurion. Captain Mike Seymour returning from some functions ashore about ten o'clock at night found a very bored group from the American Embassy sitting on the hotel veranda. He promptly gathered us up and putting us in his gig took us on board. It was still bright daylight in that high northern latitude; in fact there was no part of the night in which it was really dark. Arriving on board he evolved from the depths of the ice box all the available food, and we proceeded to have a merry supper.

Belonging as he does to an old English family, his cabin was full of interesting and historical pictures and relics. The officers' mess of the Centurion were on that evening returning a dinner to the German ship told off to entertain them. Captain Seymour, after one of his trips to the ice box for more food, came in laughing and said with a twinkle in his eye that he had just found a German naval officer wandering about his ship all alone. He said: "I suppose he is probably from the Admiralty in Berlin, so perhaps I had better not interfere with him."

I can imagine the thunders that would have rent the air had a German captain found an English officer under like circumstances. I expect as a matter of fact no German officer ever found out much on an English ship even in those days.

At the Sailors' Ball in Kiel

ONE night in Kiel someone suggested that we go to the ball being given by the sailors of the German Fleet to the English sailors. It was held at a big hall on the outskirts of Kiel. We sat in the balcony and looked on. Never have I seen the difference in those two nationalities so markedly shown as there. There was nothing like enough women for the men to dance with, so the sailors of the two fleets danced with each other, the Germans always perfectly formal, clicking their heels and bowing when asking a British bluejacket to dance; and the Englishmen good-natured, perfectly informal and full of glee. The Germans took it as seriously as a military drill, but the English just had a good time. Their very appearance was as different as night from day.

I shall always be glad to have seen them that way that night, for in so few weeks they were at war and I realize better why they can never understand each other.

There were yacht races all that week, dinners, parties aboardship, and so on; and on Sunday afternoon, June twenty-eighth, there was a garden party at Prince Henry's to which we were to go. We were all dressed and standing about the hotel lobby waiting to leave when news came of the killing of the Heir Apparent of Austria, and it almost seems to me that the thing started right there.

The Kiel Week was broken up and everyone seemed to melt away. My husband was to have dined with the Emperor on his yacht that night, but the dinner was given up, though it was rumored on all sides that the Emperor did not want to give up the festivities; in fact he seemed in the best of spirits, which is not surprising if the Day for which he had been waiting so long had come. It was also said that he did not realize that this was the occasion that the militarists had chosen for the war, and that the pressure by the military clique was at once applied to bring him to a realization of the advantages of immediate action looking to a quick declaration of war. Which of these somewhat conflicting rumors is true will perhaps be settled some day, but not until the memoirs of some of his intimates have been published.

We drove back to Berlin the first few days of July, stopping on the way at several beautiful old estates of people whom we had met in Berlin during the winter. The life of the landed proprietor interested me very much, later on, when I found that the wives of the owners of these places had to take over the management of the estates entirely themselves when the men went to war; and did it well, so it is said.

Berlin seemed to me very much on edge these days of July until the ultimatum was sent by Austria to Serbia. From then on, one thing happened so quickly after another that one wondered if there was any end to Europe's going into the war. There was the greatest jubilation over Austria's declaring war on Serbia. The Germans seemed to realize that they would be in it at once and were really like people on a holiday. It was "On to Paris!" and how peace would be dictated there in six weeks; and when they found that England would not stand for their marching into Belgium their rage knew no bounds.

Whatever the rulers may have known, the people were deluded into thinking England would keep out. The impression was prevalent that England had her own serious troubles. Yet later they said she started the war. Throughout all classes it was believed that England's centuries of wealth and prosperity had sapped her vitality; they pointed to the Irish troubles and especially to the lengths to which the Suffragettes had been allowed to go, as proofs of her decadence.

The Order to Go Into Mourning for the Duke of Argyle, May 9, 1914—Probably the Last Time That the German Court Went Into Mourning for Any One of the English Royalties

We used to go down the Linden to see the watch march down during these days, playing the national airs. Jubilations went on all day long by bands, students' clubs and singing societies, often way into the night. It seemed to me that the people felt that it was a splendid holiday. Then as the armies went into Belgium and continued to be victorious there was no end to their pride in themselves.

On September second, Sedan Day, there was a great parade, and the captured French, Belgian and Russian guns were brought through the Brandenburger Thor and down the Linden, with bands playing and people cheering themselves hoarse. The people all about us were discussing what it would cost to hire a window to see the great parade that there would be when the Emperor and his six sons returned, victorious.

This was expected almost at once. The general opinion placed the duration of the war at three months, and at the outside at six.

It was easy to imagine the Emperor's jubilation at the thought of marching into Paris with his armies.

Of course the men were all leaving, and there must have been many hard partings. People we had known came and told us good-by; and they were more like men going on a pleasure trip than to war. Few we ever saw again. During nearly three years of war that we lived in Berlin we saw the families begin to realize that they must give their all, and finally before we left a black despair settled down on the lower and simpler classes. But this does not apply to the Junker class, which is ready to sacrifice everything to obtain victory. They were born and educated to believe in war and conquest as the best and most necessary part of national life

All these first days of the war we women were working hard to try to relieve as best we could the people who came pouring into the embassy by the hundreds and thousands from all over Germany; "American citizens," though many of them could not speak a word of English, had never seen America and did not know where it was; but they had a father or a husband in America who had taken out citizenship papers at some time. They seemed to feel that if they could once put foot inside the embassy all their troubles would be over and they would be transported home by some magic.

Unreasonable Fellow Citizens

THEY were a queer lot, and how furious they were when anything was refused them! They mostly said that they were asking no favors; for some all that was wanted was a couple of thousand dollars to finish a daughter's musical education before she went home; they were not begging; they would pay it back, of course. Others had different pleas, but money was the demand of all. One woman wanted money enough—in fact, had to have it—because she had seen furs so wonderfully reduced! This was in August.

We had to get pretty hard-hearted as time went on, for we had very little money to use and found ourselves telling them that two marks a day was enough for anyone to live on; it was plenty. But I never realized how we must have sounded sometimes until a colored vaudeville troupe, which we had been supporting, offered to give a performance to help our funds. We all went to the performance, and during the evening they mimicked each of us so successfully that there was no mistaking it. It really made us try to be a little more human for a while.

There was a very pathetic side to it: Some of these people had no means, no friends, no way of getting home or even of hearing from home; and many of them were really frightened, for to speak English in the streets was enough to make you suspected, and many Americans were put in jail as suspects until our Ambassador got them out.

During these weeks everything was tremendously exciting in every way. For a while all the cars allowed to the embassy carried a small American flag to keep the occupants from being molested, but this did not altogether serve. One day we had taken some people to the railway station, and some in the crowd there, seeing the flag, began shouting "Down with the Americans!"

Though in point of fact there was no danger or even any serious trouble about food, yet the rumors about it at the beginning were always prevalent. Also rumors that the Russians were coming in on us, and the Cossacks might be in Berlin at any moment, and wild tales of what they would do to us, added to stories of being besieged and unable to get food, drove people to buy such supplies of food that the biggest shops were entirely sold out and soon had nothing left for sale of the staple goods of life. The people felt that food was really short, not at this time from lack of supplies in the country but simply because it was bought up by people in the cities who were alarmed.

The first days of the war the hatred was all against Russia, but as soon as England declared herself the hatred and rage were turned against her and continued all through our time to be felt and shown in the most extravagant

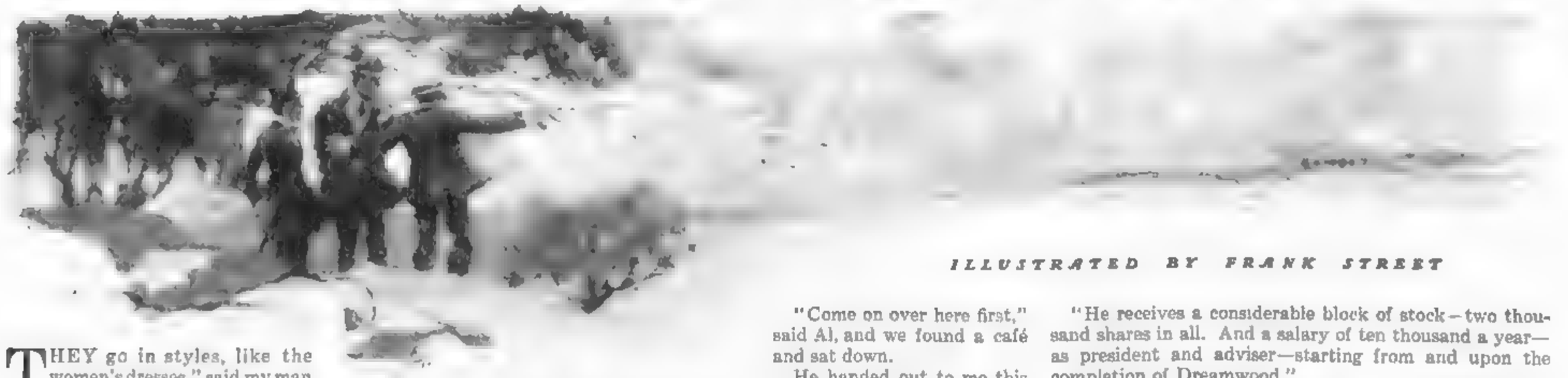
The Crown Prince's Eldest Son

The Crown Prince

(Continued on Page 33)

The Adventures of a Man Hunter

Dreamwood—By George Kibbe Turner



He Dragged Them Up and Down All Over the Place, Till They Waved Their Hands From Old Windy Brow—and Disappeared the Last Time Smoking Their Cigars

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK STREET

"THEY go in styles, like the women's dresses," said my man hunter. "There's always one thing they're after. You can't keep them away from it."

"What's the latest?" I asked him. "What's the style in stocks this fall?"

"Listen," he said. "I'll give you one of them—one of the principal ones." He snorted.

I was just in from the West. I came out of the Grand Central and got into the Subway, uptown. And who was sitting there on the seat opposite but Al Carson, with that long black face of his.

"Well, how'd you knock them out there?" he said.

"Rotten!" I told him. "The dirty suckers! Not a bite out of them."

"Come on with me, then," said Al.

"Why would I come with you?" I asked him, sore.

"Come on!" he said. "I've got a treat for you." Not a smile.

"What?"

"You'll find out when you get there," he said, looking sadder than ever.

"All right," I said. I saw there was something. "I'll bite," I said. And I stayed with him.

"Here's our station," said Al. And we got out in Harlem and walked along—he saying nothing and I waiting for him.

"This is the place," he said, and we turned into one of those old country brick blocks, walking up two flights of stairs into an old-style photographer's office.

We opened the glass door and a bell jingled; and this thing came out from behind—with a gray goatee and a waxed mustache and a flowing tie, and a Prince Albert coat with shiny seams, made in Civil War time, and an old clay pipe in its mouth.

"Meet Mr. Whiffen," said Al.

I shook hands with him. He was so stiff that I was afraid he might be brittle.

They went in back together and left me sitting there. I could hear their voices talking and the man with the goatee was getting excited.

"Millions!" he said in that kind of high bleating voice you'll hear in these thin old men. "I will assert—without fear of contradiction—there are millions to be had in this field. Millions!"

"Yes, yes," said Al's voice. "It's all of that."

They let down again so I couldn't hear them. And I sat there in this seedy old photographer's studio, with those pale, enlarged pictures on the wall—like an old brown cave full of ghosts. I waited there until finally Al came out and said good-by to his man, and we went away together.

"What was that place?" I asked him.

"What did you think of it?"

"It looked to me like the place where all the spiders go wintertimes," I told him.

"Yeah?"

"More than like a million dollars," I said, watching him.

"Yeah?" said Al. "Well, what did you think of him?"

"Was it human?" I said. "I just saw it running in and out. It looked to me more like a goat than a man."

"Haven't you ever seen one of those old-time photographic artists before?" said Al. "Don't you know yet you're French when you're an artist?"

"What's he for?" I said. "What's this all about? What is this million thing he was raving about in there? What have you struck here—a nut?"

"He's our president," said Al.

"President," I said, "of what?"

"Dreamwood, Incorporated. Capital one million dollars."

"Dreamwood, eh?" I said. "One million! What is this? I bite. What is it?"

"Come on over here first," said Al, and we found a café and sat down.

He handed out to me this big cream-colored pamphlet bound with silk cord, without saying anything.

"'Dreamwood, Incorporated,'" I read on the cover, and opened it up and started reading on the inside: "'In the granite hills of New Hampshire—God's great quiet hills—is rising Dreamwood!'

"Huh!" I said, and skipped along:

"'Born of a dream—the vision of one man—Dreamwood, when complete, will represent the supreme apex of all conceptions of the great modern art of sunlight and shadow.'"

And I looked over at Al and went on:

"'Shrined—like the drama of the ancient Greeks—on the stage of Nature, the great Out-of-Doors, Dreamwood will spring upward from the earth, the primal mother of all art.'

"Say, what is this?" I said to him.

"Movies," said Al.

"What do you mean? Have you got some place for a moving-picture plant?"

"You remember that old farm in New Hampshire we got stuck with some time ago in that oil thing?" said Al, watching me.

"Do I remember it!"

"That you shoved off on me?" he said. And I looked at him. "Well, that's Dreamwood," said Al.

"Is anything built on it?" I said. "Any studios?"

"Not that I know of," said Al. "No. By our plan Dreamwood is rising from the ground up."

"Uh-huh!" I said. "And what's this photographer—this artistic goat?"

"Read along," said Al.

I turned the page, and there was a fierce-looking picture of the old devil working round that place of his in that Prince Albert coat, labeled "J. Hector Whiffen, in the Dreamwood experimental laboratory in New York." And I read on the page opposite:

"'To few of us has come the supreme artist's joy of working out a life's conceptions unimpeded. But to J. Hector Whiffen—known extensively as the Wizard of the Screen—just this has fallen. A syndicate of New York capitalists has now taken this extraordinary genius of the motion-picture world and removed all burden of mercenary considerations from his shoulders. They tell him to go forward and to develop the ideal moving-picture enterprise of the future, as he sees it.'

"A New York syndicate, eh?" I said. "Who's that?"

And he pointed to me and then at himself.

"Aha!" I said, looking at him. "How much capital have you got now?"

"About five hundred," said Al.

I looked at him and his stiff face.

"And what about this thing—this Whiffen? Does he put in any money?"

"Not exactly; no," said Al.

"No," I said, "I guess not. If he saw a ten-dollar bill his temperature would run up five degrees."

"No; no money," said Al. "He conceived Dreamwood. He is also at work for us on his masterpiece—a world film of universal interest, as wide as civilization—in itself worth millions."

"His masterpiece, huh?" I said. "Where does he qualify for a masterpiece? Did he ever take a moving picture in his life?"

"He did," said Al. "Some for a time."

"For two weeks probably," I said; "till they fired him."

"Before that," said Al, "he operated a stereopticon. He is a great artist—in many ways."

"He looks it," I said. "And what does he get for all this?"

"He receives a considerable block of stock—two thousand shares in all. And a salary of ten thousand a year—as president and adviser—starting from and upon the completion of Dreamwood."

"Its name is Dreamwood," I said. "Capitalized for one million. Say, what is this stuff, anyway?"

"The most wonderful conception yet," said Al. "You and I have sold them most everything there is; but this is different from anything. When you sell them oil, or copper, or gold, you're limited; you can promise them but one million at a time. In this thing you can promise them millions, in more ways than were ever dreamed about before." And he showed me some of them.

"You know how the things are made," he said. "They are not just one proposition, like anything else. They are cut up, like a skyscraper, into different stories—different companies and corporations and syndicates, each one pulling down its millions."

"Millions," I said; "sure!"

"Here, take a look at this," said Al—"the company I sold for this summer." And he handed me out another big fancy pamphlet.

"'The Million-Dollar-a-Day Business,'" I said, reading the outside. "'Stronger than steel—faster than the motor car,'" I read, opening it up, "'is rising the Million-Dollar-a-Day Business, built on the staunchest of all foundations—the laughter and teardrops of the world.'

"It sounds like the movies," I said.

"It's meant to," said Al—"for the same audience."

"'Ten years ago, nothing!'" I went on reading. "'Today fifth in the industries of the United States—and still growing. A daily flood of silver—one million dollars, twenty million nickels, ten million dimes, each day. A rising tide, and every sunrise sees it swelling higher.'" And I put it down.

"Will they take that?" I said. "I guess not."

"Will they take it?" said Al. "Millions from the movies? There's a crowd coming up that thinks about nothing else. They're feeding it to them day and night—all the newspapers and magazines and press agents."

"And so you gave them Dreamwood, huh?" I said. "One million!"

"You guessed it," said Al.

"You got it wrong," I said—"the name. It should be Dreaming."

"That's right, too," said Al. "There's whole cities of them dreaming of them right now—what they'd do if they could get in somewhere on the movies. It takes the same place as fairy stories with the children. All you've got to do is to pick out your own city and feed it millions—like this stuff here—make it dream for you."

"And Dreamwood will rise?" I said.

"Right!" said Al.

"Aha! Have you got your city picked out yet?"

"How would Albany do?" said Al. "I've got to go up there anyway to get the incorporation papers."

"Yeh?" I said.

"Do you want any of it?" he said, watching me.

"Want it?" I said. "What do you take me for? A vacant farm in New Hampshire, and a busted photographer, starving to death in Harlem, and five hundred dollars!"

"Not any?" Al asked. "Not a dollar's worth?"

"Go on, you wild nut!" I said. "You can't do that. There's some limit."

"Not to Dreamwood," said Al. "No! Dreamwood shall rise in spite of you!"

"Let her rise," I said. "Come on! Let's go."

I was in New York two weeks after that, dropping what I had left. I had rotten luck; everything I tried to touch went bad on me. I was about down and out. Finally I said to myself I'd take a run up to Albany and see Al, anyhow.

There it was when I got there—Dreamwood, Incorporated; Al H. Carson, Representative—all over the door in

big letters. And the names of all the principal cities underneath, from Boston to San Francisco. And Al sitting there in this big office. I just sat and looked round.

"It looks bad, don't it?" he said, watching me.

"You mean to say you're selling them that stuff?" I said to him.

"Oh, no," said Al. "No; we're not selling them."

"Not selling them! What are you doing then? Knitting for the soldiers?"

"We're not selling them," said Al. "They're selling us. We're just distributing a few of the millions from Dreamwood, Incorporated. Oh, no, indeed," he went on; "I'm not here selling stock. I'm just the agent representing Dreamwood at the capital of New York State."

"They're selling you, huh?" I said, watching him. "What?"

"Wait!" he said, poking the button. "I'll show you. There's one of 'em out here now.

"Have Miss Slattery come in," he said to his stenographer; "and her father. You'll see it in her right hand," said Al to me.

"What?"

"The scenario," said Al. "Dreamwood, Incorporated, is in the market for a certain number of scenarios at the present time."

And he handed me a paper with the advertising in it to look at while they came in—three lines at the foot of reading matter.

This high-school kid came first, holding it in her hand, as Al said she would—all tied up with a blue ribbon. And after her this big black-looking fellow. I sat and watched them while Al took them and went over the scenario thing, written out in the kid's handwriting—wagging his head up and down when he turned the pages.

"Very—very good! Very promising indeed!" said Al, turning over the last one and looking up, with that sad look on his face, at the man. "I want to congratulate you, Mr. Slattery. You have a very talented little daughter."

And the kid almost passed away.

"I almost hate to give it up," said Al, looking at them once more. And the kid almost fainted again. "But the best I can do," he said, "is to make you an offer 'When Produced.'"

"'When Produced'!" said the big boy, coming to finally. "What's that?"

"Oh, excuse me!" said Al. "By 'When Produced' we mean in the motion-picture trade that the author will be paid his royalty only when his scenario is completed and produced."

"When'll that be?" asked the father.

"That's it," Al said, looking far away. "It might be months."

"How much would there be in it for the kid when it once comes out?" the husky wanted to know.

"This will show you something," said Al, and handed it out to him. "This little pamphlet, Profits of Authorship, by our president, J. Hector Whiffen, probably the best-posted man in the country.

"But in general," Al went on, "I would say, on a fair average, a beginner couldn't count on more than a thousand dollars a reel royalty—for a beginner, of course. When you get started the income of successful writers will amount up often to fifty and seventy-five thousand dollars a year, as you'll see there—in your book."

And the father almost dropped it on the floor.

"But I don't want to deceive you," said Al, looking at him. "I want to be square. And I'm going to tell you right now something about the moving-picture business most people don't realize. And that is," said Al, stopping—"they never go outside, these companies, for their scenarios, so long as they can get them inside from their own people—their paid staffs or their owners, the stockholders. You and I may not like it," he said, "but it's a fact. And you can't blame them either. You'd feel that way yourself if you and your little girl were stockholders in this company. Other things being equal, you'd expect your company to take its own stockholders' scenarios before they would an outsider's. It would be only right to you," said Al, looking at him.

"How much does this stock—or whatever it is—cost you?" asked Slattery.

"We have only a limited number of shares to sell—to tell you the truth," said Al.

"How much is it for one share?"

"Ten dollars."

"Would my buying two hundred dollars' worth help my little girl's chances?" asked the big boy.

"It would—yes," said Al. "I'll say that frankly."

And the father pulled out a great roll.

"Here!"

"No," said Al, putting up his hand like a teetotaler refusing a drink. "No!"

I almost had a shock watching him.

"No," said Al. "We have never been accustomed to take any man's money for our stock without his making first some investigation about what he's buying."

"Take it," said the big fellow, pushing it on him in a fist about the size of the Statue of Liberty's. "What the hell do I care for two hundred dollars if it gets the kid started?"

"I will," said Al, folding it up. "I'll take it. But on one condition: That is that you come round and get acquainted. I'll tell you," he said. "It's this way, Mr. Slattery: Every Saturday night the stockholders in Dreamwood, Incorporated, round here get together at a little smoker the company gives them. Now you've got to promise me you'll be there next Saturday," said Al, reaching up on his shoulder. "And bring your friends—anybody. It won't cost them a cent; or you either. We'll have a nice long wet evening together. We'll be the guests of Dreamwood, Incorporated.

"And I'll just keep your little daughter's scenario right here," said Al, "and have it typewritten to send on to our home office—to our president in New York. I want him to see it." "Let's look at it," I said as soon as they went out. "What's its name?"

"It's entitled," said Al, "'Frolics at School.'"

I just sat looking at it, with my jaw swinging.

A Bell Jingled, and Mr. Whiffen Came Out. He Was So Stiff That I Was Afraid He Might be Brittle

"Judas!" I said. "Scenarios—for Dreamwood!"

"There're five million little sisters writing them right now for Dreamwood all over the United States," he told me.

"All with their two hundred dollars apiece?"

"You want any of it now?" he asked me.

"Why? What if I do?" I said, waking up.

"Because now is the time if you do," he said. "I've got to have some bright young man with me now to take charge of the interests of Dreamwood in securing scenarios."

"Aha!" I said. "And what'll you do?"

"You saw that big boy—that thing the kid brought in?" he asked me.

"Yeh."

"That's one of those iron molders from over toward Troy. You saw that wad he had? They've all got one of those since the war started. That's the second one that's been in here. I shall have to give myself more and more now," said Al, "to planning for their pleasure at the open house of Dreamwood on Saturday night."

"The idea of our open house in Dreamwood," said Al, "is, first of all, fellowship. Then a thorough discussion on each Saturday night of millions. Every Saturday our friends beer up on Dreamwood. The more beer the more millions! You may have noticed it yourself—in other places."

"You should work it all right," I told him, "with the iron molders—when you get them!"

"We'll have them, I hope," said Al.

It wasn't long before he'd sold two or three of them—helping the Slattery girl out in getting her scenario started.

"Just what we need," said Al. "Hearts of gold and heads of pig iron'"

"How'd you like to run up against one of them?" I asked him.

"Not in anger—no," said Al.

You never saw such things in your life. They shook the building when Al used to bring them in there Saturday nights.

"They hire them by the ton, according to the new union rules," said Al, "instead of by the hour."

"You can have them," I told him. "I'd always be thinking: What if my hand should slip?"

"The easiest in the world," said Al. "Roughnecks. Anywhere. All you want to do is to start them up talking millions—that the other man's got."

"Where'd they get it, boys?" he'd ask them.

"They stole it," one of them would say.

"No," said Al. "No. You've got another guess."

"How did they, then?"

"You gave it to them—you and I and the other poor things who put their money in the banks for them to use. Whose money do you suppose started these fellows in the first place?" he asked them. "They went over to the bank and got ours, didn't they? And what did we get out of it? Anywhere from nothing to four per cent, didn't we? And they getting out—what do you think?—one hundred and two hundred per cent easy!"

And they'd start in arguing on it.

"I know something about it," he'd tell them. "I've been on both ends myself. I was the sucker to start with. I put my money in the savings bank. Now when I go into the thing there's one hundred per cent in it for me—or I don't go. For every little shiny dollar I put in anything now, there's another little shiny dollar coming out before that year is done."

Then he'd dig out that new pamphlet—Dreamwood—One Hundred Per Cent a Year—with another picture of J. Hector Whiffen, pointing, in the front, and quote from it; how any company was good for one hundred per cent a year in the movies, with Dreamwood promising two hundred easy.

He'd leave it then and go back to what they'd know about Charlie Schwab and Carnegie and the ones that owned the shops they worked at.

"How long do you suppose," he'd say, "it would take to lay up in the bank, boys, what Carnegie did, or old John D. Rockefeller? They've got it figured somewhere. I don't know. Something like one hundred thousand dollars a year since the year one."

"We should kill them—that's all!" one of the roughnecks would break out.

"No," said Al. "No. Don't be a mutt yourself—that's all. What's your idea, anyhow? To sit back here and let them grab it all?"

"Sure; that's the game!" that Danny Fitz, the redheaded one, would say. "We let them get it, and then we take it away from them. Break their legs and throw them out."

Then they'd all start laughing. He was the funny one—always yelling or barking like a dog.

"There's always two—in any factory or office," said Al, talking about him afterward—"the wise guy and the

funny one. The wise boy's the one they all go to for advice—that knows it all. You saw him," said Al.

"Which one?" I asked him.

"That German—that one with the head that runs up like a glass salt shaker; that Schwartz."

"The one with the square shoes, with the piazzas round?"

"That's the boy," said Al. "He's treasurer of the Benefit Association. I hope later, to interest him in Dreamwood."

"If you kill the other one—that Fitz," I told him—"you'd suit me. He's the worst I ever saw. He's the comic nuisance. He spoils everything that's doing."

He got louder and louder every Saturday. When the night got just about so far along, you'd hear him squawking and hollering "Kiss me!"—amusing himself, taking our drinks and joshing us, taking off the movies—yelling "Kiss Me! I'm a he-vampire!"—and trying to put his arm round one of those great iron molders.

"If you don't kill him, I will!" I said. "I'm getting tired."

"No," said Al; "I've got another use for him."

"What's that?"

"You know those good-looking girls," he said, "you see just once on the screen and that's all? Well, you know there's somebody putting up for that, don't you? There is. It's the regular stunt with a lot of these companies. They make up some sort of a producing syndicate that takes a gamble on the little ones who think they are actresses. And the friends pay for it, buying stock. There's a lesson in this for us. Hearing him talk reminded me of it—of the next great need of Dreamwood. There must be a staff of actors—especially a rough-house comedian."

I could hear him starting it that next Saturday night at Billy's, where we took them for that "open house." He was telling them about that minister who saw Charlie Chaplin's weekly pay check.

"It's right, too," said Al. "It's worth it for any company. Five hundred thousand a year—six hundred whatever it is—to get a big card like that."

"Do they get it?" said Fitz, the funny man.

"Why don't they?"

"A man told me that was guff—half of it."

"Don't let them fool you," Al told him, and gave him a few more sample salaries of three to five thousand a week.

"It's the rough stuff that gets them," said Al, going on about Charlie Chaplin. "There's a fortune in it."

"Aw, he ain't so funny!" said Fitz.

"Naw," said another husky. "We've got a funnier one right here."

"Who's that?" said Al.

"Danny Fitz," said the man. "He's funnier than this Chapman ever was. Give him that thing of yours, Fitz."

"What's this?" said Al, surprised. "What is it?"

"Saturday Night at Dan Coffey's, he calls it."

"He kills a cop," said another one.

"He breaks his legs, you mean," said the first one.

And finally they got him to try it out. They only broke two chairs doing it.

"Ain't he a comic?" said the one next to me when it came to the leg-breaking part. And I said he was.

Al sat, not saying a word, looking at it, sadder than ever.

"That's good. Do you know it?" he said to the one next to him when it was over. "It's good! There's lots worse than that right on the screen now. Rough stuff," said Al—"that's what they want.

"I might make a dollar for that boy," he said after a minute or two, talking off to one side to the man next to him, just low enough so half of them heard him, "on a producers' syndicate—if he wanted to try it sometime and his friends were interested to back him a little."

"What's that, anyhow?" they asked him. And he told them.

"He might make good or he might not," he said. "It's a chance, like everything else. But to show you what I think, I'll tell you what I'm willing to do: I'm willing to put up twenty per cent of what we have to put in, myself—that is, if you think you want to try it out with Danny here."

"Do we think so!" said one of them, beating the funny man on the spine.

"Kiss me!" said the funny boy, chasing another one of them round the table. "I'm a he-vampire!"

"I knew it. I knew he had it in his head," said Al when it was all over, "the first time I saw him. There's ten million more of them," he said, "in the United States waiting for Dreamwood."

"There's one thing, though," I said to him: "You'll stop with a bump some day, if you don't get back on the water wagon a little."

I was getting uneasy. He was drinking again.

"You know what we've got to do now?" he said to me later.

"We're doing nothing more," I said. "This is enough."

Besides that comic murderer—that funny iron molder—we had half a dozen more selling for us, mostly girls with scenarios, or who might be actresses. We were going fast. We were working out from them in every direction.

"No," said Al; "the time is ripe now to begin our building program."

"What program?" I said, looking at him.

"We must make a start on our first hundred-thousand-dollar studio. Ground must be broken next month."

"What are you," I asked him—"crazy, or just drunk?"

He was drinking now all the time—on a still drunk.

"You can't stop now," he said. "It's too dangerous."

"Dangerous!" I answered, watching him.

"Yes," he said. "Dreamwood must keep rising." I let him go on, studying him. "We must start soon," he said, "on the first of the studios; breaking ground for it."

"Aha!" I said. "And how is it done?"

"For about one thousand dollars," he told me, "we can do the whole thing, including the special car. We'll get it all back, and more too, from the trip itself."

"What do you want to do," I asked him—"take them all up from here and show it to them?"

"Just one," said Al—"the wise boy, Old Schwartz."

"No," I said. "We'll let well enough alone."

I thought then he'd forget it; but on the second Saturday after that he sprung it on them at the "open house."

"I've got a letter, boys, from the Old Man—our president, Mr. Whiffen. He's going up to Dreamwood Hills in his special car to break ground for the big new studio. And he wants one of the boys from Albany to go on with me as his guest. It's worth it, boys," said Al, winking. "He's some old sport when he gets away from business. And I thought I'd suggest the name of my old side partner, Martin Schwartz. How do you stand on that, boys?" he said. And they put it through, yelling.

"What'd you do that for?" I asked him afterward.

"You've got to do it," he answered me. "You've got to keep promising them something. You've got to keep Dreamwood rising or they'll be restless. I take the wise man up there now, and he comes back and tells them what he saw with his own eyes. And that fixes it."

"Fixes it?" I said. "I guess so. He'll come back and tell them about Dreamwood all right—about the woods."

"After we've had him in that special car for an hour he'll be like Doctor Cook and the North Pole," said Al. "He won't know whether he's been there or not.

"Besides," he went on, "you can get up quite a show for a thousand dollars. We can get out the selectmen anyhow, and maybe a few members of the legislature, if you feed them. And you know yourself what fifty dollars of advertising will do in country newspapers. But that," he said, "is only half my idea."

"What's the rest?" I asked him.

"We shall have a film taken of Dreamwood, showing the ceremony and the property. And when we get back we'll give them all an old-fashioned beefsteak dinner at Billy's and show it to them. That'll prove it.

"It'll be a great day," said Al, looking over at me, "for our president. We'll send him down a check for a new Prince Albert and a hair cut for the trip. And his special car will be waiting there at Boston."

"That's right. Go on," I said. "Ruin it. Smash the thing, now it's getting started."

But there was nothing I could do with him. I saw it then. He started off with Old Schwartz. And he brought him back again on the third day—looking wiser and heavier than ever, and satisfied to death.

"He just came to life coming into the station this morning," said Al.

"You mean to say ——" I said.

"Just what I told you I would," he answered me.

The next week we had that old-fashioned beefsteak dinner, with the movie of Dreamwood and the special car and the selectmen; and J. Hector breaking ground for the studio.

"In the heart of the granite hills—God's great quiet mountains," said the screen—"is rising Dreamwood, the city of the sunlight drama." And they got up and yelled.

And right after it came the sketch of the hundred-thousand-dollar studio—out of the prospectus; and another sketch showing the woods, full of glass houses and roads and temples. And they sat and watched them till the next film was turned on.

There was J. Hector—fiercer than ever, with his goatee and his new Prince Albert coat; and old Martin Schwartz in another one, which he had to wear on Sundays and as treasurer of the Benefit Association.

"Mr. President, shake hands with Mr. Schwartz!" said Al—on the screen; and they both threw back their chests and did it. And the rough boys yelled.

Al had them everywhere, traveling up and down, the selectmen and the members of the legislature trailing after.

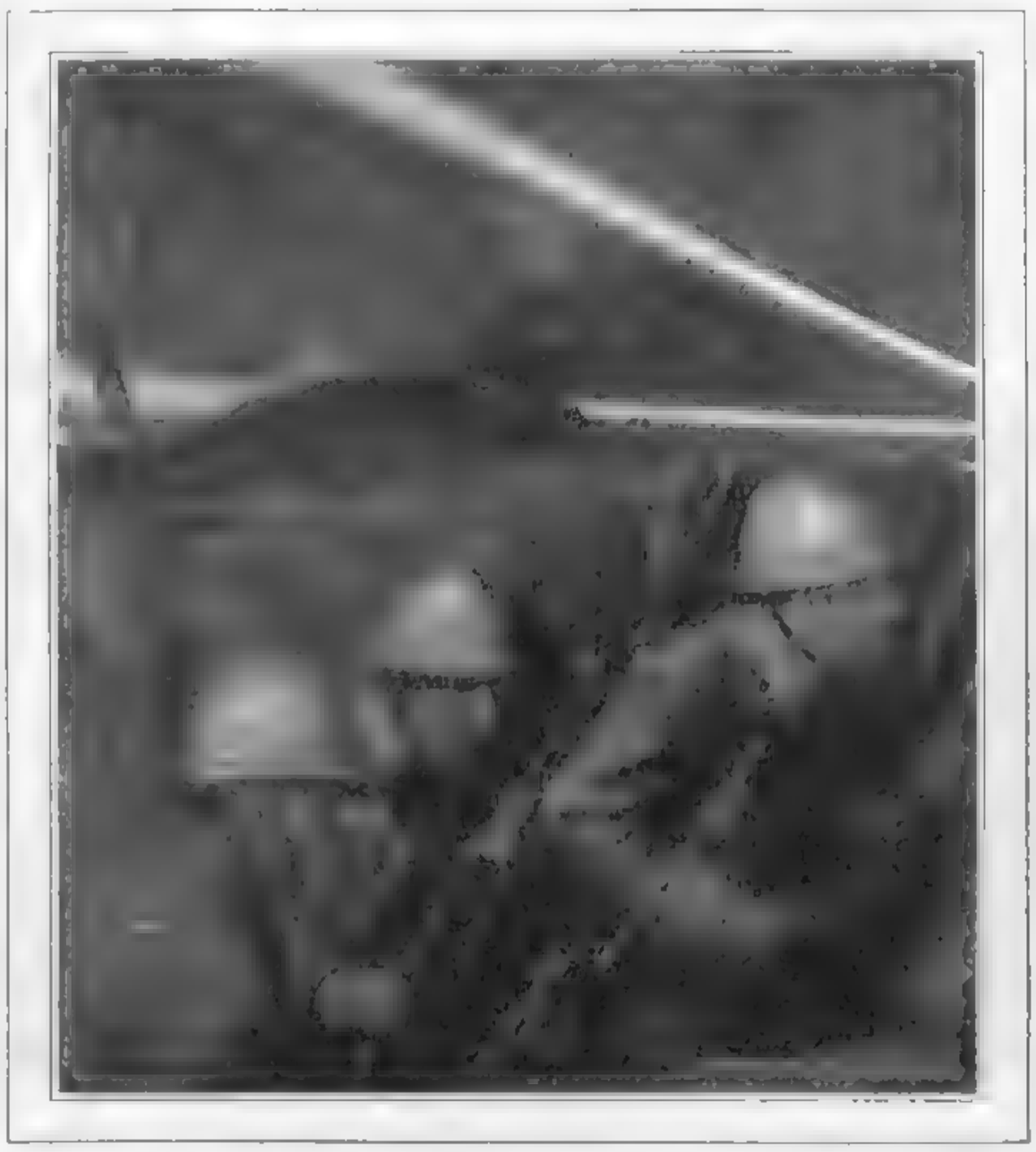
We Heard Them Through the Wall, Tramping In, Swearing at Each Other, Barking Like a Menagerie

(Continued on Page 66)

PRISONERS OF HATE

By Elizabeth Frazer

DECORATION BY HIBBERD V. B. KLINE



IT WAS chance, sheer accident—or destiny—that started the train of events that carried me eventually to the French Ministry of War to learn the true condition of French military prisons in Germany in the month of May, 1918. I was seated one morning in the Métro in a first-class compartment beside a pale young one-armed Frenchman in civilian clothes. He was reading a little paper-backed pamphlet or report or brochure—just which I could not exactly determine.

When he had need to turn a page, having but one hand, he flicked the leaf with great dexterity between his thumb and little finger.

Attracted by the ease with which he accomplished this rather difficult feat, I glanced at him more attentively, decided he was a soldier, *réformé* on account of his arm, and a young man despite his snow-white hair, for the eyes and mouth and smooth cheeks and brow were those of youth. Having thus mentally settled his status, my eyes wandered once more to the pages he so skillfully flicked. Yes, it was a report either that or a diary, for there were dates.

Unconsciously I leaned forward slightly in order to ascertain, and I read:

The heat is becoming terrible; our debility increases constantly. This overheated stone quarry is a furnace. Many among us fall to the ground from weakness and remain a long time without consciousness ——

At this point he flicked the page and I lost the rest. What could it be? Despite myself my eyes glided back to the top of the fresh leaf and I read:

Again a scene of savage brutality. Yesterday Peter assaulted one of us savagely, and with a club struck him a particularly vicious blow across the face. Under the pain of the sudden attack the prisoner threw up a protesting hand; it caught Peter; he lost his balance, fell sprawling. *Stupeur!* . . . The sentinels rush up. Peter raises himself. It now becomes the chase after one man. Our comrade darts among groups of us. A guard catches him, pierces him through the thigh with his bayonet, which he then withdraws from the wound and wipes tranquilly on the gravel. "*Gut!*" says Peter. A loud cry: "*A moi, mes amis!*" [Help, my friends!] We remain frozen, a cold sweat breaking out on our temples. All about us stand the jeering guards, guns raised, hands on the triggers. Our comrade bleeds copiously from the transpierced thigh. Our *infirmiers* transport him in a wheelbarrow to the prison barracks. The work recommences. Peter and the sentinels shout and shower blows on us right and left. The wheelbarrows creak mournfully in this Gehenna. Rage and despair grip our hearts.

Our comrade who received the bayonet wound has been arrested, court-martialed, and this evening when we came back to the camp from the quarry the Germans were leading him off to the black hole of the prison. The poor fellow, who can't stand up yet on account of his wound, won't have even place to stretch out, the cell is so cramped. Bread and water, soup every fourth day. That's the régime! . . .

Naturally, being so near the railroad, many are taken with the irresistible desire to escape. Thirty, two by two, have already tried it. All were recaptured and cruelly punished. The most of them, without maps or sufficient information about the country, or food, were lost in the inextricable forest and marshes. Their matches give out. No food, the rain comes; they lose hope; discouragement brings them back to us—and one fine evening in they march at the point of the guard's bayonet. For all, as punishment, there is the prison post and the black hole for twenty-one days. That *punition de poteau*, or punishment of the post, is a frightful affair. The hands are caught behind the back, then with a cord attached higher than the head to the top of the post. The body is bent forward, and the entire weight is thus thrown on the twisted arms; the feet, also bound, hardly touch the ground. Generally the unfortunate prisoner at the end of an hour and a half or two hours of this veritable crucifixion swoons.

During an equinoctial rainstorm two of our men so punished didn't recover consciousness until after two hours—then off to the black hole! Every day, now that the heat has become so crushing, faintings and heart seizures occur frequently among us. The German officers, thinking they are shams, come to see. "Very well," they say; "that's very simple! Since you are getting so weak all at once and can't work so fast, you'll have to start an hour earlier in the morning and return an hour later at night." As the barracks are five kilometers away we are waked at three o'clock in order to arrive at the pit at four, and we quit work at seven in the evening and arrive at the barracks, dead, round nine o'clock for soup. Five hours of sleep and thirteen hours of work. How long are we going to stand this régime? We must not let ourselves think. The essential is to keep ourselves alive—to get through the day; to hold on—then start in all over again to-morrow and keep it up, still refusing to think. . . . Of course all this will finish some day—but when will it finish?

A Tortured Frenchman's Diary

AT THIS point again the dextrous twist of thumb and finger, and the page flicked. An involuntary exclamation escaped me. The man glanced up in surprise, and I was caught in the act of espial.

He smiled. "Ah, you wish to see. I have cut you off!"

Courteously he attempted to turn back the page, but the leaves stuck, and in the maneuvering the pamphlet fell to the floor. As he picked it up I caught the title on the cover: In the Camps of Reprisal.

"Is it fiction?" I inquired. "A work of imagination?"

"Alas—no!" he replied. "It is true. It is the report of a French prisoner in Germany. I have seen all these things over there myself—and worse."

"You were a prisoner in Germany?" I questioned.

"But yes. Two years." He smiled a quick flashing smile, which made me realize how young he was despite the white hair.

"And those brutal disciplinary measures?"

"True!" he replied. "All true. Wait; I shall show you something. I, too, suffered this same sort of punishment in a prison camp. It was in a coal mine; I was sick and refused to work. Ah, here it is. Read!"

He thrust the pamphlet into my hand, his finger at a certain paragraph. I read:

Morning. The soup was scarcely over when the guard led us to the fosse by an inclined plane. It is still night, and a few electric lights pierce the darkness. We have refused to work, and at the moment the overseer arrives we make known the fact through the interpreter that we refuse to work. At this declaration the overseer bounds forward, seizes a gun, makes great play with the butt of it among us, shouting out: "You're going to find out whether you'll work or not! I know, I know, *Messieurs les Français!* We have the means here of forming your characters. To the right, those who refuse!"

Like a block all of us pass to the right. The guards with jeers and blows of the guns drive us out of the yard and line us up at intervals of five paces. We are made to throw on the ground our coats, our gloves, our mufflers, and in our vests we have to stand at attention, stiff, immobile, hands to sides. The two sentries watch that we do not budge. And thus they leave us under a glacial wind.

Some French comrades, filing out of their barracks, black with soot from the coalpit, salute us from afar. They are like black phantoms. Already we are all benumbed, the hands blue, the nose congealed. It is impossible to make the least movement to warm oneself. To change the weight from one foot to the other calls the attention of the guard, and the result is the bayonet in the loins. The immobility must be absolute. The corporal comes up, jeering. With an air of insolence he demands if we have had enough, if we are ready to work. Refusal.

The siren blows; the machinery stops; a flood of Frenchmen debouch from a pit on a dead run; they are going to dinner. Three-quarters of an hour later, still on the run, they repass us; a gesture of the hand toward us, and the mine swallows them up. Now, the limbs stiff, the head giddy, we have trouble to keep from falling. The wind lashes our faces savagely.

What is it we hope for? That in face of our resistance they will choose to disembarrass themselves of us and return us to camp or to prison. Four o'clock. Night has come on. Snow is beginning to fall. Again the corporal of the guard comes to propose the same question, to which we oppose the same reply. The comrades rush up out of the mine for soup. The night shift replaces them. The machinery recommences. At six o'clock, flanked by the corporal, there arrives the director of the camp making his rounds to inspect the day's work. He stops in front of us.

"Why won't you fellows go to work? You have no rights."

We reply: "We are incapable of such brutal labor; all of us are down sick, stricken with famine from a reprisal camp in Russia."

A burst of laughter, an oath, and the Inspector says: "That's fine! You'll work to-morrow all right!"

Again two hours in this snow and this wind. Entirely exhausted we can no longer feel our limbs. Great pangs of sharp pain shoot through our bodies. Eight o'clock. The guards reassemble us and with kicks start us off to the barracks. The fact is, for several minutes we are too frozen to move. Each motion is an intolerable agony. We have passed in the cold and the wind fourteen atrocious hours.

Inside the barracks we fall to the floor, our teeth rattling. We suffer horribly in every muscle. A night of fever and nightmare.

Next morning. Again the same request: Will you go to work? Again refusal. We take up the immobile attitudes of yesterday. The piercing cold cuts still more cruelly; the snow has not melted. We seem at the end of our strength; we have difficulty not to fall. Hour after hour passes.

We feel our resistance dying; the guards become still more vigilant; the blows fall quicker; how long shall we hold out? The wind becomes keener; it lashes our faces. Congestion menaces us; we are seized in a terrible giddiness.

Many of us fall forward swooning in the snow. And this time with a bitter humiliation at our physical impotence we are obliged to yield! We descend into the mine.

At this juncture the train slowed down to a stop and the Frenchman rose.

"This is my station," he explained, and pressed the pamphlet, despite my protests, back into my possession. "I have no need to read it," he said, "because, you see, I have already endured all those things."

With another smile he was gone and I was left with the drab-colored little book of horrors in my hands. That night I settled down to read it in earnest. I had turned but

(Continued on Page 54)

HIS MARK

By SOPHIE KERR

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARK FAY

"It's Hard Enough as It Is—Harder Than I Ever Dreamt Anything Could Be. But I C'n Bear It S'long as You Keep Your Promise and Stay Near Me"

LIDIE OWENS put her hand out to the nearest gatepost and leaned against it, wondering dully if she would ever be able to walk the long lane up to her father's house. The sun was very hot; her feet ached cruelly; her back ached; her new cheap black clothes were covered with dust and seemed to absorb the hot sunlight and burn against her flesh. The handle of the little imitation-leather valise she had brought with her stuck to the palm of her hand. Moist strings of her fair hair fell untidily at each side of her face. She had walked nine miles since early morning and now it seemed to her that she could not take the few steps that would bring her to her journey's end. But after a little she made an effort and slowly, painfully started toward the house.

It had been a whim of Wesley Fleetwood's to build his dwelling as far from the public road as possible because his wife had not wanted it so.

"I like to see the passin'," she had urged timidly.

"I reckon you can find plenty to do without running to the door every time a buggy goes by," he had answered; and he had ordered the builder to lay the foundations a good field's length away from the passing buggies.

Along this stretch of lane Wesley Fleetwood would not plant even so much as a fruit tree, claiming that the roots would draw moisture from his crops on either side. About the house, however, he had planted trees—tulip poplars and swamp maples—brought straight from the woods as saplings, but now well-grown trees in the freshness of their early summer foliage.

They made a deep, refreshing shade about the house, and half concealed, half condoned its bare misproportioned squareness and lack of paint.

That cool green shade—would she ever reach it! Her breath came and went in the deep sighs of exhaustion, and a trickle of sweat rolled down her temples. At last, when she could not have taken one more faltering, dragging step in the white glare, she reached the protection of the trees, and the blessed shadow of their branches closed round her like the caress of a beneficent, impersonal goddess.

An anxious face bobbed down against the screen of one of the windows; and in another moment the door was flung open and an older woman, worn and bent and wearied into a semblance of age far beyond her real years, hurried out to the wayfarer.

"Lidie! Lidie!"

"Mother!"

"Oh, Lidie—child! Did you get a lift anywheres along?"

"No'm; I walked all the way. I'm all beat out."

"Come on into the front room and lay down. Pore child! Pore child! Mother's little Lidie!"

Her mother was crying; but no tears came to Lidie's eyes. She dropped to the lounge and sat there listlessly, with no strength left for any emotion. Her mother took off the black straw hat, with its black veil, lifted the little valise from Lidie's hand, and then went out, returning in a moment with a basin of water and a coarse towel. She bathed Lidie's face and hands, and at the touch of the cool water the girl made little inarticulate sounds of relief.

"I want a drink, too," she murmured.

"I'll fetch it," said her mother. "Lay back, child."

She almost ran to bring the water, in a rusty tin cup. Lidie drank and drank again.

"Oh, that's so good!" she said. "I thought I'd never get here."

"Your pa wouldn't send for y'," said her mother. There was no resentment in her voice; it was evident that neither of them had expected he would. "He said the horses was all busy in the fields. And I didn't have a cent. He took my last butter-'n'-egg money to buy a new seeder."

"I thought I'd have a little left from the insurance," said Lidie faintly; "but the undertaker's bill was more'n I expected. But I don't care—I was bound Chet should have a nice funeral. And I had to get me some mournin' clothes." She dropped her hand down on the sleazy black fabric of her skirt.

"Oh, yes—I'm glad you did," said her mother. "Oh, how my heart has ached me for you, honey—goin' through it all alone! But your pa wouldn't hear to my goin'. Your pa"—she glanced round her fearfully—"your pa —— Oh, Lidie! 'Pears to me he gets harder every day, if such is possible. More graspin'." She paused, terrified at her daring.

"Did he say anything about my comin' home?" asked Lidie.

"Nothin' much," said her mother; "an' it don't matter. He's got to say about so much about everything. Lidie, you lay still and try t' get a little nap. I got to get dinner started. You know how he is if dinner ain't ready when he comes in."

Yes; Lidie knew.

"I'll help you," she said, trying to rise.

"No, no," urged her mother. "You lay still. An' soon's you get a little rested you best go up to y'r room an' wash up good, an' comb y'r hair an' change y'r clothes. I put one o' my calico dresses in there—it's black and white. You'll feel better in somethin' thin. An'—an' you know how pa is about people lookin' neat."

Yes; Lidie knew that too. But she was too exhausted to care. After her mother had gone out she lay perfectly still, save for a little twitching now and then of some overtaxed muscle. She was thinking of Chet Owens, her big, laughing, good-natured giant of a husband, whose body had been buried only the day before. She could not realize that he was gone; and she repeated to herself, with a faint movement of the lips, the last words he had said to her—words that had been uppermost in her mind during these three strange days of bereavement and fatigue.

"My soul may leave my body," he had whispered as she bent over him, his hand weakly clutching at hers, "but it'll never leave you. I'll be right with you, Lidie—every minute. I don't want to go to no heaven s'long's you're not there—an' I ain't agoin' to. I'm comin' back an' be right with you, Lidie darlin', an' take care of you. I take my solemn oath to it!"

His dark eyes had held hers insistently, repeating the promise after he could not speak; and to the very end she knew he was telling her over and over again that he would not leave her—that he would surely come back to her. And it had steadied her through her ordeal.

In place of the racking grief she had anticipated she felt, instead, a wondering suspense that was almost a hope. She had always believed Chet Owens' every word. He had been true as steel with her, and she knew it. She took his judgment, his beliefs—even his prejudices—as her own, and made them her Law and Gospel. It was part of the great love they had had for each other. Could she, then, disbelieve his last message to her, given with all his heart behind it? She raised one of her hands gently, as if she were still holding to his hand. Her head turned ever so little, as it had been wont to turn to rest against his shoulder. A little smile curved her soft young lips; and, comforted, she slept.

Presently her mother crept in to look at her, and went out again as softly. But the sight of her, slumbering so peacefully in her dusty black, brought a strange stricture to the mother's heart. Lidie was the only girl, the cherished flower of her mother's whole life. All through her girlhood she had shielded her, so far as she could, from her father's harshness, and had been thankfully happy in the marriage that her father had so bitterly opposed. She saw it as Lidie's escape, definite and final, from the dreary coldness of home. But now she had come back, more at her father's mercy than before.

"Pore little Lidie! Pore little thing!" she said half aloud, shifting the pots and pans on the blazing stove with the utmost caution that there might be no clatter to wake the sleeper. "Rejoiced as I am to have her where I c'n see her every day, I wisht with all my heart I'd 'a' died instead of Chet Owens. Wes could've married another drudge an' Lidie would still've been happy. Oh, why ain't things ordered the way they should!"

She turned and looked nervously at the table, set at one end of the kitchen. Wesley Fleetwood preferred to eat here and not in the little dining room at the side. His parents had eaten in the kitchen, he said, and he was no better than they. There was an immaculate red-and-white cloth on the table, and the china and heavy glass shone with cleanness. The knives and forks, though steel, with black-wood-and-nickel handles, shone like silver. He liked it so.

Reassured that all was in order, Mary Fleetwood picked up her long fly brush, with its rustling head of purple and green paper, and brushed out a few flies that had somehow intruded. She was dishing up the dinner when she heard

her husband's heavy tread on the kitchen porch. She did not look up, but hastened her task while the master of the house stopped at the pump to wash his face and hands. All was in perfect readiness when he entered.

A tall man, hawk-faced, without a beard, his thin lips set into a straight, imperious line, he glanced first at the table and then at his wife, but he said nothing. He sat down and took biscuits on his plate, broke them, and poured gravy over them. His wife brought a glass of water for him and took her place at the table. A moment later their two sons entered and sat down. James, the elder, was as his father had been as a youth. Andrew, the younger, was gentler, in feature more like Lidie.

The mother served them all before she took any food on her own plate. Her hands shook and she crumbled her biscuit nervously, not trying to eat. Andrew looked at her anxiously from time to time; but he did not speak, though it was evident a question was on his lips. No one talked in that house unless Wesley Fleetwood first broke the silence. To-day he did not choose to do this.

After he had quite finished his dinner he looked directly at his wife and, with a quick contraction of his heavy brows, said sharply: "Well, did she get here?"

It was the question Andrew had been wanting to ask, and he lifted his eyes with quick expectancy to his mother's face.

"Yes," answered Mary Fleetwood. "She's asleep—in there." She nodded her head toward the sitting room.

Wesley Fleetwood got up deliberately and walked toward the place where his sleeping daughter lay, while his wife gripped her hands together to keep from calling out to him not to waken her.

"Oh, mother," whispered Andrew, "how is she? Did she have to walk all the way from the railroad?"

Mrs. Fleetwood nodded, but did not reply. She was straining her ears to hear what would be said in the other room. She heard her husband walk to the center of the floor and then stop.

"Well, so you're back again," he began.

There was a little pause. Mary Fleetwood could imagine Lidie's startled eyes flying open and the look of fear that would come into them. All of Wesley Fleetwood's children were afraid of him; afraid of his dour temper, his brutal tongue, his cruel punishments. He was a master tyrant, and it had been a bitter blow to him when Lidie had married against his will. His wife knew he had never forgiven her. He did not wait for Lidie to answer him.

"So your fine husband didn't leave you enough to hire a rig from the railroad," he went on, "or else you spent your money on widow's weeds, I suppose. Now, miss, I warn y': You're never to let me see you in black clothes again. I'll have no mourning for Chet Owens in this house. Shame enough to have my only daughter, that went clean through grammar school, marry a piece of low-down truck that couldn't even write his name! Had to put an X mark on y'r weddin' certif'cate, I'm told. Now y'r left, without a cent to y'r name, to come crawlin' home, expectin' to be taken in and done for as if you'd been a dutiful, obedient daughter instead of a willful, high-headed piece that run off to be married. Well, I'll take you in, 'n' I'll feed and clothe y'; but whilst you're here there's to be no black clothes, no whinin' an' whimperin' round, and no layin' on the lounge at mealtimes, when y' ought to be helpin' y'r mother. Understand? Answer me!"

He always required that answer from his children when he had flayed them. Mary Fleetwood listened, bright red spots in her cheeks, her eyes glazed with tears. Andrew shared her mood fully. He sat and stared straight before him, with a regard so passionate and so determined that, had Wesley Fleetwood seen it, there would have been another tongue-lashing for him. James alone was unmoved, but kept on with his dinner leisurely.

"Yes; I understand, pa," came Lidie's reply at last; and at the sound of her voice, gentle and unmoved, her mother and Andrew exchanged glances of relief.

"She ain't took in what he said," whispered Mary Fleetwood, "roused out of her sleep so sudden."

Wesley Fleetwood came stamping out of the sitting room, picked up his straw field hat, and strode out of the house toward the barn. And a moment later Lidie came out, still weary-eyed, yet rested, too, and refreshed somehow in spirit. Her father's wrath seemed to have passed her by. She brightened at sight of her brothers.

"Why, Andy!" she said. "And James!"

They kissed her awkwardly, and presently James got up and followed his father. Andrew lingered.

"Sit down, child," said her mother yearningly. "A bite to eat'll do you a lot of good." She got up to bring fresh food from the stove.

Andrew leaned toward his sister comfortingly, but he could not find words for what he wanted to say.

"I'm—I'm awful glad you're back, Lidie," he said finally. "I'd 've come after you, but father wouldn't let me take a team."

"Mother told me," said Lidie. "I know you'd 've come if you could."

"As soon as I'm twenty-one," said Andrew, "I'm going to leave this place and never come back. What d'you think, Lidie? Father took my lamb, that I found nearly dead and brought in and raised myself! And he sold it and kept the money!"

"Sh-h!" whispered his mother. "He might come back and hear you. You better go on now and get back to work before he has to call y'."

The boy jumped to his feet and hurried away.

"I'll try to get some way to send over after y'r trunk," went on the mother, turning to Lidie. "Some of the neighbors will fetch it. You c'n wear my things till it comes."

Lidie looked up at her mother with quivering lips.

"I can't bear to take off my black," she said. "Folks'll say I hadn't no proper respect for Chet."

"Oh, child!" Her mother drew a long sigh. "No matter what folks says if you just don't get your father down on you. He's so dreadful when he gets into one of his black spells. Mournin's not in the clothes, anyway—it's in your feelin's."

"Yes," said Lidie submissively. Then suddenly her strange calm broke. "Oh, mother!" she cried, flinging up her arms. "Mother! Mother! It don't seem possible that he's gone f'r good. My Chet—big and strong, and laughin' all the time; so good-natured—so kind! How'm I ever goin' to do without 'im? It'll kill me!"

She dropped her head on the table and wept aloud. Her mother leaned over her and stroked her tangled hair.

"Hush, Lidie; hush! You'll hurt yourself," she said. Her eyes went up to the clock and she gave a start. "Y'r father wants me to pick up them early windfalls this aft'noon," she said. "I'll have t' get the kitchen red up and get at it."

"Oh, How My Heart Has Ached Me for You, Honey—Goin' Through It All Alone! But Your Pa Wouldn't Hear to My Goin'"

Stark grief might come into the house and love might wait for consolation, but to Mary Fleetwood the round of labor marked out by her husband's hand was inescapable. Lidie felt her urgency and dried her eyes.

"I'll wash the dishes and clear up," she said languidly; "but I can't help with the windfalls, my feet and legs ache me so."

"You go on upstairs and get rested right," commanded her mother. "I'll bring y' up a bucket of hot water, and you can wash and get on some other clo'es, and comb y'r hair. It's a wonder he didn't say somethin' about that."

She had been clearing the table as she spoke, her work-worn hands moving surely and swiftly. There seemed nothing more to say. Lidie wiped the dishes and then, with her bucket of hot water, limped slowly off upstairs. Mary Fleetwood put on her sunbonnet and went her driven way to the orchard.

It was late in the afternoon when Lidie came down again. She had had more sleep; she had bathed; she had put on fresh clothes; she had brushed the dust from her hair and coiled its taffy-colored lengths smoothly about her head. Color was coming back to her cheeks; and, save for an air of lassitude and the shadow of grief in her eyes, she might have been the girl who had left her father's house ten months before. She had a delicate and wistful beauty that marriage and widowhood had only deepened.

The house was still deserted; so she went outside and looked about her. Her mother must still be in the orchard and she thought of joining her. She walked down the long lane, past the barn and stables, backed by a great semi-circular stack of straw; but when the path turned toward the orchard she hesitated. There was another way, leading to the left, and after a moment's pause she followed it, as if drawn by some stronger will. It led along a field of thrifty corn and dipped abruptly to a hollow, where the pasture lay. Beside the big gate for the cattle there was a primitive stile, so that one might pass over without the delay of lifting the heavy bars. A great clump of sassafras bushes grew there and a withe of wild blackberry caught her skirt. She sat down on the stile and pressed her cheek against the rough timber.

"Oh, Chet! Chet!" she said aloud. "I'm here where we used to meet. Come back to me now! Come back to me! I'll never get through the days without you, honey."

She raised her head and waited expectantly; and as she did so a sudden breeze shook the sassafras leaves and touched her forehead as lightly and as delicately as a caressing finger. Her eyes dilated and she clasped her hands, waiting—waiting. Again came the little breeze; and now, loverlike, to her lips. It brought the perfume of sweet grass wet with the early dew, and of young leaves, and of the little unnamed flowers that bloom humbly at evening wherever a patch of green grows in the countryside. The crescent moon, a filament of silver thread, floated in the clear, pale evening sky. At last Lidie got up slowly.

"You always liked the southwest wind, Chet," she said brokenly, "an' you was always makin' wishes on the new moon. Oh, I feel you near to me—I feel you ——"

She turned her face, lit with subtle ecstasy, to the west. Her mother's voice, high-pitched and anxious, broke across her dream.

"Lidie! Lidie! Where are y', child?" Then, as Lidie came into view: "I went up to the house and you wasn't there; and it gave me a start. Where you been?"

"Down t' the stile," said Lidie simply; but something in her manner said much more. Her mother glanced at her curiously, but forbore to question.

"She's been down where they used to do their courtin'," she said to herself. "It's kinda helped her." Aloud she said: "I started the fire before I come out, and put the kettle on. You go on up to the house 'n' set the table whilst I stop to shut up my little chicks."

At supper Lidie took her accustomed place and ate with the rest. Her father addressed her only once:

"I want you sh'd help with the milkin' to-morra and start weedin' the garden. I reckon you ain't above doin' a little common work, seein's how your husband couldn't even write his name; had to make his mark, like a nigger—thisaway."

He drew a great sprawling cross on the tablecloth with the handle of his knife and looked at the girl tauntingly, but Lidie did not answer him. Later, over the dishes, her mother asked:

"You don't mind y'r pa s'much 's y' used to, honey? Used t' be he could hardly speak to y' without y' crying."

Lidie looked past her out into the summer night.

"No'm," she said soberly. "He don't hurt me. I'm kinda numb, I guess. An' I cried s' much when Chet was sick I don't reckon I've got much cry left in me."

It might perhaps have been better had she displayed greater sensibility, for her indifference, her lack of resentment, seemed, in the days that followed, only to aggravate her father's harshness against her. He liked to see his subjects wince, and when they did not it made him increasingly severe. He laid task after task on Lidie, and never failed to add his sneer about Chet Owens. But she was out of his reach. He could make his wife and his two boys shrink and cower and cringe; but Lidie dwelt in some stronghold of the spirit beyond his ken. He did not know that she drew her strength from her daily visits to the lonely hidden stile, where her dead husband's presence seemed so near that time after time she would shut her eyes and feel sure he moved and breathed beside her. She did not try to reason it, or even to think about it very much. She only knew that she needed Chet's strength, and that he gave it to her in those twilight vigils as surely as he would have given it to her had he been alive.

(Continued on Page 49)

VENUS IN THE EAST

IX

By WALLACE IRWIN

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

AT FOURTEEN minutes of eleven that evening Buddy McNair, the tightest possible mold of form, stood under the marquise before the Merlinbilt and languidly drew a white glove over the knuckles of his left hand. To all outward seeming he was a chronic habitué of exclusive midnight revels. Under an elbow of his fur-lined overcoat he carried a gold-headed stick which the faithless Jass had recommended for evening wear; you could see your reflection in his newly ironed hat, and just as brilliantly shone his dancing shoes. When the carriage man had whistled up a taxicab Buddy had the satisfaction of knowing that he was correctly late. Outwardly the gods smiled.

But behind the mask sour visaged Doubt was lurking with her disagreeable questions. His bones ached from the four hours of continuous dancing lesson which had sent Madame Floridora to bed in a state of collapse. He had quit her classroom fairly satisfied that he could do a plain one-step, provided the tune didn't go too fast. The madame might be able to teach capable cripples modern dancing in ten lessons, but Buddy would be eternally condemned if four of them swallowed all at once, like an overdose of medicine, had untangled the secrets of the tango for him. As to the fox trot . . . you do a sashay to the right for a while, a come-on-lady-back-and-forth about six beats—or is it eight?—then you shove her round with a dignified step like an alderman pushing a wheelbarrow —— And then what? How does the lady know what you're going to do next? Agonizing thought! Is there some sort of secret signal you give her to notify her of your intention to try another step and vary the monotony? Buddy had never thought to ask Madame Flossie about that point. She was a pretty capable girl.

He was making his feet go over a phantom dancing floor and whistling In the Night through his teeth when the taxi stopped in front of Overbeek's Gothic palace. Buddy almost fainted as he alighted with the thought: Suppose Mrs. Dyvenot should expect him to dance?

To all appearances the Overbeek house was as deserted as it had been on the day of his visit. The same drabbish curtains were pulled behind all the broad paned windows on the lower floors, giving the place an extra desolate appearance under the pallid blaze of the street lamps. The sight thrilled the intended guest with a sort of superstitious awe. Was this New York hospitality, cordially to invite one to a house darkened and shaded as against an expected air raid?

In his inquisitive mood he walked across the Avenue and gave himself a more comprehensive view of the proud dwelling. The sight renewed his spirit. A curtain, half drawn, on the fourth floor, revealed bright lights shining forth; many shadows moved within. At the same moment he saw an automobile stop at the curb, two ladies and a gentleman get out and proceed up the broad stone steps. They lingered only an instant by the bell, then the iron grille seemed to open a crack and to swallow them suddenly.

There was something medieval, mysterious, conspiratorial about the whole affair.

Buddy McNair braced himself by a brisk walk round the block; and when he had completed the rectangle he went rather dashingly up the steps and rang the bell above the little snarling lions. His heart stood still as the great iron grille opened a crack.

"Come in!" demanded a voice.

The guest obeyed. Once inside the splendid vestibule he was faced by a stern faced servant in a somewhat ill-fitting dress suit, whose first inquiry was none too welcoming:

"Show your card, please."

Buddy fumbled for the invitation, which some kind fate had prompted him to carry. After a moment of inspection the strange sentinel beckoned:

"This way, please."

Buddy followed and stood blinking in the huge hall, where from a ceiling vaulted like a church a gigantic candelabrum, employing its thousand crystal facets, shed light on winding marble balustrades, tapestries woven into shapes of heroic combat, a vast carved mantel of stone reaching almost to the rafters.

"This way, please," commanded another individual, whose loose-fitting dress suit and criminal countenance lent a certain comedy touch to the baronial surroundings. Buddy, who had been hoping to catch sight of Mr. Overbeek himself, followed dazedly through a maze of corridors toward some far-off cloakroom. Somewhere from the region of high balconies he could hear strains of festal music. Just as he was rounding a complex system of pillars in his progress toward a pinkish apartment where servants could be seen stowing away fur-lined coats and silk hats his toe rapped painfully against some hard object on the floor which gave forth the ghastly sound of a skull smitten by a grave digger's spade.

Buddy recovered his balance and looking down beheld a sleek brown bearskin stretched proudly where all could see. Recognition was immediate. There lay the remains of poor Romeo, tanned to a nicety, lined with expensive wool, glass eyes glaring with a savagery that Romeo had never displayed—save once—in all his peace-loving career. The long sharp snout was yawning to a fiery red snarl. Altogether his old-time friend presented to Buddy a ghostly and pathetic appearance.

"Poor Romeo!" elegized the man from Axe Creek, patting the hairy head. "You got into society, even if you died doing it."

"What was that?" asked the criminal-faced flunky.

"Lead on!" said Buddy.

As soon as he had divested himself of his hat and overcoat he started back alone over the uncharted course and got himself lost in a maze of back stairways where he encountered two maids and a scrub lady whom, had it been in any less dignified surroundings, he would have suspected of having been drinking. They were standing all in a knot, and the scrub lady, who had a rosy, merry face, was caroling "I'm off for Philadelphy in the marnin'."

"Excuse me," said Buddy, coming unexpectedly upon them, "I'm lost."

"Bless his heart, he's lost!" exclaimed the merry scrub lady.

"And he's come to the party!" giggled one of the maids.

"Turn around where ye stand and take the first hall but wan after ye pass the stairs," commanded the scrub lady, becoming suddenly dignified.

Buddy thanked them and retraced his steps, permitting the adventures in Philadelphy to be resumed amid cadenced giggles.

At last he came back to the great lobby and was again met by the hard-faced guide, who directed him toward an elevator, and this he entered with half a dozen other ladies and gentlemen, newly arrived like himself.

The upper floor upon which they were released was very grand indeed. Palms were waving, pictured gods and goddesses were capering on the gilded cornices, and music belched forth over a million dollars' worth of Louis XIV furniture. Buddy saw distantly a tall rose-lined room, at the door of which stood some sort of reception committee busily shaking hands. Another dress-suited functionary took him in charge.

"Name, please?"

"McNair," quavered Buddy, stage fright resuming its sway.

"Mr. McNair of the Merlinbilt?" asked the ruthless inquisitor.

"That's where I come from," acknowledged the stranger in town, marveling at this custom which associated a man with his hotel, just as in medieval times they used to shout John of Gaunt or Henry of Navarre when a gentleman went calling.

"Mr. McNair of the Merlinbilt!" bawled the man at the door of the pink lined room, wherein numerous ladies, splendidly arrayed, circulated on the arms of their escorts in and out of the ballroom beyond.

A solid little man with the complexion of a ripe pippin and shrewd piggy eyes stood at the doorway shaking

hands, apparently doing the honors of a host. The gaunt lady whose elaborately curled and powdered coiffure sparkled with brilliant stones was also shaking hands with all who passed. The now thoroughly confused Buddy submitted to the ceremony and acknowledged to himself that if this were Axe Creek he would be justified in believing that the elderly couple at the door were giving the party.

"You haven't met my wife," said the pippin cheeked gentleman with rather a grandiose flourish toward the high coiffure. "Mrs. Sweeny, Mr. McNair of the Merlinbilt. You haven't been long in town, sir. Martha, won't you introduce Mr. McNair to—er"—he threw out his little cock-robin chest—"a few of our guests?"

Everything was so tremendously stiff and formal that it was some time before Buddy could find a polite opportunity to ask the question that was now burning in the back of his head: Where was Terry Overbeek all this time?

"Mr. McNair, you must meet my daughter," his conventional hostess was saying in her measured tones. "This is her coming-out party—but of course you've been told. Louise!" she called to a baby-faced blonde who, a shower of expensive silver lace, left her group and came over. "Permit me to introduce Mr. McNair of the Merlinbilt."

"How do you do?"

She held out her little gloved hand and regarded him with round blue eyes like glowing saucers.

"Louise, introduce Mr. McNair."

"We're ever so glad you've come," chirped Miss Sweeny in the same formal official tones as her mother and father had used. "We had to notify you at the last moment, because you arrived so recently."

"I'm stranger than a young horned toad," said Buddy politely, "and I'm ever so much obliged to you."

He was sorry he had spoken so sketchily to this pampered débutante, who gave him a glance of disapproval. All this time he was working up courage to put his question.

On the threshold of the ballroom he was fain to look across those leagues of shining floor over which wealth and fashion capered rather stiffly, as though fearful of committing some breach of the prevailing decorum. Festival lanterns—weighing something over a ton each, he computed—blazed from a golden ceiling shining upon a broad fresco of languid goddesses disporting among Hesperian flowers. Buddy was fearfully scared that someone would want him to dance. The orchestra was discoursing a slow exotic waltz at the moment. He wished they would strike up In the Night and give him a chance at something he knew.

"Miss Carter, Mrs. Osterlitz, Miss O'Brien—Mr. McNair of the Merlinbilt," chimed the obliging Louise in a most arrogant drawl as she presented to him two heiresses and a young matron who stood at the threshold, white gloves crossed, aigrets bobbing slightly, as they conversed in tones far more affected than any he had heard in Mr. Blint's apartment.

"It's a nice party," suggested Buddy, quite panic-stricken when Miss Sweeny abandoned him to the three.

It was Mrs. Osterlitz, a handsome young matron with auburn hair and a gown of white and gold who deigned a reply, after surveying him haughtily.

"You think so." She didn't ask a question. She was merely telling him.

"We were speaking," volunteered Miss Carter, who was comely in the manner of a statue done in strawberry ice, "of the theater."

"There's an awful lot of it," suggested Buddy, thankful for something to say.

"We were speaking particularly of the moving pictures," resumed Mrs. Osterlitz, folding an expensive fan across her breast and employing something of the wonderfully spaced modulations that seemed to prevail here.

"We were agreeing," upspoke Miss O'Brien, stiffly dimpled in her salmon colored gown, "that the influence is very injurious to the common people."

She gave the words "common people" the note of a Juggernaut passing over ants.

"So many of our plays to-day are improper," added Mrs. Osterlitz, who had now unfolded her fan and was swaying it with a stiff movement of the wrist—"especially for the common people."

"I think they're horrid," agreed Miss O'Brien.

"As I often say to Mr. Osterlitz," the lady with the fan continued in her throaty tones, "we cannot afford to permit our loved ones to witness that of which we ourselves do not approve."

"I guess our loved ones wouldn't have much fun if that law went into effect," broke in Buddy, who was beginning to think that the Four Hundred were having a very poor time.

"Have you seen The Orphan Waif?" asked Miss Carter, employing her throat tones.

"You see, I've just come to town and "

"It is a very interesting dramatic play," Mrs. Osterlitz measured off the decree, "but the moral lesson taught is very inferior."

"What are These Oosterbeeks? Mere Upstarts. Mere New-Coming People. Where Did They Make Too Much Money? Some Vulgarian Stole a Railroad. V'la! That is America"

"Nothing is moral any more, like the best works of Shakspere," was the criticism of Miss Carter as she tossed her pretty head, all encircled with icy stones.

What was the matter with these women? They were lovely to look at, yet they stood there like automata, talking like phonographs.

At that moment a distinguished gentleman with an English accent came forth and claimed Mrs. Osterlitz for the dance.

"Mr. Nudds—Miss Carter, Miss O'Brien—and Mr. McNair of the Merlinbilt."

"Very proud, sir, to meet so distinguished a gentleman," said the Englishman, ceremoniously advancing a glove.

"No prouder than I am," chimed Buddy quite truthfully; for there was everywhere a tendency to fête him, which, though confusing, had an effect of intoxication.

A scrawny foreign ambassador wearing his decorations boldly across his shirt front approached Miss Carter and bent to kiss her hand.

"Ah, mad'moiselle!" Buddy, when he got over the shock, studied the catlike hairs sticking out from under his nose in all directions. "Could I be permitted the *plaisir?*"

"You are very courteous, I am sure—and, Mr. Ambrose, permit me to present Mr. McNair of the Merlinbilt."

"Ah—m'sieur!" Buddy snatched away his feverishly grasped hand, for fear the kissing ceremony might be repeated there. "Since you arrive here I have been—what you call—tickled dead to see so famous man!"

"Thanks, friend," grunted Buddy. This was almost too much

A moment later Mrs. Osterlitz and Miss Carter were being whirled away, their chosen cavaliers embracing them in the stark, stiff manner which everywhere prevailed. Yes, it was certain that society enjoyed itself sadly.

"So you're Mr. McNair of the Merlinbilt!" said Miss O'Brien, who had been left on his hands. She gave him the full benefit of her Celtic eyes.

"I don't own the place," Buddy defended himself.

"Oh, but you are a great credit to the establishment, I am sure," she reassured him, remembering herself and quickly coming back to the phonographic style.

"If they'd only play a fox trot I'd ask you to dance," he floundered, now aware that something was expected of him.

"They are playing one now," she replied haughtily.

"Oh, are they?"

He gave ear to the orchestra and recognized something that remotely resembled In the Night.

"Well"—he took a long breath and faced her squarely—"will you?"

"I should be pleased."

She fell discreetly into his embrace, and the next he knew he was rolling her backward like a lady on castors. This was the walk step which Madame Flossie had so painstakingly taught him. Struggling to invent some expedient whereby to warn her of an impending variation he continued to roll her along for the entire length of the room. At last when the serene movement threatened to roll her into the orchestra he realized that something must be done. He looked into her eyes and saw that she was frowning.

"Now!" said Buddy and swung her mightily to the left. In the confusion of the altered movement he was aware that his heel had come down on something soft.

"Ouch!" She said it as humanly as you or I might, and stooped to nurse a battered toe.

"Honest, Miss O'Brien, this is too much for me." He stood limply, regarding the agony of the wrecked heiress.

"Too much for you!" she exclaimed, fires flashing from her Celtic eyes. And she abandoned him in the middle of the floor.

This was of course a fearful setback to Buddy's evening, which had up to now glided along with suspicious smoothness. He slunk away to the side lines, and regarding the scene with less favorable eyes was more than ever sure that the inner circle of New York society didn't know how to have a good time.

Then the prevailing mystery, which he had forgotten in the madness of the dance, came back to him. What was Terry Overbeek doing with himself? He wandered about, looking in all the stiffly posing groups of men and women, for a friendly soul who would descend to his level, if even for a moment, and explain things.

At last he spied the distinguished diplomat, Mr. Ambrose, leaning over a golden chair in a far corner. The object of the Frenchman's enchanted regard was a wonderful figure of a young woman who, to the not obtuse Buddy McNair, looked easily the belle of the ball. She seemed far more to the purple born than did the other ladies of fashion whom he had met and danced upon during his few minutes in society. Her eyes called you, while her mouth disdained. She was graceful, almost snaky in her proportions, and she wore a shimmering gown of a peculiar golden green; there was a brilliant golden girdle round her waist, and at her shoulders slender straps of gold. Her hair, which was black as a blackbird's breast, was adorned with a curious ornament of jewels—a bandeau of emeralds which ran from the smooth straight part above her forehead to meet mysteriously somewhere behind her ears. Her jewels, her gown, her manner were all distinctive.

Perhaps poor Buddy was a trifle daft on the subject of jewels that week. At any rate he found himself calling her The Marquise and permitting her momentarily to banish the image of the woman for whom he had ordered a quart of egg-size pearls.

The Marquise and Monsieur Ambrose were ripping away at each other in French. She was apparently a person of some importance, for Mr. Ambrose was making before her more than the obeisance which the male ordinarily pays to feminine beauty.

She looked up, and upon Buddy cast her misbehaving eyes. Mr. Ambrose glanced round upon the same impulse.

"Ah, M'sieur McNair!" He extended an expressive hand and summoned the man from Axe Creek. "Mad'moiselle de Florienne, I present Monsieur McNair of the Merlinbilt."

"Charmed, I am sure!"

A small gloved hand went out from the splendid green costume and she gave him the full lure of her almond-shaped eyes.

"M'sieur McNair can tell so much of his important work," smiled the French ambassador, and made Buddy very happy by bowing himself away.

"I am so glad you are not dancing," said she glancing contemptuously round the room as she indicated the empty chair next hers. Her slightly Latin accent with the rich quality of its r's had a warming influence upon his blood. He was entranced to occupy a chair beside this naughty, tempting marquise, who had made it so plain that she wished to talk with him alone.

"If you were any gladder than I am you'd dance with joy; in that case I'd dance with you; and that wouldn't be safe for either of us," was the complicated reasoning which brought Buddy to the empty chair.

"*Flatteur!*" she chided, rolling her mysterious eyes round at him. Then just as quickly she pursed her disdainful lips and inquired: "Why should you waste your time with this *canaille?*"

"I thought they were rather hot stuff," Buddy admitted. "It's only I who don't make good."

"Oh, là-là-là-là-là . . ." She did this for quite a while, and when she got through she smiled again and explained: "What are these Overbeeks? Mere upstarts. Mere new-coming people."

"They've been in New York some time, haven't they?" asked Buddy, rather offended at this smirch upon Terry's family name.

"What you call some time? Fifty, seventy-five years perhaps. *Bourgeoisie!* Where did they make too much money? Some vulgarian stole a railroad. *V'là!* That is America."

"America isn't such a desert waste, take it full length."

"*Mais non!*" She drooped her tired lids. "Some very good families in New York. We know them all. We are among them. We have our ancestry with pictures before the Revolution—and not bought from picture stores. What means all this Fontainebleau?" She swept a satiric hand toward the sporting goddesses on the fresco. "The impudence of *nouveaux riches!*"

"You don't mean to tell me!"

"They make up by decoration what they lack in other things. They come from nowhere. We have blood, m'sieur, and need not announce it with flambeaux." She sighed.

"I seldom come here," she said. "There is too much of worth while to waste life with Overbeeks."

"Say, while you're about it, you might tell me something," blurted Buddy, determined to know the truth.

She gave him an interrogative look out of her Egyptian eyes.

"While all this party's going on, where's Terry Overbeek?"

The shrug she executed conveyed the impression that she was made of flexible rubber and about to writhe out of her beautiful green gown.

"Where he is could be nothing to us," she replied languidly.

"But I thought I might see him round somewhere," Buddy persisted.

"*Ça ne fait rien,*" said she.

Apparently that meant something, but Buddy had no intention of studying French and dancing all in one day.

"But tell me more about yourself!" she invited in one of her alluring gurgles as she leaned over and played upon his every heart-string.

"There isn't much to tell," Buddy faltered. "I'm here because I'm here; that's about all there is to say."

"The modesty of genius!" she twitted deliciously. "Man of your wonderful *noblesse*, power of Napoleon! And yet you merely say you are here because you come. All New York talks of you already, Monsieur!"

"What—me?" interrogated Buddy, forgetting rules, everything, in the depths of his amazement.

"*Certainement!* Nowhere I go but I hear how Monsieur McNair has done this, that—how he has brought new style into this barbarian city."

"But marquise—excuse me—Miss de Florienne"—the weight of celebrity caused him to flounder—"I've only been here a few days."

"What is number of days to great brains?" she asked, adoring him with her eyes. "Did not Bonaparte make himself *l'Empereur* in so much time?"

Buddy hadn't a good answer ready for that. It was certain he was beginning to like the marquise more than ever.

"Well, if I've made such a big-league hit," he mildly defended, "New York hasn't choked me to death with invitations—up to to-night."

"Ah, but recall your position!" she pointed out with an uplooking glance, as though he had already taken his place among the constellations.

Her hair brushed his cheek as she leaned down—she was a little taller than he—and whispered: "And if you are lonesome—why should you never see me?"

Buddy McNair caught his breath.

"I haven't got your address," said he, using the most natural excuse in the world.

"That would be useless," she told him in the same mysterious tone.

"Well, I guess we can arrange it, if you name the time and the place," he found himself urging feverishly.

"Let me consider."

Her long lashes dropped romantically as she gazed down toward the point of her emerald toe. Then suddenly she glanced up, and her whole expression changed.

"There he comes again!" she almost snarled.

Threading his way through a forest of golden chairs came Monsieur Ambrose, dignified and stern.

"He has the jealousy of a cat," she whispered quickly. "Go now—and later in the evening we shall meet again."

"And you'll say where?" he reminded her.

"Yes," she hissed. "And do not fail me. I shall have need for you!"

Buddy wandered away, more dazed than ever. At the undoubted address of Mr. Terrill Overbeek he had walked into a romance of the old empire. Probably this Ambrose was a count with a passion for dueling. Visions of dusky balconies over enchanted gardens, fountains playing by moonlight, black cloaked figures meeting behind mysterious gates—followed him as far as the refreshment room.

At the broad table on which the punch bowl sat many siphons gurgled and decanters clinked upon the edges of tall glasses. Lopping generously over the seat of a small chair by the wall an enormous dowager in a spangled gown whose magenta shade matched the color of her cheeks held a glass in one hand and made savage gestures at a young gentleman who appeared somewhat shocked at her free behavior. Her tall aigret had slipped to one side and she was insisting upon a musical program of her own.

"But, Mrs. Claridge, you can't sing here!" the young man was warning her.

"I can't sing anywhere, but I'm going to!" she kept on repeating in a loud voice; and burst into something about "There's a cottage in the dell."

Buddy was selfish male enough to take a highball for himself. To assemble ice, a glass, seltzer and whisky required some reaching and more vulgar shoving than he had hitherto associated with polite society. At last he stood aside with his drink and overheard an elderly stock-broker lecturing a younger one upon what apparently spelled success in Wall Street.

"You'll never get rich in a thousand years unless you take all the tips that are coming," said the gray-haired financier, to his junior's evident profit.

Buddy was sipping thirstily both of knowledge and refreshment when the approach of a handsome couple through the doorway roused at first his idle, then his more intimate curiosity. It was evident that the lady was Miss O'Brien, and by her air it was plain to see that she was more than satisfied with her escort. She was looking up into his dark eyes with a glance that conveyed an impression of respect and even more.

Buddy looked straight at the man. Of course it was merely a remarkable resemblance—who else in the world could make those deep creases in the corners of his nose when he talked? Who else could command that painfully careful cockney accent, like a perfectly trained actor in a servile part?

The couple took their places by the refreshment table, so close that Buddy could lock arms with them. And the truth couldn't be denied.

The tall, perfectly groomed young man, just then reaching out for a punch glass, was Jascomb, the Merlinbilt's house valet!

Up to now Buddy had seen enough to shake his faith in the laws of gravitation, but this last spectral nonsense was too much for him. He stood blankly, then touched the masquerading servant on his outstretched arm. The effect upon Jass was equally electric. The worldly poise he had brought in with him dropped like a blanket, leaving him almost indecent in his servility.

"Jascomb!" exclaimed Buddy, actually happy to look again upon a familiar face.

"Yes, sir."

The valet rapidly smuggled the glass over to his chosen lady and approached like a whistled hound.

"What in hell are you doing here?"

"Yes, sir. Not so loudly, sir, if you don't mind. If it is not asking too much, sir, would you step outside the door? I shall be at your service in a minute, sir. Thank you, sir."

Buddy took orders from his servant with all the meekness of a sleepwalker. How long he waited outside he never knew, because the whole mad-hatter's party was swimming before his eyes. At last he saw Jascomb, now standing in the crushed-strawberry pose proper to the English valet.

"If you won't take it as an impertinence, sir, might I ask what you are doing here?"

"I came here ——" was Buddy's idiotic reply.

"No doubt, Mr. McNair. You were invited, sir?"

Buddy fumbled into the inside pocket of his new dress suit and brought out the large engraved card. "Thank you, sir."

Jascomb examined the card a full minute before an almost human expression dawned over his wooden face.

"That's most droll, if I might say so, sir. The card, as you see, is addressed to Mr. McNair, not giving any initials, in a manner of speaking. Quite a natural error, I might call it."

"You might call it; but why was it sent to me?"

"There's a new 'ead waiter at the Merlinbilt of the same name—Mr. McNair, sir. He was 'unting for his invitation all day."

"I'm waking up," croaked Buddy. "You mean that if I'd been the head waiter Mr. Overbeek would have asked me to his ball?"

"Oh, not that, sir, I'm sure. This ball isn't being given by Mr. Overbeek—only at his 'ouse, sir."

"You mean that Sweeny out there has borrowed Terry's cabin for a dance?"

"In a manner of speaking, sir. Mr. Sweeny, I might explain, is Mr. Overbeek's caretaker. Mr. Overbeek is

"Pearl Chasing is the Grandest Amateur Sport I've Struck Since Leaving Axe Creek; and if That Little Trinket Makes You Smile—Well, I Count Myself In About a Million Dollars"

When the Serene Movement Threatened to Roll Her Into the Orchestra He Realized That Something Must be Done

away a great deal, you understand, and Mr. Sweeny opens up the 'ouse once a year and gives a ball to all the upper classes—all in service, I mean to say, sir. Nobody but the best ladies and gentlemen asked, sir. Miss O'Brien—whom you may have met—is Mrs. William Baylort Winler's personal maid; Mrs. Osterlitz is 'ousekeeper to Mrs. Fairmont Garland. Nothing but the best will do for Mr. Sweeny, sir."

"Well now, there's a nerve that can't be pulled!" said Buddy in genuine admiration. "Do you mean to say they can get away with this and Terry Overbeck know nothing about it?"

"You wouldn't report it, sir?" asked Jass, visibly cowering before the consequences.

"I wouldn't go back on a bunk mate," Buddy made loyal assurance.

"If you would like to go, sir, without attracting undue attention ——"

No hint to get out could be more pointed than this. It was evident that Jascomb's sense of propriety had been deeply shocked; a haunting fear of ostracism at the hands of New York's most distinguished servant society surrounded him like a cloud.

"If you'll take this little door, sir"—Jascomb was hinting ever so delicately, leading his unworthy master aside and pointing out the small, glass-inlaid exit—"you can easily find the back stairs, sir."

"Thank you, Jass."

"Thank you, sir," Jass corrected.

Buddy had retreated a step, when again he heard the respectful voice at his elbow.

"I beg pardon, sir," said Jass, "your cravat is a trifle disarranged."

And he tidied the knot to a nicety before Buddy made his escape.

But when he had walked out by that secret door he knew almost at once that he was lost in an endless maze of dark rooms and passages.

He had an idea of cutting cross-lots to the back stairs; therefore, he crept along a narrow hall, which ended, as he soon found out, in a perfectly deserted twilit room whose sparse illumination came meagerly in through an elaborate stained-glass window overlooking one end of the ballroom.

Sounds of music, shuffling feet, laughter came to him mockingly in this unpleasant cell; it gave him the clammy sensation of committing burglary and of being in danger of shameful detection.

His one instinct now was to get out. The weird little cubby-hole of a room had the effect of turning him completely round, and he began making a tour of the walls, groping blindly for a door and cursing Jass as he groped. What right had Jass to leave him in such a mess? Perhaps the doors would be locked on him and he would be left here, a prisoner, after the party had broken up and the servants gone to bed.

He had finished his tour of three walls and come back to the stained-glass window when his shoulder collided noisily with a tall rectangular object, standing shadowy against the light. The object was some sort of folding screen apparently, for upon contact it collapsed and tumbled to the floor with a damnable crash. Out of the gloom somebody swore a good round oath. As inexplicably two strong hands shot out and seized Buddy by the collar.

"Well, what in ——" began Buddy.

"I'll teach you," snarled a harsh voice, "to come stamping about my house!"

By now the instinct of self-defense had overcome astonishment. Buddy grappled, to his advantage, with his mysterious assailant. There was a short chaos, punctuated by oaths, punctured by blows. The man was taller than Buddy, but in poor condition; and when at last the Westerner had gotten a strangle hold under his opponent's chin and forced back his head he still had sufficient presence of mind to drag the writhing body toward the stained-glass window.

A shaft of light fell full upon the distorted face, purple with rage, teeth showing; and on that flash Buddy became aware that the gentleman whom he was at that moment so industriously choking was Mr. Terrill Overbeck!

Buddy let go. Mr. Overbeck, in his otterskin coat, his hat lying where it had been knocked in the scuffle, was in a kneeling posture on the floor, his suppliant attitude ill matching the malevolent glare with which he looked up into the face of the small but knotty man who had unsuspectingly interrupted his spying.

"Now look here, Terry," said Buddy as softly as possible in order that the best servant society in New York might not riot in and be witness to the scandal, "I didn't start it, you know."

"Who the devil are you?" asked Overbeck, getting lamely to his feet.

"Take a look," suggested Buddy, and grinned up at the man, who was an inch taller than he.

Overbeck glutted his eyesight in the dim light, and when understanding at last dawned he seemed more savage than ever.

"Buddy McNair!" he thundered. "What the devil are you doing among my pantries?"

"Easy with the voice, Terry," cautioned the man from Axe Creek. "If you holler again you're pretty liable to have the Duchess of Stewpan and the Marquis de Chauffeur in here for a royal investigation."

"Isn't this my house?" he spluttered, muffling his voice nevertheless.

"I thought so, too, Terry, when I came here. It kind of looks as though you and I had made a mistake."

The orchestra beyond had now swung into a languorous waltz. Overbeck stepped to the stained-glass window and put his eye a moment to the crack ere he tiptoed back to Buddy's side, and taking him gently by the arm whispered: "You're right, I fancy. Come on!"

With the dexterity of a river pilot he found the channel through an entirely new series of dark halls, closets, pantries, little stairways, alcoves and secret chambers. They took a short flight of stairs and came out upon a small balcony, partly obscured in darkness and overlooking the baronial splendors of the entrance hall.

"Pastt!" warned Overbeck. He got down on all fours and peered cautiously through the rails. Presently he gave a dry chuckle and beckoned to Buddy, who, imitating the Leatherstocking method of ambush, huddled close and took survey of the shining square below.

Society was passing in review there, vari-colored groups of dowagers, heiresses, débutantes gesticulating in the stiff poses of marionettes, while all the beaux, from Nash to Brummell, bowed with exaggerated courtesy, swaggered a little, indulged in the perfumed antics of Versailles. Here the courtliness of the old empire was revived. Upon a background of priceless tapestries the exalted chivalry of New York's menial smart set suggested the strummings of Mozart to some forgotten minuet.

Occasionally rival gallants, fastidiously clad, would meet competitive over the whimsied favors of some haughty damsel. Eyes would strike fire and dangerously repressed gestures would suggest an impending challenge. The proud blood of Montmorency brooks no light words in the court of love. Possibly even now smallswords were crossed, thrusting and parrying, singing the song of death in one of the dark pantries out back of the kitchen. On a carved bench near the Gothic fireplace sat Miss O'Brien, apparently the toast of the evening, a young lord of military figure and ambrosial curls leaning ever closer, lost in contemplation of her eyes.

"As I live!" whispered Overbeck. "That's Andrew, Mrs. Van Laerens' groom!"

Again he led Buddy through circuitous passages, and at last coming upon a heavy door he plied key to lock with burglarious haste. He pulled his captive into the yawning blackness, softly closed the door and switched on the lights. An extensive bedroom was revealed in the bleak state of unoccupancy wherein articles of furniture are wearing striped overalls and the pictures are swaddled in cheesecloth. In the flooding brilliance Buddy could see the face of the mighty huntsman in more detail. It had grown much older since the day of Romeo's foul undoing. There were sacks under the prominent colorless eyes; the cheeks had sagged slightly; the tightly curled hair, which Buddy had remembered as black, was now pepper-and-salted with gray.

The curious smile which he was at that moment giving his unbidden guest was full of an experienced worldly humor and, somehow, terribly sad.

"Sit down, Buddy," he invited, pulling two covered chairs together.

He went over to a labyrinthine cupboard in an alcove and unlocking a small door brought out a bottle and two glasses which, after the generic habit of male housekeepers, he proceeded to wipe with his handkerchief. At this human touch Buddy's soul rushed toward him over separating aeons. He measured out brandy with a somewhat shaky hand and served his guest with a share.

"Well, Buddy," said he, "when I asked you to come and see me in New York I didn't think it would be exactly like this."

"You haven't got a thing on me, Terry," smiled Buddy over his drink. *(Continued on Page 40)*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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If Your Copy is Late

BECAUSE of the unprecedented transportation conditions, all periodicals will frequently be delivered late. If your copy of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST does not reach you on Thursday please do not write complaining of the delay, as it is beyond our power to prevent it. If your dealer or boy agent does not place THE SATURDAY EVENING POST on sale Thursdays it is because his supply has been delayed in transit. He will have it later.

Sometimes subscription copies will be delivered first; sometimes copies sent to dealers. Until transportation conditions are improved these delays and irregularities are unavoidable.

One Look Ahead

WE ARE briskly sketching out the ground plan of the greatest bureaucracy the world has ever seen. Government has taken over the railroads, and it is not likely they will ever go back to private management on the old plan. Other governments own and operate railroads—making more or less of a failure of it in every case except Prussia. But the railroad system of the United States has a greater mileage than that of all Europe combined, and probably employs nearly as many hands.

Government is by way of taking over the telegraph systems, and here we have the same fact—an American system greater than that of all Europe combined.

Government management is bureaucratic management. It succeeds tolerably in a bureaucratic country like Prussia, where people are supposed to exist mainly for the glory of the state. It means a multiplication of government officials, who as to the highest ranks are usually much more concerned with politics than with business administration; and as to the subordinate ranks have small incentive to exertion and initiative because they are offered meager or no rewards for excellence. Mainly their ambition is limited to holding their jobs or to finding more promising jobs in freer fields. It means constant exposure to political interference.

In government hands the old organizations of the railroads suffered rather rapid and extensive damage. The same thing may happen to the telegraph, with the result that after the war we shall suddenly discover ourselves in a mess—unless an acceptable policy for these great public utilities is thought out beforehand.

War Profits

IF ANY concern in the United States is getting away with excessive war profits the fault lies with Congress. It should have followed the example of other belligerent nations, and the dictates of common sense, and levied a tax that would have absorbed excessive war profits. Instead of that it chose to levy a tax on all profits, irrespective of whether they were due to the war or not. The report of the Federal Trade Commission shows—what anybody could have foretold—that a good deal of profit which is directly due to war escapes the taxation to which it should have been subjected. The fault lies with Congress.

The commission's report points out that price-fixing regulates profit only in the most general way. Take coal as an illustration. Whether the price is fixed by the Government or not, all coal of the same grade will sell at substantially the same price. But the cost of producing it varies widely. The best equipped, best managed, most favorably situated mines will produce it at much less cost than less favorably situated mines. We want the greatest possible production. The price must be high enough to permit the less favorably situated mines to operate at a living profit; and if they make a living profit the most favorably situated mines will be making a large profit.

That rule applies to every line of production. The best equipped and best managed concern will make any article at less cost than its inferior rivals, and so earn a larger profit. But that is no crime. Instead of denouncing the concern that can produce cheapest we ought to applaud it.

Any scheme of price-fixing that brings out maximum production by permitting the high-cost concern to operate will give the low-cost concern a high profit. The way to trim the balance is to absorb that high profit—if it is a war profit—by taxation.

An Old Example

PRICE-FIXING is not a new device. The first Continental Congress—before hardly anyone thought of setting up an independent nation here—resolved upon nonimportation and nonconsumption of British goods as a means of forcing the repeal of obnoxious laws. With hardly any native manufactures the colonists then depended upon importation for many of the commonest necessities.

The Congress further resolved: "We will, in our several stations, encourage frugality, economy and industry, and promote agriculture, arts and the manufactures of this country, and discountenance and discourage every species of extravagance and dissipation." Also: "Such as are venders of goods and merchandise will not take advantage of the scarcity of goods but will sell the same at the rates we have been accustomed to for the twelve months last past."

The body which laid down those rules had no standing whatever in law. The organized, duly constituted Government was decidedly hostile to it. No court recognized it. It could not command the services of a constable. Yet it proposed to cut off the inhabitants of the country from their customary source of supply of a long list of common articles.

And pretty effectually it accomplished that purpose. Offenders found that a boycott supported by determined public opinion was more formidable than the decree of a king's court. Again and again they confessed their fault, repented and submitted to such punishment as the volunteer committees ordered. It is true the record contains many complaints of rising prices as imported goods grew scarce. All the same, what the colonists accomplished, without a justice's court or a policeman's stick to back them, ought to be an inspiring recollection now.

Scientific Saving

ONE day last winter an acquaintance confessed that though he was doing a lot of saving he did not seem at the end of the month to have any more money than before. We have since discovered a good many people in the same dilemma.

You cut out meat except two meals a week. You forgo early new potatoes when good old potatoes can be had for a quarter the price. You eat canned peas until the product of near-by gardens becomes plentiful. Your wife evolves a summer wardrobe for half what she spent last year. You get a virtuous impression of economizing at a great rate. But when you balance the books the net result is disappointing.

That, we know from personal observation, is a tolerably common experience.

You must save scientifically, which means with exact knowledge of what you are doing. A good way to accomplish that is to convert every theoretical saving—immediately and on the spot—into a government thrift stamp or war-savings stamp.

A mere general impression that you are economizing is apt to be a snare and delusion, because it gives you an easy conscience when you let go a little here and there; and it does not take many lettings-go to douse the halo of the meatless days.

Those million American boys in France would infinitely better have stayed at home than to have gone over there with a mere general impression that they were going to lick the Kaiser. Every motion they make is carefully thought out and in rigorous subordination to a scientific plan. They had to be drilled for months so that their general intentions would serve a scientific plan. You are not supporting them adequately if you are going on mere good intentions and general impressions.

Do it on a thought-out plan, with definite knowledge of what you are about. Cinch the saving right at the moment by buying a thrift stamp. Set aside a definite part of your income for stamps and Liberty Bonds. The war requires that you, too, meet it scientifically.

Socialism

SOCIALISM'S proposition is "Let's eat our pie now." But as we see it the pie is not baked yet. Socialism's common implication is that the world is rich enough; that production of wealth is already so adequate that the only important question is as to its distribution. But in fact it is still a poor world. Not even the opulent United States showed a pre-war production adequate to the reasonable needs of its inhabitants.

And if anyone points to the enormous production and consumption of these war years we would fairly rest the case on that. If we could believe that socialism would set the wheels turning as this war has we should be very kindly inclined toward it. But all the evidence points in the opposite direction. War has enormously stimulated individual effort to produce and to save. Socialism is always talking about shorter work hours and an easier stroke. It proposes to take the point off the inelegant but time-tried old iron spur to individual effort—namely, the ambition to get ahead in the world in a merely material way. Pretty generally it proposes bureaucratic management of industry. Its common implication is that production of wealth will fairly take care of itself, and all the emphasis should be laid on distribution—which is not promising for increased production.

War has stimulated men by diffusing a more intimate sense of unity in a common lot, while socialism down to date has conspicuously concerned itself with preaching division and hostility on class lines. We do not care for it because we believe it would make a poor world poorer.

Labor Shortage

WAR industries are short three to four hundred thousand common laborers. A big munitions plant, making large-caliber guns, is short two thousand machinists. War plants of Connecticut and Maryland alone are short thirty-five thousand skilled hands.

Such is the gist of a recent announcement by the Department of Labor. Yet the labor is here. It needs only mobilizing and training.

For one item there is the tradeless man. Every community contains more or less numerous examples of him—the man who works casually or at odd jobs, or who can turn his hand indifferently to various sorts of manual occupations. He is not a loafer, though he may be "at liberty," as theatrical people say, a good many days in the year. Generally he is past the age at which men serve an apprenticeship to a trade, but by no means past learning one. As an industrial soldier he is more or less the free lance, the bushwhacker, who takes a shot on his own hook. This ought to be his opportunity and duty, to step into the ordered and disciplined ranks—to learn a regular skilled trade and enroll in it.

No one can look carefully about any typical American community, big or little, without realizing that a great quantity of labor power is unorganized, ill applied, half or wholly going to waste. If war pressure can be intelligently applied to that labor power a great permanent gain will be made.

The One Certainty

"I'VE had only one letter from him," she said, "and that was four weeks ago. I know the mails are slow; but it seems a good while to wait. He had a little cold the day he was here before he sailed. He used to have some trouble with bronchitis—the year he entered high school. How long do you think it will last?"

It is a hard question because the answer is hard. But we see no reason to change an original conviction that there will be no peace until Germany experiences a change of heart. Never, to an outsider, has the military party seemed more completely in control of that country than at this writing. The energy that engages seven million Allied soldiers in France, that busily intrigues in Russia and Finland—looks far from spent.

However scarce food may be, there are still plenty of guns and men to use them. Incipient revolutions may bubble up in Austria-Hungary, but they seem as helpless to reach a culmination as everything else in Austria-Hungary is. From that huge, lumbering incompetence nobody is warranted in expecting anything of a conclusive sort.

This is unpalatable to millions of American households, for which every added month of war means an extended hazard of a member's life and limbs; but it is idle to speculate on when the war will end. It may end as swiftly and unexpectedly as it began. But there is only one certainty—only one idea really worth holding—namely, that it shall end right.

THE NEW BOSS

The Country Calls—and Business Answers

By DAVID LAWRENCE

"Save Me!"

WHAT have the fancy shoes we are wont to buy or the zinc lining on our refrigerators or the rubber on our tires or the new license plates with which we must tag our cars every year or the particular kind of kitchen stove to which we are accustomed or the platinum jewelry we should like to own—to do with the winning of a war? How could that funny-looking substance known as manganese, mined in Brazil, or the tin that comes out of the Bolivian earth and Malay Straits or tungsten from the Orient and South America or chrome from South Africa or nitrate from Chile—make us lose the war if we didn't have enough of it?

Fifty years ago those questions would have seemed incomprehensible, for the age of the motor, high explosives and chemicals had not yet arrived; but to-day, with transportation on land, sea and air revolutionized by the self-propelled engine and the bomb, war has become not merely a struggle between men but a contest of materials economically assembled into those instruments of warfare that can wreak the greatest destruction in the quickest time and with the least loss of man power.

For, geographically speaking, battlefields constitute an infinitesimal part of war. Into an area of a few thousand square miles are huddled the contending armies of all the belligerents—say eleven or twelve millions of men. But over all the earth's surface the energies of many hundreds of millions of people are employed in extracting raw materials or fashioning them into finished weapons. Out of the soil of many countries come the sinews of war—iron, copper, lead, zinc, nitrates, tungsten, chemicals, manganese and countless other substances that find their way into gas bombs, ships, guns, aeroplanes, fighting tanks, engines, bullets, shells and the other munitions of war. No territory is really neutral; all contribute of their substance to the Entente or the Central Powers. And, stated in the simplest form, that group of belligerents must win the war which will have made most effective use of the resources of mother earth in its control or possession.

Entering a New Era

GERMANY has made of industrial efficiency a religion—and thus held the rest of the world in check. Parsimonious with her supply, she has also invented hundreds of substitutes. Mostly, however, she has profited by the mistakes of the Allies, by their complacent inaction or their slowness of organization, their distances from each other or their economic incompatibilities. But the free nations at last have begun to pool their resources and to organize—America with her great supply of raw materials has taken a hand—and democracy with its funds and diplomatic influence is reaching to the far corners of the earth to mobilize essentials of war into effective combination. And when that combination finally spells maximum strength, Germany no longer will be able to exist on substitute power—she must bow inevitably before superior might.

Why have the Allies been slow? They have had to gather their materials from great distances, and shipping has been at a premium. "Business as usual" was for a long time a deceptive slogan. Germany with autocratic zeal promptly used her economic structure as a single unit, commandeering business of all kinds right and left and appropriating everything for the state. Democracy depended upon perfunctory appeals to divert business men from private gain to the public good. And sentiment did not affect the business men of neutral countries. We ourselves demanded high prices from England and France before our own entry into the war, and other neutrals followed suit. Then, after April, 1917, we began to forsake high profits, for we had become belligerents ourselves. And from that time on in those few cases where war needs were comprehensibly and intelligently set forth, business responded with a fervor no less intense than that of the fighting volunteer—public opinion so compelled.

But where war needs were unfolded in confusion, amidst bungling and mismanagement, amateur counselors, panic and haste, business hesitated and held back like a frightened stag at bay.

We have had a year's experience with all kinds of polysyllabic words, from coördination to coöperation and back again. We are on the threshold of a new era—the era of industrial organization. Business, industry, labor—our whole economic system has been put on its mettle. For the hour of maximum sacrifice is here. Materials tell the story of our delays thus far; materials will tell the tale of our success or failure in the future. Materials short or materials aplenty for the armies and for the civilian population will guide the hand that charts the cost of living now and after the war; and materials properly mobilized now will beat Germany and keep her outlawed from the markets of the world so long as she fails to live up to the guaranties ultimately given by her representatives at the peace conference.

If you know, therefore, how much materials we have on hand, what their vital uses are, how much Germany has and what we are going to do with the resources at our disposal—where, for instance, we must conserve in commodities of which we are short—then you can begin to measure the strength and endurance of the United States and the Entente belligerents in terms of two or three or five years of war. But you must also know what every industry will do and how it will respond to the voice of the Western Front, where to-day lives the master of our destiny. Not President Wilson, who has gotten from Congress the power to commandeer or requisition any business or industry in the United States; not Bernard M. Baruch, chairman of the War Industries Board, to whom has been specifically delegated by the President the exercise of most of those great powers; not the Secretary of War or the Secretary of the Navy; not any one of these men can be called dictator or master of American business to-day. They are merely the servants of those at the battle front for us, those whose slightest cry for more guns, more explosives, more gas, more engines and more munitions is a stern command. For we are being governed by a new master—not an individual but the urge of a great cause, patriotism defiant and the will to win.

War Industries

POWER there is to commandeer, to take away ruthlessly as the German does, but our Government cannot operate each and every industry necessary for war, or even one-tenth of them. The Government must depend on the expert minds and hands of executives and subordinates who have behind them years of skill and special knowledge. Can coöperation be got by riding rough-shod over these individuals or by making them partners in the enterprise which after all is their own?

That newly created institution with the all-embracing name—War Industries Board—has wisely chosen the latter course. And most every industry is regulating and policing itself. Business is participating, indeed, in the distribution by the Government of the burdens of this war. Business has become and will be party to the process by which industries not related to the winning of the war will be converted if possible into industries helpful to the war machine. Business will hear the voice of the Western Front and will restrict itself without favor or privilege so that the German power, which has already taken from the world an anguishing toll of human lives, may be crushed. If there must be a curtailment of certain industries, those industries themselves will apply the knife, in keeping with the spirit of the thousands of Americans who will have given not mere property but their life's blood so that our cause may triumph.

There are to be casualties at home as well as abroad, but the object of the vast organization that has been constructed by President Wilson and christened War Industries Board is to keep the losses to individual business at the very lowest while sparing no effort or resource to win the war. Many are the boards and commissions that have come into being, many are the experiments that have been tried to reconcile the right of the individual and the call of the state, but at last in Washington we have a structure

much more powerful than any ministry of munitions abroad, much more comprehensive than any single government department, much more far-reaching in its contact with the average man, woman and child in America than anything that has ever been set up before in this country.

For in a short time you will not be able to get a barrel of cement to build a new house without permission from the War Industries Board. You will not be able to get any steel to construct a new skyscraper or church or high school or college without a permit from the same board. You will probably have to pay a license fee every year for your automobile without getting new tags, and somebody in the state capital will have to do a great deal more bookkeeping to keep track of them. You will not find the Paris fashion designs using up any surplus cloth to make things look fancy, simply because the same War Industries Board tipped off the designers in Paris to send over the simplest and plainest designs or their importation wouldn't be permitted. You probably will have to be content with fewer styles of shoes from which to select because leather must be conserved for the shoes of soldiers and sailors, machinery belts and other war uses. You will have to be economical with your tires because rubber is going to be more and more needed in army vehicles, trucks and ambulances.

That's a general survey which gives an idea of the scope of the War Industries Board so far as it affects the man on the street; but it is after all only general and there are literally dozens and dozens of other ways in which the whole economic structure is supervised by the War Industries Board. A start has been made on price fixing and regulation, something that heretofore has compelled the farmer to accept a certain price for his wheat while most things that he used were unrestricted and went sky high in cost. Very likely we shall revise the whole scale of prices downward for commodities in America before the war is over—and some of these effects may not unhappily prove permanent.

But to understand the operation of this great overseeing board in Washington we must get a clear view of its evolution from the period even before the outbreak of our war with Germany just after we had severed diplomatic relations, when it began to look as if we should become a full-fledged belligerent, down through the days of munitions boards and advisory commissions of the Council of National Defense and other institutions of which the public always had only a vague notion and of which Washington itself sometimes had notions not less vague; through all these experimental bodies, indeed, to that which was finally evolved—the all-powerful and all-inclusive War Industries Board with its numerous sections and departments, where there are scores of men whose salaries ordinarily range from $10,000 to $100,000 a year but who have volunteered their services at the rate of one dollar a year.

Mr. Baruch's Extraordinary Foresight

IF YOU will remember at what high prices all raw materials were selling in the early part of 1917, due to the extraordinary demands of the Allies, you can appreciate what it meant to try to mobilize American raw products for our own use at a reasonable cost. Bernard M. Baruch, the present chairman of the War Industries Board, was then at the head of a special committee of raw materials of the Council of National Defense, one of the numerous committees into which the advisers to that body were grouped. Mr. Baruch, with a foresight born of years of speculation on the money markets, began to talk raw materials even before war with Germany was recommended to Congress by President Wilson. He went to the copper men and told them our country would need forty to fifty million pounds of copper right away if war came. He spoke to Daniel Guggenheim and John D. Ryan, and they voluntarily offered to sell at 16¾ cents a pound, which was the average of the ten preceding years. Now copper, fortunately, we have in great abundance, but with the Allies eating it up we had an abnormal condition, and that price was a clear cut-down of 15 to 20 cents a pound!

Why is copper important? It is used in shells and cartridges, boiler tubes, tubings for ships and furnishings, wires for

B. M. Baruch, Chairman of the War Industries Board

communications at the Front and in the new lines in this country, and all kinds of electrical apparatus.

And incidentally, remember that lead is essential in the manufacture of bullets and shrapnel, storage batteries for trucks and ambulances, armor for electric cables, submarines and merchant ships; that zinc is mixed with copper to make brass for munitions; that lumber among other things is needed for aëroplanes, cantonments, hospitals, barracks, shipbuilding and emergency construction of all kinds; and that steel is vital for ships, engines, motor trucks, aëroplane engines and guns.

So when Mr. Baruch with the copper men hit on the principle of a fair price based on a ten-year average he took the same proposition to the lead producers. They said: "We will sell the Government any amount at any price the Government fixes—not the prevailing market price—but the ten-year average."

And so the steel men made a price of $2.90 for plate, when they might have sold it for two or three times as much. Judge Elbert Gary was chairman of the American Iron and Steel Institute, which made the offer, and with him at the time was associated Charles M. Schwab. The same thing happened with high-grade zinc, which was selling at 26 cents a pound. It was voluntarily reduced to 11½ cents; the aluminum producers came down to 27 cents a pound from a market price of 50 cents. This was followed, too, in chemicals and explosives. All these were arranged by voluntary agreement—there was no law then, not even a declaration of a state of war.

Price levels have had to be revised two or three times since. Costs of production soared and Congress was reluctant to grant the powers sought by the Executive to go the whole distance in limiting the prices of materials and necessities of life required by the laboring man. But the War Industries Board sanctioned those advances upon consultation with the various departments of the Government that inquire into costs.

Profiteering in some industries unquestionably has occurred. It couldn't have been avoided under our system, for we paid a uniform price to the small producer with the high cost of production and to the large producer with the low cost of production, in order to get an increased output. But we depended and are depending on excess-profits taxes of 50 per cent or more to recover vast sums acquired by means of the price-fixing system, and are constantly revising those prices to square with changing costs. Unfortunately the occasional transgressions have been made the subject of a sweeping and all-inclusive condemnation of industry. For the age of the muckraking is not yet gone.

A Clean Gift of Millions

IN THE main, the attitude of Big Business in America, when all is said and done, has been exactly what it was expected to be—on the square with the Government. Everybody realized that the United States had been in the midst of a period of rising prices, and we didn't get price fixing soon enough to curb all profiteering.

The cut by the copper men, however, was a clean gift to the Government of many millions of dollars. The truth was that these business men recognized the price level was too high, and soon after these voluntary reductions became general the break began. J. P. Morgan & Co. saw it early, for they promptly notified the British Government, for whom they were acting as purchasing agents, that the buying would better be done through the United States Government. This was shortly after we entered the war. The copper, zinc, lead and steel people had taken the initiative, and pretty soon every big industry had shown a readiness to get behind the Government.

Committees were formed in Washington to study substitutes for things we lacked and to begin restriction and conservation. Never did it become necessary to commandeer—understandings were reached with oil, lumber, chemical industries; and the great game of scouring the world for what we lacked began.

It had to be done quietly and without much betrayal of our real needs, because the other fellow in another part of the world had very little sentiment about running the price up to heaven. Let us follow the course of platinum particularly, as there had to be a good deal of shrewdness exhibited to get a supply of that precious mineral. Early in February, 1917—two months before we declared war—Mr. Baruch persuaded the Treasury Department to place an embargo on the outflow from the mints of all platinum obtained in the course of its refining processes. All platinum was to be held for the Government—few people knew why at the time. And instead of reselling it, as was customary, a government reserve of several thousands of ounces was thus created. There were no appropriations available, but platinum was a vital substance for making explosives, chemical crucibles, contact points for magnetos, aëroplanes, auto trucks, tractor engines, leading in wires, gun sights, signal apparatus and wireless instruments.

For many months quiet efforts were made to get platinum out of Russia, which has a practical monopoly over the supply. Finally, through the patriotic coöperation of American jewelers and bankers, with the assistance of the Department of Commerce, more than 20,000 ounces was obtained. This gave us a comfortable supply.

Something of the same foresight had to be employed in handling nitrate, of which Chile is the source of supply. And nitrate, be it known to the layman, is the basis of many fertilizers, while nitric acid enters into the composition of

(Continued on Page 24)

A Bird's-Eye View of the New War Industries Buildings

Spies *and* Lies

German agents are everywhere, eager to gather scraps of news about our men, our ships, our munitions. It is still possible to get such information through to Germany, where thousands of these fragments—often individually harmless—are patiently pieced together into a whole which spells death to American soldiers and danger to American homes.

But while the enemy is most industrious in trying to collect information, and his systems elaborate, he is *not* superhuman—indeed he is often very stupid, and would fail to get what he wants were it not deliberately handed to him by the carelessness of loyal Americans.

Do not discuss in public, or with strangers, any news of troop and transport movements, or bits of gossip as to our military preparations, which come into your possession.

Do not permit your friends in service to tell you—or write you—"inside" facts about where they are, what they are doing and seeing.

Do not become a tool of the Hun by passing on the malicious, disheartening rumors which he so eagerly sows. Remember he asks no better service than to have you spread his lies of disasters to our soldiers and sailors, gross scandals in the Red Cross, cruelties, neglect and wholesale executions in our camps, drunkenness and vice in the Expeditionary Force, and other tales certain to disturb American patriots and to bring anxiety and grief to American parents.

And do not wait until you catch someone putting a bomb under a factory. Report the man who spreads pessimistic stories, divulges—or seeks—confidential military information, cries for peace, or belittles our efforts to win the war.

Send the names of such persons, even if they are in uniform, to the Department of Justice, Washington. Give all the details you can, with names of witnesses if possible—show the Hun that we can beat him at his own game of collecting scattered information and putting it to work. The fact that you made the report will not become public.

You are in contact with the enemy *today*, just as truly as if you faced him across No Man's Land. In your hands are two powerful weapons with which to meet him—discretion and vigilance. *Use them*.

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(Continued from Page 22)

every high explosive and all gunpowders. The whole world suddenly became a purchaser and Chile the sole seller. The market shot upward just as soon as we entered the war. The asking price more than doubled, and as we required several million tons per year, it meant a vast sum of money had to be paid out if we accepted supply-and-demand conditions.

But the aforesaid Mr. Baruch, of long experience in the speculating game and with Uncle Sam now as his boss, stepped in and coolly took hold of the whole transaction. First he fixed 4¼ cents as the price at which the United States Government would deliver nitrate to all explosive manufacturers and others working on government contracts in this country. This was months before he could expect to have the nitrate for them, but it relieved the manufacturers of the necessity of purchasing in the open market—and they made their calculations on that basis. Simultaneously every effort was made by our Government to develop fixation of nitrogen from the atmosphere by means of electricity so as to create an independent supply, and nobody knew how much he would be able to get that way.

Then an international purchasing agency was formed by Mr. Baruch, with England, France, Italy, Japan and the United States as partners.

The nitrate deal just described, which will go down as one of the most striking things we did in the first year of the war, couldn't have succeeded but for the patriotic coöperation of the nitrate importers, who chose a committee consisting of W. R. Grace & Co., DuPont Powder Company, Wessel Duval & Co., and H. J. Baker & Co., of New York City. They took the responsibility for the distribution of the nitrate when once it got here—a responsibility which the Government could not at the time assume, since there was no appropriation available. And they agreed for what they resold to take a nominal profit of only 2½ per cent, which eliminated all speculation.

But the interesting thing was that in telling all the manufacturers in June, 1917, to go ahead with their calculations on a basis of 4¼-cent nitrate, when the market price was seven cents, and promising that the Government would pay the difference if the figure wasn't eventually so low as that, Mr. Baruch took a chance, which is something officials accustomed to peace-time methods rarely do, and that's why they encountered so many delays and failures on embarking in the business enterprises of war. Six months later, however, the chairman of the War Industries Board got nitrate at exactly 4¼ cents, and the Government didn't have to pay any differential.

Rounding Up Metal Stocks

There's a tale behind manganese too. Before 1914 we bought most of our manganese from England. But gradually, as the difficulties of shipping increased, England couldn't get manganese from Russia because of the closing of the Dardanelles, and her own supply from India was being rapidly depleted by losses in tonnage. It was quite evident when we entered the war that there would be a shortage of this essential article. We began developing deposits in Cuba and Brazil—helping to put the railroads in those countries in shape and providing them with coal and supplies needed to open up additional mines to keep us supplied. We assisted in getting coal exported to Brazil, and private business interests in this country were encouraged to lend a helping hand to Brazilian industry wherever possible. Fortunately on account of the traditional friendship between the Brazilian Government and our own we encountered no governmental obstructions, and the output of manganese was quickly raised from 15,000 tons to 70,000 tons a month by August, 1917. If we hadn't promptly hauled into the United States a big stock we surely should have been in a fix, for the shortage of shipping became more and more acute in the fall of last year, and to-day even fewer vessels can be diverted for that trade, as we need the tonnage to send troops and food to France. However, we have a plentiful supply of manganese—enough to keep our steel mills going virtually at maximum capacity. Besides, we have been developing scattered deposits in the United States and are rapidly becoming a considerable producer, so we shall not have to be so dependent hereafter on other countries. In fact to-day we are producing 50 per cent of all the manganese we use, and we shall not need 30,000 tons per month of import where we required 70,000 tons last year.

Again, we combed the whole world for tungsten, needed to harden tool steel, in making Liberty motors and in the manufacture of munitions generally. Though we had some supply from Colorado and California, nevertheless American interests were persuaded by Mr. Baruch to purchase in Hong-Kong, Bolivia, Siam, Argentina and Portugal, so that we obtained a large amount of tungsten without advances in price in any particular locality.

Chrome, which is also vital in the hardening of tool and gun steel, and which is the basis of cotton dyes and many chemical and pharmaceutical compounds and used in the manufacture of chrome brick for steel and electrical furnaces, was likewise difficult to get. Practically all the chrome in use is produced in Rhodesia, in South Africa; and in New Caledonia, near New Zealand. Immediately we set about stimulating production in California, Washington and Canada, and provided the shipping facilities to help importers get it from Rhodesia and New Caledonia, thus maintaining our stocks in spite of extraordinary demands.

Tin is another material that caused us worry. And tin is something that has a multitude of uses besides filling up garbage piles. It is needed for solder and babbitt metal, in making engine bearings and linings, for cans for vegetables and other foods to send to our troops, and for containers of petroleum for our ambulances and vehicles abroad. Vast amounts of tin are necessary to carry on a war. We were dependent on the production of other countries. But we kept up our supply by facilitating importations from the Malay Straits, Batavia, in the Dutch East Indies, and Bolivia.

War Based on Trade

That illustrates somewhat the importance of raw materials and how much a proposition of everyday trade and business war has become. The Government recognized none too soon that it had to rely on its business men, and the object of the Council of National Defense with its large advisory commission was to mobilize the business men and get their coöperation. Frank A. Scott, of Cleveland, was put at the head of a General Munitions Board, and committees were formed with representatives of all the various departments of the Army and Navy. Committees for manufactured as well as raw products were created, which purchased uniforms, boots, shoes, socks, and at first much of the food for the Army.

But this committee system didn't work well. Authority was divided, and between the advisory process and the making of a contract by the Army much time was lost, much haggling and bargaining ensued, and the purchasers as well as sellers were often left in confusion as to what really constituted patriotism. Then came the first War Industries Board as a kind of subsidiary to the Council of National Defense and successor to the General Munitions Board. Mr. Scott was made chairman, and a purchasing committee was appointed, consisting of B M Baruch, raw materials; Robert S Brookings, finished products; and Robert S. Lovett, priorities; Hugh Frayne, representing labor; Brig. Gen. Palmer Pierce, representing the Army; and Admiral Frank Fletcher, representing the Navy Messrs Baruch, Brookings and Lovett constituted an Allied Purchasing Commission acting under authority of the Secretary of the Treasury and under the terms of an agreement whereby the Allies arranged to purchase all their necessities through such a commission.

Soon there began a controversy between two schools of thought—the one which felt that prices should be kept as low as possible and profits arising out of the war should be extremely limited, and the other which felt that prices should be allowed to take their own course and be left uncontrolled. The latter didn't realize that the whole economic structure would be subjected to volcanic eruptions if prices were allowed to soar. President Wilson, Secretary Baker, Secretary Daniels, William Denman, then chairman of the Shipping Board, and Mr. Baruch were among those who took the position that prices must be controlled and profiteering curbed. It was a critical moment, for from that time on the Government's policy toward business underwent a revolutionary change.

The President enunciated the theory that when prices were fixed they should be the same for the Allies and the civilian population as for the Government of the United States, and prices should be fixed only where the Government by its purchases took such a large part of the supply of the commodity that a scarcity for civilian needs was created. The Government determined not only to fix the price then but to distribute the supply. There is no specific power of law to make a wholesaler or retailer follow the Government's bidding, but if either one sells above the government price he is put on a black list, and when the limited supply is to be distributed the next year only the applications of those who obeyed the behests of the Government are considered. The man with the most money doesn't corner the supply, because it is impartially apportioned. The big manufacturer of iron, steel or cement must take his place beside the humblest.

The Overman Bill

Unfortunately Frank Scott broke down in health. Daniel Willard became chairman of the War Industries Board, but he had to leave soon to reorganize the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, of which he was president. Congress grew restive under these changes and began to insist on a ministry of munitions, or a war cabinet, or something, to all of which theoretical plans the President turned a deaf ear because he said Congress wanted to specify the powers of all officers and strangle them by specification. What was needed, he claimed, was a body that had almost unlimited powers. He declared the trouble had been in too much specification and limitation, too much red tape. And he proposed instead the Overman Bill to give the Chief Executive authority to create elastic bodies or organizations according as experience required or circumstance suggested. Even before Congress passed the bill, to which neither the Senate nor the House took kindly until it was explained time and time again, the President planned a new superboard embodying the best that European and American experience seemed to offer. He saw the need of centralization and of someone to decide things without endless debate between board members of the same authority.

Mr. Wilson was impressed by the alertness of mind, ingenuity and daring shown by Bernard M. Baruch in gathering together raw materials and the suave and stimulating manner in which he had completed voluntary agreements with the lead, zinc, steel and copper producers at a saving of much money to the Government. Mr. Baruch himself had made millions in the stock market and in the development of mineral resources by keen prevision, but he resigned his seat on the New York Stock Exchange and, catching the spirit of national service, applied his talents with the same zeal to the cause of his country. The President had absolute faith in Mr. Baruch's integrity, his rare courage and qualities of instant decision.

What the President really established thereupon was a central place where all the government agencies who purchased things could come and clear their purchases. For a long time different branches of the Government had been bidding against each other and pressing to have their own needs supplied irrespective of the relative urgency of each other's requirements. The War Industries Board itself doesn't make the purchases now—the various government departments still do that—but after all the needs have been put before it, knowing definitely just what are the supplies of materials in this country or abroad, the board parcels out a commodity to those departments which can more quickly or effectively use it in winning the war.

In ship plates, for instance, shall the material be given to destroyers, submarines or battleships? Shall steel be delivered first for merchant ships or locomotives or railway cars or for the making of pipe for oil or tanks for chemicals? As between all these requirements the War Industries Board decides where the steel can be used to the best advantage at the moment. So it is with copper, lumber, zinc, lead, cement, platinum and everything else.

Take the priorities of lumber—shall it be used for building purposes in civilian needs, houses and office buildings, for breweries, for cantonments and hospitals, munition plants, airdromes, crates and boxes for war material? There may be a plentiful supply of lumber, too, but the congestion on the railroads requires elimination of the less essential orders. The Railroad Administration will not move lumber without a permit from the War Industries Board, and the latter rules that none shall be shipped for domestic purposes but only for war needs.

There has been a hue and cry about cutting out the nonessential industries, and no board or bureau or department in Washington has wanted to take the responsibility of saying what is essential and what nonessential. Who indeed could say? But there was no difficulty in listing the more essential, less essential and least essential uses of certain raw materials. For instance, on account of the great demands for steel, both direct and indirect, the War Industries Board had to take over the whole steel industry. Such a small amount of steel was left that it became necessary to allocate what remained after war needs were satisfied so that no private individual or particular corporation could, through influence or money, get a large supply of steel. The War Industries Board felt an obligation to see that the balance of steel or copper or lumber left over after war necessities had been met was distributed to all alike according to their needs rather than their influence or power. That's how price fixing was also introduced—not by arbitrary regulation, as some people had been clamoring should be done with nonessentials, but by circumstances and the automatic effect of a diminishing supply.

The Government by its war purchases was responsible for that diminishing supply to civilians—therefore the Government felt compelled to prevent the ordinary laws of supply and demand from sending the prices for civilians to unbounded heights. Thus the War Industries Board fixed a price not only for the total supply of wool in this country, but went further and fixed a price for the growing wool clip itself. It fixed the price, too, for the dealer, who made the advances to the wool grower and who sorted and distributed the material to the manufacturer, who in turn was allowed a percentage of profit for manufacturing it into cloth. The manufacturer turned it over to the Quartermaster-General of the Army, who made his own contract for the making of uniforms. It is intended that this method shall apply to all other textiles and things largely consumed in wearing apparel.

The Dollar-a-Year Men

Experience dictates this arrangement, and the coöperation of each industry is always invited both in the allocation of such supply as is available and in fixing the price. In order that the fairest method of making prices should be followed the President appointed a special price-fixing committee of the War Industries Board, composed of Robert S. Brookings, chairman; Bernard M. Baruch, member *ex officio;* Hugh Frayne, labor member; Colonel Montgomery, representing the Army; Paymaster John M. Hancock, representing the Navy; W. B. Colver, of the Federal Trade Commission; Dr. F. W. Taussig, chairman of the Tariff Board; and Dr. H. A. Garfield, Fuel Administrator. Thus every interest is represented, and when they all sit down at the table, the government officials and the representatives of the industry affected, there is but one consideration—the situation on the Western Front—the needs of the Army and Navy—the most expeditious way to win the war.

But price fixing, though important, is not the most difficult or troublesome phase of the War Industries Board's numerous functions. Besides mobilizing all the materials for war uses and allocating them according to needs, new sources of supply must be found, new facilities introduced, substitutes developed and conservation put into practical effect, priorities determined and all purchases made for the Allies.

Associated with Chairman Baruch on the War Industries Board itself are eight men: Alex. Legge, vice chairman, once a cowboy, who rose to be vice president and general manager of the International Harvester Company; Leland L. Summers, for a time director of chemicals and explosives, and now technical adviser to the board, but better known as the "walking encyclopedia"; he was one of the advisers to Edward R. Stettinius, of J. P. Morgan & Co., and came to Washington at a great personal sacrifice of salary to work for a dollar a year. Brig. Gen. Hugh S. Johnson, who represents the Army, is one of the most

(Continued on Page 26)

A Growing Trend Toward Republic

A constant procession of car owners is passing over from other tires to Republic Tires.

Your own home town is undoubtedly witnessing such a strong trend toward Republic.

Naturally, this is not happening without a valid reason.

War-time necessity is emphasizing the longer life which the Prōdium Process undoubtedly gives to Republic Tires.

That Republic Tires *do* last longer is a fact accepted by tens of thousands.

If this testimony came from occasional sources, it would not be convincing.

We venture to suggest that when you next replace a tire, you specify Republic and carefully check its performance.

Republic Inner Tubes, both Black-Line Red and Gray, have a reputation for freedom from trouble

The Republic Rubber Corporation
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Originator of the First Effective Rubber Non-Skid Tire—Republic Staggard Tread

Republic
STAGGARD
Tread

Maximum Grip with Minimum Friction

REPUBLIC TIRES

(Continued from Page 24)

conspicuous executives in the Army to-day. He has risen from captain to brigadier general since the war began, and was the right-hand man of Provost Marshal General Crowder in planning and operating the selective draft. He is associated with General Goethals in handling storage, equipment and supplies, and speaks for the Army in War Industries Board meetings. Rear Admiral Frank F. Fletcher, retired, of Vera Cruz fame, whose tactfulness and efficiency won the public commendation of the President, represents the Navy. Hugh Frayne, one of the organizers of the American Federation of Labor, is the labor commissioner. George N. Peek, finished products commissioner, is a self-made man from Iowa, who by sheer organizing ability rose to the top in Deere & Co., principal competitor of the International Harvester Company. Judge Edward B. Parker, of Houston, Texas, is the commissioner of priorities, and J. Leonard Replogle, director of steel. The latter passed through all the stages of the steel industry to the management and ownership of the Cambria Steel Company, which he sold out to the Midvale Company. Albert Ritchie, attorney-general of the state of Maryland, is general counsel of the board. Chandler Anderson, for many years counselor in the Department of State, is special counsel on international questions.

Big Men on the Job

All these men were chosen because of proved ability and experience, integrity and progressive views regarding the duty and responsibility of business to the Government. They in turn have selected to preside over the dozens of sections and bureaus and departments subordinate to them individuals of equally high rank in the business world. The splendid thing has been the way really big men have consented to take charge of what may seem to the outsider to be insignificant assignments in the general run of Washington divisions, departments and bureaus. Take, for example, the nonferrous-metal section. It is headed by Pope Yeatman, one of the most distinguished mining engineers in the world, he having been awarded a medal for distinguished services to mining by the Mining and Metallurgical Society of America. John Scott, who is director of textiles, is from the big firm of Carson, Pirie, Scott & Co., of Chicago. Albert W. Shaw, who is chief of the section of conservation of resources and facilities, was the editor of System. In the section on chemicals and nitrates we find Charles H. MacDowell, the head of the Armour Fertilizer Company; and in charge of explosives, March F. Chase, known internationally for his expertness in the manufacture of sulphuric acid.

There are sections for materials and industries galore, and it would take pages to tell of the personnel. Certainly Mr. Baruch has drawn heavily on business for its executives and minds of special knowledge. But, best of all, the interdepartmental committees are composed of the men in the Government who have authority themselves to act and do not have to refer things to other officers. Take the requirements division of the War Industries Board as a sample of this complete kind of representation. Twenty-five men composing it sit down every morning at nine o'clock to go over the respective requirements of the different branches of the entire United States Government. It is a veritable war cabinet in itself.

Besides Mr. Baruch, the priorities commissioner, the finished products commissioner, the director of steel supply and the director of chemicals and explosives of the War Industries Board proper—the members include the chief of the nonferrous-metals section, the director of the equipment division, the director of the supplies division and the chief of the section of conservation of resources and facilities, and director of administration and statistics of the War Industries Board; representatives of the Army, the Navy and the Marine Corps; the Allied Purchasing Commission of the Treasury Department; the Emergency Fleet Corporation, the Food, Fuel and Railroad Administrations, the American Red Cross, the Post-Office Department, the Interior Department, the Canal Zone administration and the housing bureau of the Department of Labor.

When this big committee meets daily statements must be submitted to it by every branch of our Government as well as the representatives of the Allies, showing as far in advance as possible and with as much detail as practicable the plans and projects and prospective needs of raw materials and finished products, and schedules of orders ready for purchase. The chiefs of the several commodity sections are called in to determine available supply and the condition of the industries concerned. In other words, expert advice is there on the spot, and the Government draws as a unit on existing supply, with the least disturbance possible and with the most effective use.

Business men do not object to pinching themselves and their industries, but they like to be shown just why it is necessary to do the pinching and whether there is an alternative. The system outlined above consists simply of laying all the cards on the table all the time. Thus "war necessity," instead of an abstract term used to camouflage the half-baked theories of new-fangled economists and dilettantes, becomes a practical matter visible to the naked eye.

Not all the special commodity sections have yet been formed that probably will be needed before the war is over. They are being created every day. But already we have sections on steel, chemicals and explosives including tanning materials, greases, tallows, vegetable oils and waxes, gas products, nitrates, alkalies, acids, alcohol, pharmaceutical products, dyestuffs; nonferrous metals; lumber; linters and cotton goods; building materials; tin; agricultural implements, animal and hand-drawn vehicles and wood products; automotive products; brass and copper tubing; chains and cranes; machine tools; electric and power equipment; small tools and hardware; wire and cables; optical glass and instruments; wools; tobacco; and fire prevention. Practically everything in American industry that absorbs raw materials which in any way are used in the great war machine of the nation is supervised by the War Industries Board.

Systematic Distribution

Then there is a separate division which is in charge of conversion—an entirely new function. We have seen how the automobile manufacturers jumped into the airplane business and used their tools and skill in making motors and planes. We have seen big plants that previously made steel girders for buildings converted into munition factories. The Government is trying to carry out the same process with respect to other war needs. Not only does this tend to conserve certain businesses by giving them an opportunity to keep their skilled workmen employed, but it actually makes in many cases a new war industry with the men perhaps best fitted by mechanical experience to engage in it.

Some systematic distribution, too, of war energy became necessary, and the War Industries Board has now begun a survey of the resources and facilities and productive capacity of every business or industry that may in any way directly or indirectly help to win the war. This is important on account of labor and housing conditions. What, for instance, is the sense of loading up the East with all the war orders, where labor is hard to get and huts and cottages have to be built to shelter the workmen, when, as a matter of fact, farther south along the Atlantic seaboard, or in the Middle West near the Great Lakes, or in the central sections near the Mississippi River system, or in other sections that have water power and plenty of workmen and good railroad facilities new war plants can be constructed or old factories given a share of the orders? That is what has given birth to the division of regional resources, over which Charles A. Otis presides. He is dividing the country into regions and districts and will have a local organization in each analogous to those maintained by the Food and Fuel Administrations. Upon these local chiefs will the Government depend for prompt cooperation in discovering new uses for old plants, the conservation of raw materials and the stimulation of existing industry.

Priorities both of production and delivery of course cause most of the conflicts and tangles. Each industry that is working on war contracts wants its raw materials first. And each manufacturing concern wants to deliver its finished products first. Each branch of the Government wants its orders given priority. There was for nearly a year confusion galore over this problem. The representatives of the different departments conferred, but nobody had the authority to put his foot down and say what need was to be given preference—and make that decision a matter of record so that the department which had to wait could not be held responsible for the delay.

Somebody, too, has to check up and see whether the applications for materials are not too extravagant. Thus the priorities committee in the War Industries Board is a pretty important institution in itself, and on it are representatives of practically everything in the whole war business. Applications for stuff that conflict, as between bureaus of the War Department, for example, must be settled by the head of that department or his representative, but all conflicts as between departments themselves are determined by the priorities committee of the War Industries Board. When action is not unanimous the word of Judge E. B. Parker, the priorities commissioner, is controlling. Should the decision prove unsatisfactory to the department concerned an appeal can be taken to the chairman of the War Industries Board, the chairman of the requirements division and the priorities commissioner. If the appeal involves either the Army or the Navy the military and naval members of the War Industries Board participate in the deliberations. The chairman of the board himself is the ultimate arbiter.

Another improvement that the War Industries Board has brought is in the matter of commandeering. Colonels and majors and captains had got into the convenient habit of commandeering supplies right and left all over the country. No governmental bureau or officer can now commandeer anything without first obtaining the advice of the priorities commissioner of the War Industries Board. And in most cases the latter, with the assistance of the appropriate commodity section, can supply the materials required without resort to commandeering.

Already there is a bureau of labor in the War Industries Board, and as the war develops and the question of distributing man power in the most essential industries becomes acute the board will grow increasingly important. For besides materials the War Industries Board is peculiarly charged with the responsibility of supplying man power and horse power to the war plants of the country. Walter Robbins, of St. Louis, a big manufacturer of electrical supplies, heads the apparatus section. The power section is commanded by Frederic Darlington, formerly of the Alabama Power Company, who is making surveys of power capacity, advising with representatives of the several branches of the Government in the location of war industries, the expansion of power plants and public utilities, the discouragement of new construction where not needed to win the war, and the pooling of power resources so as to afford the cheapest and most effective energy for the plants in every district where war contracts have been placed.

Centralized Activities

Emergency construction is another function that required a separate section. Sometimes old buildings can be converted to new uses and lumber saved. Government departments used to build without consulting each other. Now they must all advise with this bureau with reference to proposed new buildings, keeping in mind power supply and transportation facilities, labor supply, available building materials and the extent of interference with other government construction and war industries. Col. William A. Starrett, of the Quartermaster Corps of the Army, an architect and engineer of renown, is in charge of this section, with many experienced engineers of national repute associated with him.

Countless functions seem to have been lodged in the War Industries Board, more indeed than in any of the munition ministries abroad, but there is centralization, and at most any time one can go to a certain commodity section and get a definite answer without delay, for all the men with power over industry and with authority to direct the course of the Government itself are grouped where they can be readily found and consulted.

There's a constant transfer from less essential to more essential business, and destruction of industries is kept at the minimum, while the labor is always promptly absorbed. Every industry polices itself. For instance, the steel manufacturer must show exactly where his product went—to meet war necessities or civilian demands. And dealers among whom was distributed the balance after war requirements were satisfied must show that they sold to civilians at the price fixed by the War Industries Board. Otherwise the delinquent manufacturer will get nothing the following year on subsequent orders. Every commodity section watches its own industry and of course knows the tricks of that trade. No decisions as to distribution are made without calling in the industry affected, and the latter has plenty of patriotic men as a rule to assist in the carrying out to the letter of such agreements as they themselves or their representatives made with the Government at Washington. Thus alone can industries be conserved so far as it is humanly possible to do so and at the same time furnish the raw materials wanted to keep the war machine going at full speed.

Intimate relations exist of course between the War Industries Board and the other parts of the Government. For instance, the Alien Property Custodian is constantly searching for raw materials held in storage by alien owners or in the financial control of foreign citizens with German connections sufficient to make them try to keep these needed articles from being used by us during the war. Also the Fuel Administration issues its priority lists of those concerns which shall have coal, based upon the importance attributed to them by the War Industries Board. Really the latter in actual operation distributes the fuel in this country to-day for all war concerns. What is left goes to civilians through the Fuel Administration.

Control of Industry

Similarly the War Trade Board is in close touch with the War Industries Board, especially in deciding what imports and exports should be cut down to save tonnage, for, though shipping is needed for troops, shipping is also needed to bring us raw materials of which we are short, and shipping is needed to send coal and steel to those countries that are developing resources to aid us. Then, too, if we keep on bringing in articles from other countries and give them nothing much in return we shall have to send gold out of the country to pay our bills. The dollar in foreign exchange has already gone down for that reason, and we must maintain our export trade at certain levels to sustain our credit. Also, many of the neutral countries are friendly to us. We cannot afford to withhold food and things essential to them. So the Government, through a combination of the activities of the Food Administration, the War Trade Board and the War Industries Board, frames a policy apportioning the quantities of food and supplies that can be exported to neutrals.

It is easy, too, nowadays to make international agreements. Formerly all these functions were discharged by the Department of State through tedious diplomacy. Now the War Trade Board or the War Industries Board, with the cooperation of the Allied Purchasing Commission of the Treasury Department, can make an international agreement in ten minutes. The men with full authority to act are in Washington. The foreign missions are well organized and their executives have plenary power.

President Wilson keeps his eye on the whole business through correspondence with the heads of departments and bureaus, but every Wednesday there is a clearance meeting. The War Council comes to the White House that day for several hours' conference. It is composed of the Secretary of the Treasury and Director-General of Railroads, the Secretaries of War and Navy, the Food Administrator, the Fuel Administrator, the chairmen of the War Trade Board, the Shipping Board and War Industries Board. On Tuesdays and Fridays Mr. Wilson meets the regular cabinet of ten secretaries.

Government control of industry is not yet complete, but it is rapidly becoming so. Standardized styles of shoes to save leather, lower prices for woolen and cotton goods by controlling the profits at the source are contemplated by the War Industries Board. The farmer has been complaining that the price of wheat was fixed but that no restraint was placed on everything else he had to use on his farm. The laboring man has sought higher wages because the prices

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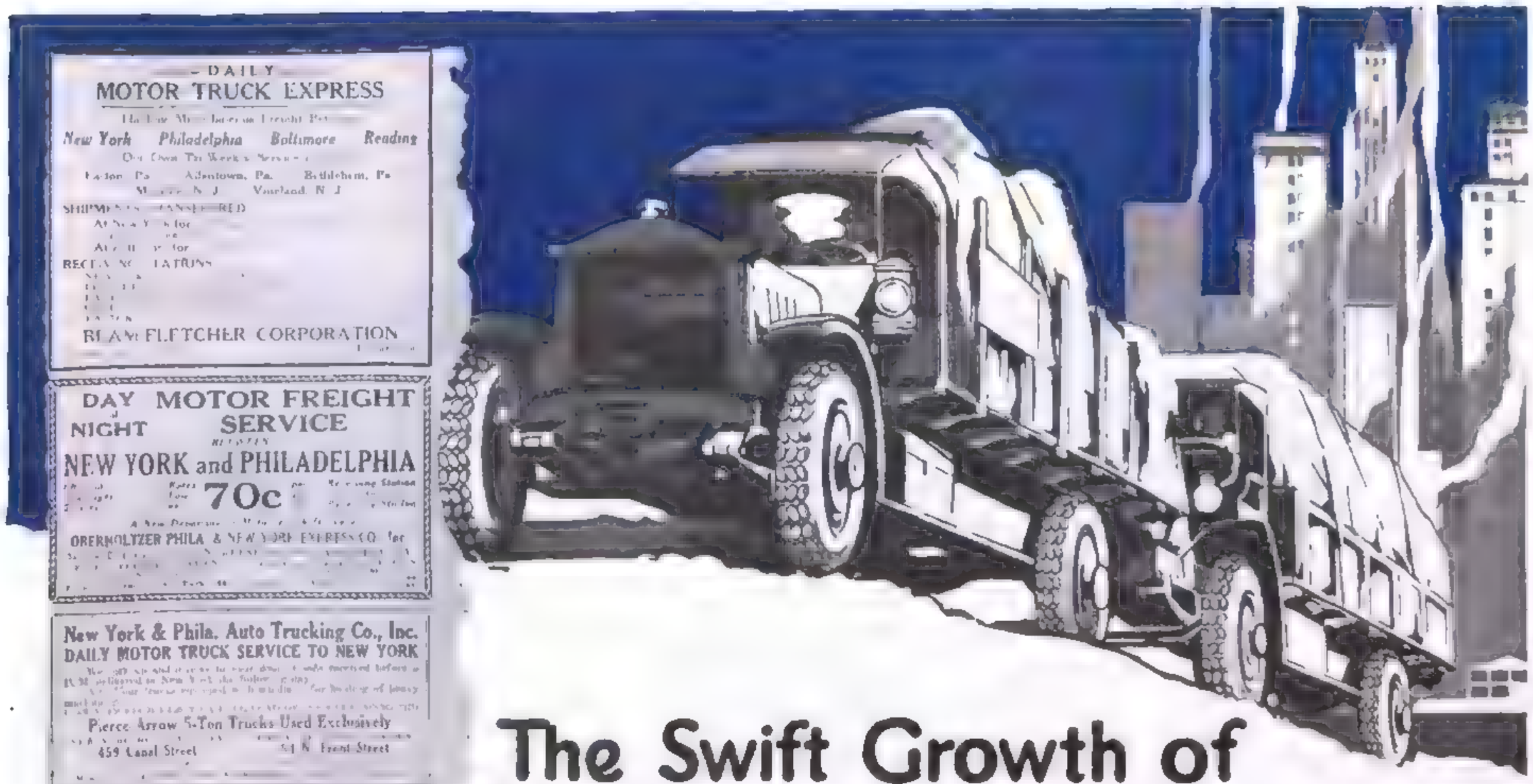

The Swift Growth of Motor Transportation

'Nobby Cord' for Trucks

This double-column advertisement from a big Eastern daily tells a graphic story of a new industry.

A year ago regular inter-city motor truck transportation was virtually unknown.

Today it is an established thing in every section of the country.

Motor truck transportation has become an important factor in the industrial and commercial fabric of the nation. By shouldering a big share of war work it is taking a tremendous burden from the railroads.

United States Tires and Tire Service are keeping pace with swift-growing motor truck transportation as they have with passenger service.

'Nobby Cord' Truck Tires are the finest development of pneumatic tires for fast, long-distance trucking. Their enormous strength and extreme durability are combined with unusual resiliency.

Where solid truck tires are desired, United States quality is equally dependable.

The complete service organization of United States Tires is one of the factors that have made large-scale inter-city motor truck transportation possible.

United States Sales and Service Depots are everywhere.

For passenger cars—'Royal Cord', 'Nobby', 'Chain', 'Usco' and 'Plain'. Also Tires for Motorcycles, Bicycles and Airplanes.

United States Tubes and Tire Accessories Have All the Sterling Worth and Wear that Make United States Tires Supreme

United States Tires are Good Tires

(Concluded from Page 26)

of life's necessities have been rising. The War Industries Board is trying to bring down the whole level of prices and to keep the cost of living in check. Its work will be a dramatic record of the nation's progress along the road to victory—for if prices are high and abnormal profits are being made, Liberty Bonds and War Savings Stamps will not find so many purchasers among the great mass of our people. Commandeering leads to unwarranted disturbance of industry and unnecessary loss. Voluntary agreements between the Government and the industry concerned make them partners in their own enterprise. Retailers may fail to heed the Government's admonition about prices to the civilian population the first year, but when the supply grows short and there is distribution to be made anew only the patriotic will be rewarded. Business didn't take kindly to price fixing at first; business didn't want to be regulated. But business bowed before inevitable necessity.

Mere officials in Washington were not speaking; political parties were not expounding favorite theories. Business has listened—and will listen—to the only voice that is master to-day, the voice of millions of free soldiers, including more than a million of the flower of American youth, the voice of democracy's troops on the Western Front calling for food, guns, shells, trucks, bombs, bullets, airplanes and munitions wherewith to defeat the awful power that has arrogantly resorted to primitive savagery in what must be a futile attempt to crush the freedom so painfully wrought by an advancing civilization.

PRIVATE VALENTINE

(Continued from Page 4)

Well today was so rotten that they didn't make us go nowheres and I'll say its got to be pretty rotten when they do that and the meal they give us tonight wouldn't of bulged out a grandaddy long legs and I and my buddy Frank Carson was both hungry after we eat and I suppose you will wonder what do I mean by buddy. Well Al that's a name I got up for who ever you pal around with or bunk next to them and now everybody calls their pal their buddy. Well any way he says why didn't we go over to the Red X canteen resturent and buy ourself a feed so we went over and its a little shack where the Red X serves you a pretty good meal for 1 frank and that's about $.19 cents and they don't try and make no profits on it but just run them so as a man don't half to go along all the wile on what the army hands out to you.

Well they was 3 janes on the job over there and 2 of them would be safe anywheres you put them but the other one is Class A and her old woman must of been pie eyed when she left her come over here. Well Carson said she belonged to him because he had seen her before and besides I was a married man so I says all right go ahead and get her. Well Al it would be like Terre Haute going after George Sisler or somebody and the minute we blowed in she didn't have eyes for only me but I wasn't going to give her no encouragement because we were here to kill Germans and not ladys but I wished you could of seen the smile she give me. Well she's just as much a American as I or you but of course Carson had to be cute and try and pull some of his French on her so he says Bon soir Madam Moselle and that is the same like we would say good evening but when Carson pulled it I spoke up and said "If your bones is soir why don't you go and take the baths somewheres?" Pretending like I thought he meant his bones was sore. Well the little lady got it O. K. and pretty near laughed outright. You see Al when a person has got rhuematism they go and take the baths like down to Mudlavia so I meant if his bones was sore he better go somewheres like that. So the little lady tried to not laugh on acct. of me being a stranger but she couldn't hardly help from busting out and then I smiled at her back and after that Carson might as well of been mowing the lawn out in Nobody's Land. I felt kind of sorry the way things broke because here he is a man without no home ties and of course I have all ready got a wife but Miss Moselle didn't have no eyes for him and that's the way it goes but what can a man do and Carson seen how it was going and says to me right in front of her "Have you heard from your Mrs. since we been over?" And I didn't dast look up and see how she took it.

Well they set us up a pretty good feed and the little lady kept asking us questions like how long had we been here and what part of the U. S. we come from and etc. and finely Carson told her who I was and she popped her eyes out and says she use to go to the ball games once in a wile in N. Y. city with her old man and she didn't never think she would meet a big league pitcher and talk to them and she says she wondered if she ever seen me pitch. Well I guess if she had she would remember it specially in N. Y. because there was one club I always made them look like a fool and they wasn't the only club at that and I guess they's about 6 other clubs in the American League that if they seen my name in the dead they wouldn't need off enough tears to gum up the mind.

Well when we come out she asked us would we come again and we said yes but I guess its best for both she and I if I stay away but I said we would come again to be polite so she said au revoir and that's like you would say so long so I said au reservoir pretending like I didn't know the right way to say it but she seen I was just kidding and laughed and she is the kind of a gal that gets everything you pull and bright as a whip and her and I would make a good team but of course they's no use talking about it the way I am tied up so even when I'm sick in tired of the regular rations I won't dast go over there for a feed because it couldn't do nothing only harm to the both of us and the best way to do with those kind of affairs is to cut it out before somebody gets hurt.

Well its time to hop into the feathers and I only wished it was feathers but feathers comes off of a chicken or something and I guess these matteresses we got is made out to Gary or Indiana Harbor or somewheres.

Your pal, JACK.

SOMEWHERES IN FRANCE, Feb. 11.

FRIEND AL: Well Al they's several of the boys that won't need no motor Laura to carry their pay for the next couple mos. and if you was to mention champagne to them they would ask for a barrage. I was over to the Y. M. C. A. hut last night and when I come back I wished you could of seen my buddys and they was 2 of them that was still able to talk yet and they was haveing a argument because one of them wanted to pore some champagne in a dish so as the rats would get stewed and the other bird was trying to not let him because he said it always made them mean and they would go home and beat up their Mrs.

It seems like one of the boys had a birthday and his folks is well off and they had sent him some jack from the states to buy blankets and etc. with it and he thought it would be a sucker play to load up with bed close when spring was comeing so he loaded up with something else and some of the boys with him and for 50 or 60 franks over here you can get enough champagne to keep the dust layed all summer and of course some of the boys hadn't never tasted it before and they thought you could bathe in it like beer. They didn't pay no more tension to revelry this a. m. then if they was a corps and most of them was at that and out of the whole bunch of us they was only 7 that didn't get reported and the others got soaked 2 thirds of their pay and confined to their quarters and Capt. Seeley says if they was any more birthdays in his Co. we wouldn't wind the celebration up till sunrise and then it would be in front of a fireing squad. Well Al if the boys can't handle it no better then that they better leave it alone and just because its cheap that's no reason to try and get it all at once because the grapes will still be growing over here yet when all us birds takes our teeth off at night with our other close.

Well Al the reporter that asked me to write up the verses ain't been around since and probably he has went up to the front or somewheres and I am glad of it and I hope he forgets all about it because in the first place I am not one of the kind that is crazy to get in the papers and besides I am to busy to be monking with stuff like that. Yes they keep us on the jump all the wile and we are pretty well worn out when night comes around but a man wouldn't mind it if we was learning something but the way it is now its like as if we had graduated from college and then they sent us to kindegarden and outside of maybe a few shots the whole regt. is ready right now to get up there in the trenches and show them something and I only wished we was going tomorrow but I guess some of the boys would like it to never go up there but would rather stay here in this burg and think they was haveing a good time scrapping with the French gals and etc. but that's no business for a married man and even if I didn't have no family the French gals I seen so far wouldn't half to shew me away and I been hearing all my life what swell dressers they was but a scout for the Follys wouldn't waist no time in this burg.

But I'm sick in tired of the same thing day in and day out and here we been in France 2 wks. and all we done is a little riffle practice and stuff we had back home and get soping wet every day and no mail and I wouldn't wonder if Florrie and little Al had forgot all about me and if Secty. Daniels wired them that Jack Keefe had been killed they would say who and the hell is he.

So all and all they can't send us up to the front to quick and it seems like a shame that men like I should be held back just because they's a few birds in the regt. that can't put on a gas mask yet without triping themself up.

Your pal, JACK.

SOMEWHERES IN FRANCE, Feb. 13.

FRIEND AL: Well Al wait till you hear this and I bet you will pop your eyes out. I guess I all ready told you about Miss Moselle the little lady over to the Red X canteen. Well I was over there the day before yesterday and she wasn't around nowheres and I was glad of it because I didn't want to see her and just dropped in there to get something to eat and today I was in there again and this time she was there and she smiled when she seen me and come up and begin talking and she asked me how I liked it and I said I would like it a whole lot better if we was in the fighting and she asked me if I didn't like this town and I said well no I wasn't nuts about it and she said she didn't think I was very complementary so then I seen she wanted to get personal.

Well Al she knows I am a married man because Carson just as good as told her so I didn't see no harm in kidding her along a wile so I give her a smile and said well you know the whole town ain't like you and she blushed up and says "Well I didn't expect nothing like that from a great baseball pitcher" so you see Al she had been makeing inquirys about me. So I said "Well they was only one pitcher I ever heard of that couldn't talk and that was Dummy Taylor but at that they's a whole lot of them that if they couldn't say my arm's sore they might as well be tongue tied." But I told her I wasn't one of those kind and I guest when it come to talking I could give as good as I sent and she asked me was I a college man and I kidded her along and said yes I went to Harvard and she said what year so I told her I was there 2 different yrs. and we talked along about this in that and I happened to have them verses in my pocket that I wrote up and they dropped out when I was after my pocket book and she acted like she wanted to know what the writeing was so I showed them to her.

Well Al I wished you could of seen how supprised she was when she read them and she says "So you are a poet." So I said "Yes I am a poet and don't know it" so that made her laugh and I told her about the reporter asking me to write some poems and then she asked me if she could keep a hold of those ones till she made out a copy of them to keep for herself and I said "You can keep that copy and pretend like I was thinking of you when I wrote them." Well Al I wished you could of seen her then and she couldn't say nothing at first but finely she says tomorrow was valentine day and the verses would do for a valentine so just jokeing I asked her if she wouldn't rather have a comical valentine and she says those ones would do O. K. so then I told her I would write her a real valentine for herself but I might maybe not get it ready in time to give her tomorrow and she says she realized it took time and any time would do.

Well of course I am not going to write up nothing for her and after this I will keep away from the canteen because it isn't right to leave her see to much of me even if she does know I am married but if I do write her something I will make it comical and no mushy stuff in it. But it does seem like fate or something that the harder I try and not get mixed up in a flirtation I can't turn around you might say but what they's some gal poping up on my trail and if it was anybody else only Miss Moselle I wouldn't mind but she is a darb and I wouldn't do nothing to hurt her for the world but they can't nobody say this is my fault.

Well Al I pretty near forgot to tell you that the boys is putting on a entertainment over to the Y. M. C. A. Saturday night and they will be singing and gags and etc. and they asked me would I give them a little talk on baseball and I said no at first but they begged me and finely I give my consent but you know how I hate makeing speeches and etc. but a man don't hardly feel like refuseing when they want me so bad so I am going to give them a little talk on my experiences and make it comical and I will tell you about the entertainment when its over.

Your pal, JACK.

SOMEWHERES IN FRANCE, Feb. 15.

FRIEND AL: Well Al I just been over to the canteen and I give the little lady the valentine I promised to write up for her and I wasn't going to write it up only I happened to remember that I promised so I wrote something up and I was going to make it comical but I figured that would disappoint her on acct. of the way she feels towards me so here is what I wrote up.

To Miss Moselle
(Private)

A soldier don't have much time
To set down and write up a valentine
but please bear in mind
That I think about you many a time
And I wished I could call you mine
And I hope they will come a time
When I will have more time
And then everything will be fine
And if you will be my valentine
I will try and show you a good time.

Well after I had wrote it I thought I better have it fixed up like a valentine and they's one of the boys in our Co. named Stoops that use to be a artist so I had him draw me up a couple hearts with a bow and arrow sticking through them and a few flowers on a peace of card board and I coppied off the valentine on the card in printing and stuck it in a envelope and took it over to her and I didn't wait for her to open it up and look at it and I just says here is that valentine I promised you and its 1 day late and she blushed up and couldn't say nothing and I come away. Well Al she has read it by this time and I hope she don't take nothing I said serious but of course she knows I am a married man and she can read between the lines and see where I am trying to let her down easy and telling her to not expect no more tensions from me and its just like saying good by to her in a way only not as rough as comeing right out and saying it. But I won't see her no more and its all over before it begun you might say.

Well we passed some German prisoners today and believe me we give them a ride. Everybody called them Heinie and Fritz and I seen one of them giveing me a look like he was wondring if all the U. S. soldiers was big stroppers like I but I stuck out my tongue at him and said "What do you think you are looking at you big pretzel" and he didn't dast say nothing back. Well they was a fine looking gang and they's been a lot of storys going the rounds about no soap in Germany. Well Al its all true.

Well I finely got a letter from Florrie that is if you could call it a letter and to read it you wouldn't never guess that she had a husband over here in France and maybe never see him again but you would think I had went across the st. to get a bottle of ketchup and all as she said about little Al was that he needed a new pair of shoes and they's about as much news in that as if she said he woke up in the night. And the rest of the letter was about how good she was doing in the beauty parlor and for me to not worry about her because she was O. K. only for a callous on her heel

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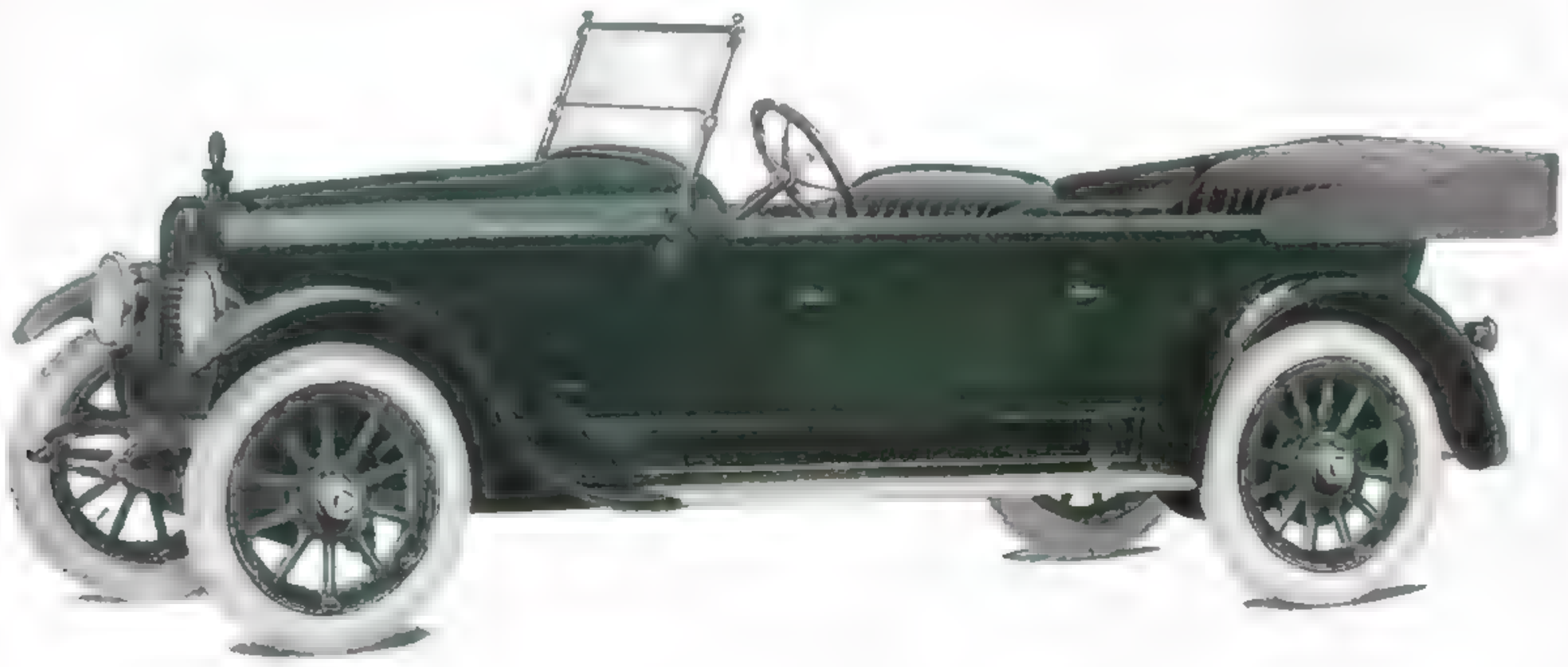

Will Your Present Car Match the SUPER-SIX?

Can You Rely Upon It To Serve You Through The Times Just Ahead?

Now is the time when you should arrange your motor car needs for the future.

It may shortly be impossible to get a good new car.

Even now the output of every factory is much lower than had been scheduled.

But there has been no such falling off in demand.

Present needs call for more and better cars than can be furnished.

Motor cars must do the work that the badly-pressed railroads cannot do.

Good cars only can be relied upon. With outputs curtailed and a scarcity of mechanics to keep less dependable cars in good order, it is important that you plan for your future needs now.

Get a Hudson Super-Six while you can.

The known reliability of the Super-Six makes it the first choice of thousands of buyers.

If all who plan buying Hudsons should realize the present situation, all the cars we can build in the next year would undoubtedly be spoken for within a few days.

Some are going to be disappointed because they won't be able to get deliveries when they want them.

Better look over your present car closely and determine if it can be relied upon with the outlook as it now is.

Hudson Motor Car Company

Detroit, Michigan

ENOZ Kills Moths Instantly

ENOZ will drive the destructive moth from your home within a few minutes after you have used it. It is a powerful chemical liquid which is sprayed on your goods. It penetrates every atom and kills every moth and moth-egg that may be hidden there.

ENOZ will not leave the slightest stain on the finest of furs, woolens, feathers or upholstery. It will not do the slightest damage. Even the odor, which is clean and antiseptic in character, will disappear within a short time. A child may use the spray because it is non-explosive and non-poisonous.

ENOZ is the first and only moth-killer to be put on the market. It is not a smell or a smoke. It isn't a moth-ball—it isn't naphtha—it isn't camphor. It is not merely a repellant. It is a *killer*—an *instant* killer. Use it once a month and you will never have another moth in your home or your establishment.

This is the time to conserve your income and save your clothes. So far as the moth is concerned, ENOZ will save them. It is better than moth-insurance, and there's no such thing in existence as moth-insurance. You don't have to pack your clothes away any more. Use ENOZ and let them hang.

Sprayer and Liquid sold in combination for $1.00 at drug, department and hardware stores. Additional liquid, pint size, 75c; quart size, $1.00. West of Rockies and in Canada 25 cents extra.

If your dealer hasn't it—we will send it to you prepaid upon receipt of price.

The Phenol Chemical Co. Inc.
Established 1899
705-707 N. Wells St. Chicago.

Good-bye Moth Good-bye Moth Ball

Concluded from Page 28

and I suppose she will go to the hospital with it and here I am with so many of them that if they was worth a frank a peace I could pay the Kaiser's gas bill. And she never asked me did I need anything or how was I getting along. And she enclosed a snapshot of herself in one of these here war bride outfits and she looks so good in it that I bet she goes to church every Sunday and asks god to prolongate the war.

Your pal, JACK.

SOMEWHERES IN FRANCE, Feb. 16.

FRIEND AL: Well Al they's a certain bird in this camp that if I ever find out who he is they won't need no tonnages to carry him back when the war's over. Let me tell you what come off tonight and what was pulled off on the little lady and I and if you read about me getting in front of the court marshall for murder you will know how it come off.

I guess I all ready told you about the show that was comeing off tonight and they asked me to make a little talk on baseball. Well they was as many there as could crowd in and the band played and they was singing and gags and storys and etc. and they didn't call on me till pretty near the last. Well Al you ought to of heard the crowd when I got up there and it sounded like old times to have them all cheering and clapping and I stepped up to the front of the platform and give them a bow and it was the first time I was ever on the stage but I wasn't scared only at first.

Well I had wrote out what I was going to say and learnt the most of it by heart and here is what I give them only I won't give you only part of it because it run pretty long.

"Gentlemen and friends. I am no speech maker and I guess if I had to make speechs for a liveing I am afraid I couldn't do it but the boys is anxious I should say a few words about baseball and I didn't want to disappoint them. They may be some of you boys that has not followed the great American game very close and maybe don't know who Jack Keefe is. Well gentlemen I was boughten from Terre Haute in the Central League by that grand old Roman Charley Comisky owner of the Chicago White Sox in 1913 and I been in the big league ever since except one year I was with Frisco and I stood that league on their head and Mr. Comiskey called me back and I was still starring with the Chicago White Sox when Uncle Sam sent out the call for men and I quit the great American game to enlist in the greatest game of all the game we are playing against the Kaiser and we will win this game like I have win many a game of baseball because I was to fast for them and used my brains and it will be the same with the Kaiser and America will fight to the drop of the hat and make the world safe for democracy."

Well Al I had to stop 2 or 3 minutes while they give me a hand and they clapped and hollered at pretty near everything I said. So I said "This war reminds me a good deal like a incident that happened once when I was pitching against the Detroit club. No doubt you gentlemen and officers has heard of the famous Hughey Jennings and his eeyah and on the Detroit club is also the famous Tyrus Cobb the Georgia Peach as he is called and I want to pay him a tribute right here and say he is one of the best ball players in the American League and a great hitter if you don't pitch just right to him. One time we was in Detroit for a serious of games and we had loose the first two games do to bad pitching and the first game Eddie Cicotte didn't have nothing and the second game Faber was in the same boat so on this morning I refer to Manager Rowland come up to me in the lobby of the Tuller hotel and said how do you feel Jack and I said O. K. Clarence why do you ask? And he said well we have loose 2 games here and we have got to grab this one this p. m. and if you feel O. K. I will work you because I know you have got them licked as soon as you walk out there. So I said all right Clarence you can rely on me. And that p. m. I give them 3 hits and shut them out and Cobb come up in the ninth innings with two men on bases and two men out and Ray Schalk our catcher signed me for a curve ball but I shook my head and give him my floater and the mighty Cobb hit that ball on a line to our right fielder Eddie Murphy and the game was over.

"This war is a good deal like baseball gentlemen because it is strategy that wins and no matter how many soldiers a gen. has got he won't get nowheres without he uses his brains and its the same in baseball and the boys that stays in the big league is the boys that can think and when this war is over I hope to go back and begin where I left off and win a pennant for Charley Comiskey the old Roman in the American League."

Well Al they was a regular storm when I got through and I bowed and give them a smile and started off of the platform but a sargent named Avery from our Co. stopped me and set me down in a chair and says I was to wait a minute and I thought of course they was going to give me a cup or something though I didn't expect nothing of the kind but I hadn't no sooner set down when Sargent Avery stepped up to the front of the platform and says "Gentlemen I want to say to you that Private Jack Keefe the great stratejest is not only a great pitcher and a great speech maker but he is also a great poet and if you don't believe me I will read you this beautiful valentine that he wrote to a certain lady that we all admire and who was in the Red X canteen up till today when she went back to Paris to resume other dutys."

Well before I could make a move he read that crazy valentine and of course they wasn't a word in it that I was serious when I wrote it and it was all a joke with me only not exactly a joke neither because I was really trying to let the little lady down easy and tell her good by between the lines without being rough with it. But of course these boobs pretended like they thought I meant it all and was love sick or something and they hollered like a bunch of Indians and clapped and razed he—ll.

Well Al I didn't get a chance to see Sargent Avery after it was over because he blowed right out but I will see him tomorrow and I will find out from him who stole that poem from Miss Moselle and I wouldn't be supprised if the reason she blowed to Paris was on acct. of missing the poem and figureing some big bum had stole it off her and they would find out her secret and make things misable for her and the chances is that's why she blowed. Well wait till I find out who done it and they will be one less snake in this regt. and the sooner you weed those kind of birds out of the army you will get somewheres and if you don't you won't.

But the poor little lady Al I can't help from feeling sorry for her and I only wished I could go to Paris and find her and tell her to not worry though of course its best if she don't see me again but I'm sorry it had to come off this way. Your pal, JACK.

SOMEWHERES IN FRANCE, Feb 18.

FRIEND AL: Well Al this may be the last letter you will ever get from me because I am waiting now to find out what they are going to do with me and I will explain what I mean.

Yesterday a.m. I seen Sargent Avery and I asked him if I could talk to him a minute and he says yes and I said I wanted to find out from him who stole that valentine from Miss Moselle. So he says "Who is Miss Moselle?" So I said "Why that little lady in the canteen that's blowed to Paris." So he says "Well that little lady's name isn't Miss Moselle but her name is Ruth Palmer and she is the daughter of one of the richest birds in N. Y. city and they wasn't nobody stole no valentine from her because she give the valentine to me before she left." So I said "What do you mean she give it to you?" So he says "I mean she give it to me and when she give it to me she said us birds was in the same Co. with a poet and didn't know it and she thought it was about time we was finding it out. So she laughed and give me the valentine and that's the whole story."

Well Al I had a 20 frank note on me and I asked Sargent Avery if he wouldn't like some champagne and he said no he wouldn't. But that didn't stop me Al and I got all I could hold onto and then some and I snuck in last night after lights out and I don't know if anybody was wise or not but if they are its libel to go hard with me and Capt. Seeley said something about the fireing squad for the next bird that cut loose

Well I reported sick this a.m. and they could tell to look at me that it wasn't no stall so I'm here and the rest of the boys is gone and I am waiting for them to summons me before the court marshall. But listen Al if they do like Capt. Seeley said you can bet that before they get me I will get some of these birds that's been calling me Private Valentine ever since Saturday night.

Your pal, JACK.

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Looking ahead to Fall

Responsive to national needs and conditions, Styleplus suits will sell this fall for $25 and $30. Styleplus overcoats will sell for $25, $30 and $35.

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Styleplus Clothes

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One of the famous "Blue Devils" of France

"Zat's ze Stuff"

"OH 'twasn't much. Something gave me a wallop over the head. When I came to, I was riding on the seat of my britches over No Man's Land—but in the wrong direction!

"I looked up and found that my bum flivver was a big hun. So I ups and biffs him one and made the return trip under my own power—and with a cargo 'made in germany!'

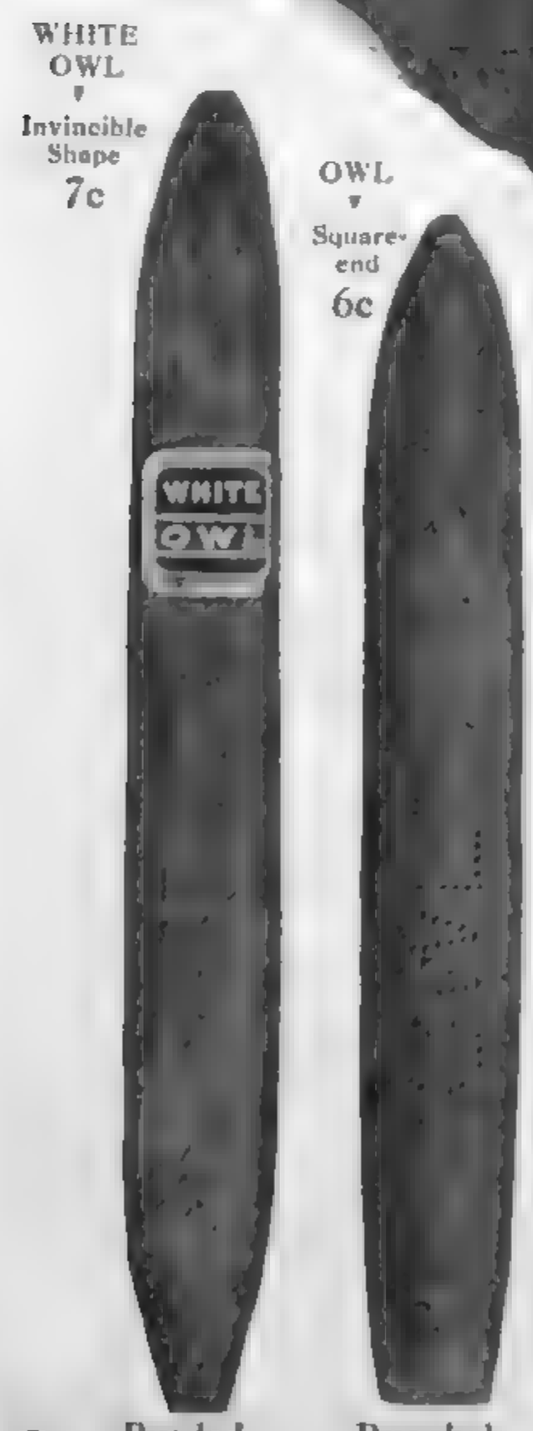
"But that was only a fifty-fifty score. So I turned my hun in and then went out and beat around until I got two more."

"Zat's ze stuff," grins "devil" Jean. "Now you get ze Croix de Guerre."

* * * *

Yes. Both the Yankee *"dependable"* and the *dependable* "Blue Devil" shown above met OWL and WHITE OWL at "an Atlantic Port" not so long ago.

Look at their smiles! Don't you wish *you* had a smile like theirs? It isn't *all* caused by the cigar—but a dependable OWL or WHITE OWL does help!



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TWO DEPENDABLE CIGARS

BERLIN DAYS

(Continued from Page 9)

manner. They hated to hear the language and would not realize that a neutral country of such enormous size as America was entitled to use English as well.

Later on they were ugly about it on purpose, and so when we said we were Americans replied:

"That only makes it worse. You do not declare yourselves enemies, but behave like them."

As soon as the Germans began to realize that America was sending large amounts of ammunition to the enemy and after finding they were unable to get any of it themselves they began to grow very ugly toward us. Even the educated people, who knew perfectly well that international law allowed this, were as disagreeable as the uneducated—or more so. When they began showing this feeling it was so surprising to us that we hardly believed it. For a people who claimed to have such fine manners and to be, in their upper classes, the most educated and polished in Europe, there was a sudden and sad change. They seemed to drop the veneer and treat us with unrestrained rudeness at times, even in their own houses.

For instance: I went one night the first winter of the war with my husband to dine at the house of a naval officer whom we had known for some time. There were about thirty people at the dinner. The host was Herr Rintelen, who later slipped over to the United States and achieved notoriety for complicity in pro-German activities. Among the guests were two officers of the General Staff of the Navy in uniform. Rintelen was also in his naval uniform.

After dinner the women sat in one room and the men adjourned to another to smoke. The women treated me with neglect if not aversion.

I was not spoken to during the entire evening by the women except when they were forced to answer yes or no to some questions I asked. They could have had no personal grudge against me, whom they hardly knew.

These German women merely hated all Americans.

Perhaps an hour later my husband returned, accompanied by Rintelen, who was wildly declaiming against the British blockade and saying that Germany would sink with submarines all ships, enemy or neutral, which tried to trade with England. I heard my husband say to him: "I don't see why you use the word 'neutral' in this case. If your country acts as she threatens there will be no neutrals, but all will be your enemies."

Upper-Class Rudeness

This was the first time I had heard of the threatened ruthless submarine war which for the next two years so occupied our minds and finally ended with the declaration which brought us into the war just about two years after this conversation.

When we left the Rintelens an elderly banker drove us home in his car, for at this time the prohibition against operating private motors was not in full effect. I have always thought that he was ashamed of the way we had been treated and sought by his courtesy and gentleness to remove the impression left by the evening. When my husband asked me how I stood the women's treatment I replied: "I take it all as part of the game; and no German can insult me anyway."

During the first few weeks of the war a naval officer's wife asked me to tea with her—which is always a formal function in Germany. She was a woman who spoke perfect English and had always spoken it to me. I rather think they like getting free lessons in English, as they always spoke it when they could before the war. But on this occasion, war having begun and enmity toward America already being apparent, she said as I stepped into the room: "Remember, we never speak a word of English under this roof."

To which I answered: "That is all right. I understand German perfectly, but I will speak in my own language." I don't think she liked it, but that was a matter of small importance.

On another occasion I was invited to a larger tea, at five o'clock in the afternoon, and according to the German custom we were seated according to place cards round a table. There must have been some twenty people present, of several nationalities. I of course talked German, as I always did when they were not rude about my own language. Soon the other guests began being disagreeable about our embassy, and apparently having arranged it beforehand asked me if I didn't think that our sending munitions to the Allies was very unfair. As I felt that this was done purely and simply to annoy I got out of my seat and said: "It always seems to me that when sending munitions is under discussion it is time for me to leave"; whereupon they all began apologizing and saying, "Oh, dear Mrs. Gherardi, we weren't serious about it."

I laughed and replied: "I didn't seriously mean I was going either."

But there was no more talk of munitions, and I heard afterward that they realized I would not discuss it.

I think the first real impression I got of the hate that this war created was one morning when I went to the Navy Department to a sort of Red Cross meeting, where they were getting together Christmas presents for the sailors. It being the first year of the war we hadn't thought much of its being unneutral to give presents to the sailors, and as most people were giving to the Army I took my presents, small comfort parcels, to the Navy and had my arms quite full of bundles when I went into the room. I found a naval officer's wife there whom I had known and whom I liked, and I gave her these presents, as I told her, because the Navy appealed to me most. She was very sweet and kind and showed me how they were doing their work. I think she had heard that people had been disagreeable to me about speaking my own language, so she herself addressed me in English and we talked for some time.

The Female of the Species

There were some thirty or forty other German women there, and before I left she said she wished to present me to the head of their society, who was an *Excellenz*, a Von —— and the widow of an admiral. As I was presented this old lady turned on me as one might to a bad child and asked me how I dared to speak English under the roof of the Navy Department? Where did I think I was anyway? And who did I think I was? And I was to understand that I was not to dare ever to do it again.

To which I answered "Good morning," and left the room immediately. The poor little naval officer's wife who had presented me ran after me, hoping, I think, to smooth matters over; but I was out of the building before she could get me.

It appears that Frau Admiral von Tirpitz came into the room a moment afterward, and on hearing this tale sent the old *Excellenz* to my house to apologize to me; and when she came her apology was—she didn't know I was the naval attaché's wife. The fact that she was insolent to a lady bringing presents seemed to be a matter of no importance. I was extremely polite to her, which is a thing Germans cannot understand when they know you are angry with them.

Frau Admiral von Tirpitz came in one morning to see me to ask if my husband could get some news for her about some naval-officer prisoner of war, and spoke of her own son, then in prison in England. She said almost apologetically that she was happy he was a prisoner of war and therefore no longer in danger, but she said: "Admiral von Tirpitz does not feel this way, and thinks he ought to have gone down with his ship."

This did not surprise me, as I knew the harshness of his character; but she always seemed to me a gentle character and she was devoted to this son. I had seen them often together in Kiel, where they seemed very happy. Generally speaking, however, the naval officers' wives seemed to me harsher than the officers themselves.

Countess Colorado Mansfeld, the wife of the Austrian naval attaché, told me of an experience her mother had had with the wife of a German naval officer in a railway carriage. The train, in which the old lady was, stopped at a station with a train full of wounded French prisoners drawn alongside, for whom she felt a natural human sympathy. She gave them all the lunch she had for herself and said a few words to

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GOODYEAR
TIRE SAVERS

them in French. On seeing this the wife of the German naval officer flew into a rage and said that the old lady should be arrested, that it was an outrage, and behaved generally in a most ill-mannered way during all the rest of the trip. No Austrian is overburdened with love of the Germans, and she told this with much bitterness.

We met Count Dohna of the Moewe several times that fall at luncheon. He had just returned from his first successful raiding expedition and was the hero of Germany. The work he had done appealed to the imagination of the German people, for he had met with success against their enemy on the high seas. He came to Berlin frequently and apparently enjoyed the day and night life of the great city. Owing to his high family connections and money he was better placed to enjoy his leisure than most German naval officers. He was most anxious to see the accounts of the foreign newspapers about his exploits. I remember his looking at a copy of L'Illustration in which there was a picture of his ship, taken from a porthole of his big prize, the Appam.

He remarked: "That is the Moewe all right—at least one appearance of her."

As is now known he changed her appearance totally on several occasions by adding false superstructure, painting her differently and by other disguises. He was proud of his work, and told me that one of the most beautiful sights he had ever seen was a ship he had captured burning up at sea at night, but said quickly, when I exclaimed at this, that it was all right, for he had first placed the crew of this ship in safety. Officers were beginning at this time to feel very strongly any suggestion of their ruthlessness, though they certainly did not stop it on that account. He said that he had always liked Americans, but I didn't feel obliged to believe that.

During the first hectic days of the war many things were said to us, which in the excitement and hard work of the times made little impression, but which we were to remember very clearly later and whose significance we were to appreciate. One thing that has come vividly to my memory has been brought up by Prince Lichnowsky's remarkable revelations concerning the time he left England with his embassy at the outbreak of the war. We knew very well one of the members of his staff, who immediately after his return to Berlin gave us his opinion freely about his former ambassador. I have seldom heard more frank disgust than his at the attitude of the prince. He said with the strongest feeling that his chief had shown so little appreciation of England's determination to go to war, and had so allowed England to pull the wool over his eyes as to her real intentions, that it had made him blind and weak in his attitude toward the British foreign office, because he would listen to their pretensions, as he called them, of wanting to keep peace between the nations.

Lichnowsky and War

All this was said to me, and though I saw that this man had no use for his chief whatsoever it was not until I read the statements of Prince Lichnowsky that I clearly realized that it was his—Lichnowsky's—efforts to keep the peace and listen to England's offers of help, which his own country refused to do, that had enraged his attaché against him. The speaker belonged to the fighting branch of his government, and any effort to stop the war that the militarists had arranged to bring on was of course bitter to him.

In this conversation my informant said that both the naval and military attachés were ordered by their ambassador—Lichnowsky—to telegraph their respective chiefs in Berlin that England did not intend war, and that Germany should avoid taking any steps that would give offense to England or to attempt to force her hand. The naval and military attachés sent their telegrams to Berlin, stating in them that they were ordered to do so, and followed them immediately with other telegrams stating the exact contrary to be their conviction and that Germany should take every step looking to immediate war with England.

Later on I met Lichnowsky at a luncheon and he looked like a heart-broken man. His revelations show how the German Government deceived him and played their game behind his back, using his own attachés to betray him.

It was terribly difficult during the first days of the war for noncombatant enemy women to get away, and they were left in the most pathetic straits. We had an experience ourselves with a cousin of my husband, who had been a Miss Bancroft. She had left England the latter part of July to make a visit to an old school friend of hers in Hannover. She had no idea of war being near, though her husband was an English army officer. She saw after very few days that she must get back to England as fast as possible or she might not be able to get back at all.

She came to Berlin to see what could be done and to get her passports, only to find the British Embassy leaving next day, and Englishwomen refused permission to leave for weeks to come. We found her at our embassy in real despair, knowing that her husband might go to the Front before she could return or even hear from him. We took her to our apartments until things should be settled for her.

She wrote to several Germans whom she had known in America, among them Krupp von Bohlen, whom she had known when he was attached to the German Embassy in Washington. He stayed at her mother's country place. He was at that time still only Herr von Bohlen, having not yet married Bertha Krupp and added her name to his. He came to the house at once and offered to lend her his own motor and send her over the border if need be, so that she could get away. But this was not necessary, as our embassy was finally able to get her permission to leave on a train for Sweden, principally because of the fact that her grandfather had been the well-known American Minister to Germany during the Franco-Prussian War.

Wretched Refugees

Along about November of 1914 I went with my husband to Holland, to which country he was also naval attaché, as well as to Germany, and where we had been presented at court the preceding winter. There I saw more of what the invasion of Belgium had meant than I could have in any other place at that time. There were between five hundred thousand and a million Belgian refugees in Holland, practically all of whom had crossed the border on foot or in carts and wagons, and were without home, money or work of any kind. The onrush of the Germans into their peaceful country and the atrocities they had to put up with when they were under the Germans drove them to leave all they had and flee, poor souls, often to be separated from their families en route.

In many places all along the border there were houses entirely covered, as high as one could reach, with messages written on them from someone already gone by for a member of their family at home they hoped would follow. A mother would have no idea what had become of her child. I talked to many mothers who had no children left, and did not know whether they would rather find them or have them safely dead.

One of the heads of the Belgian Relief in Holland, a Belgian of means, took us in his car over southern Holland to see how his people were cared for, and in many instances all that could be said for them was that they were alive. They were housed in abandoned sugar factories, in canal boats, tents or stables. Imagine for yourself: The temperature was ten degrees below freezing; a large three-story brick factory, all windows closed, so as to conserve the heat of the human bodies within; the bare floors partitioned twelve inches high by planks set on edge into rectangles eight feet on a side; dirty straw enough just to cover the floor. Each rectangle was home for a family—men, women and usually many children—perhaps forty families to a room. All the clothes they owned in the world on their backs and shivering in the bitter cold at that. Existence can go but little below such a scale.

The worst conditions were in Rotterdam. The refugees were temporarily in steel coal barges out in the river, with no heat, and the ice in the river knocking against the sides of the barges. The only light or ventilation in one of these was through a hole in the deck through which the barge was formerly loaded. The sides of the boat sweated ice-cold water and the hatch covers leaked. When we climbed down a ladder inside the barge there were hundreds of people with nothing but soaking-wet straw to lie on, no partitions at all, and men, women and children huddled together. There were no

(Concluded on Page 37)

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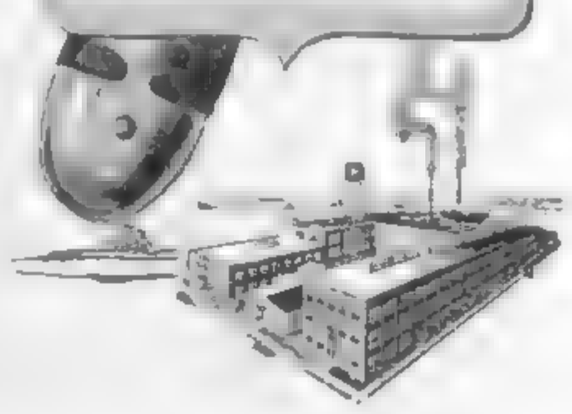

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The resulting "repeat" sales are over 60 per cent of our standard production.

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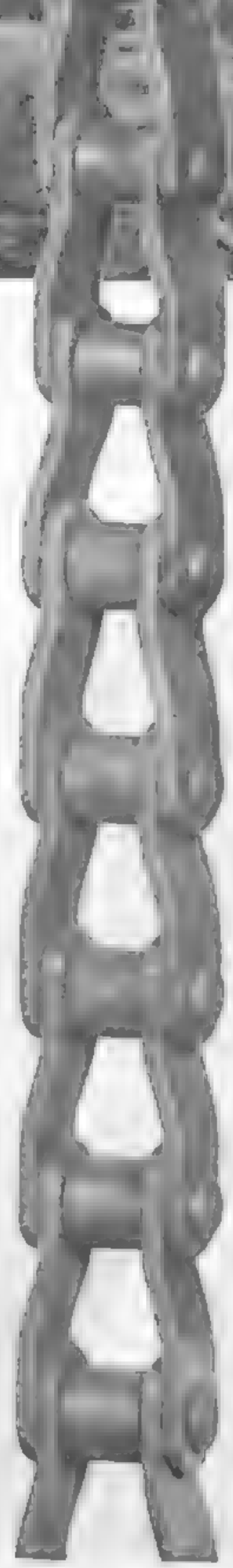

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(Concluded from Page 34)

means whatever of drying any garment that was wet.

One woman showed me her baby wringing wet up to the waist, blue with cold, nothing else to put on, and no possible way of drying or warming the child. When the man of the party asked me what I thought, I told him it was only a matter of time. Children could not live under such conditions. Of course Holland was trying to remedy these conditions but was overwhelmed, and how long it took I do not know. This was only a few weeks after the fall of Antwerp, so there was a sort of a panic everywhere. Our wonderful American relief in Belgium was just getting started; in fact we were at Rotterdam to see the arrival of the first steamer from America bearing food for the commission to distribute to the Belgians. She was promptly unloaded, the food going into canal boats for forwarding into Belgium.

Think of these people—most of them used to comfort and some to luxury—placed in this position only because they stood in the way of the German lust for conquest! Anyone who knows Germany must often have seen an officer push any woman or child in his way off the sidewalk; so I suppose when they went war crazy this was one way their spirit showed itself. As for the poor people who could not get out of their way in Belgium, they disposed of them in a manner now well-known to all the world. People have often asked me what I believe of the atrocities in Belgium and elsewhere. Of course I have heard about them all, and even had to listen to Germans defending their actions. I realize it takes all sorts to make an army, and soldiers worn out with fatigue and filled with wine—as they often were, from the best cellars—might do anything; but what I do believe absolutely is that the worst crimes were allowed, and often ordered, by the people higher up, in cold blood and with calm judgment. What the individual did is of little importance as compared with the fact that the rulers of a great country allowed such things to go on. On leaving Germany for Belgium part of the equipment of the army was a sort of fuse for throwing into and burning the little Belgian houses that were otherwise hard to light. It is the horrible organization the Germans are so proud of that countenances these things. The word "organization" grew very repulsive to me, as I began to realize that the word really should be spelled "mobilization," for they didn't mobilize in a few days, as the people thought, but had been mobilizing steadily for forty-three years. Almost as infants they begin training the children with a view to the army. They must be obedient to the nurse until a certain age; governess until a later age; then tutor, father or guardian until time for military training. The mother, so far as I know, never has any control of a boy at any age; and certainly not after the seventh year.

Prussian Education

The girls receive a training at school for their part in the work of militarizing the Fatherland. Some American educators, being shown over a girls' public school, congratulated the director on the fine choral singing of the pupils, to which he replied: "Yes, we teach them to sing in a way better to fit themselves to be the mothers of German warriors."

The awful knapsacks the little children wear on their backs to carry their books to school are training for the heavier knapsacks they must later carry. Every child is confirmed at the same age, and if for any reason he is unable to attend school his tutors or whoever teach him are responsible to the government: for of course every teacher and professor in any school or university must teach only exactly what the government wants the young to know.

It is remarkable how the Germans have always believed that they could frighten people out of fighting them. The atrocities in Belgium and the Zeppelin raids over London were first for that purpose. I remember just after returning from London in 1916 Germans' asking me what people had said about the Zeppelin raids; and when I said that I did not happen to hear them mentioned they were furious.

It was hard to return to Berlin after my trip to Holland and have to begin again hearing them tell how noble the Germans were and how much all should admire them. I remember once meeting a naval officer's wife on the street just after the Jutland Battle.

She said to me: "Isn't it wonderful how we have defeated England? Isn't it the judgment of God on the people who started this terrible war!"

I could make no answer. We had to keep the peace.

I tried where I could to see the kind of work the women were doing, and went to see the different organizations when allowed. We never felt welcome, but one grew hardened to that. The largest and most useful organization was the German Women's League—and it had been in existence since long before the war, for the women were mobilized as well as the men. There were more than a million members, so that even with small dues their funds were enormous. Their first Christmas of the war they sent out five million Christmas boxes to the troops, each box containing five things—two useful, such as a shirt and socks; then chocolate and writing things, toilet articles, and so on. Each box was carefully marked with the sender's name, so that the soldier receiving it might personally thank her, which made the giver feel really in touch with this soldier and often made her send again. The work of this organization was huge. They did all the work our Red Cross does in the way of sewing and making surgical dressings, and besides they handled the dependent families of soldiers and sailors.

The German Red Cross

The German Red Cross was the only failure in the war-organization scheme, and was soon incorporated into the medical department of the army. I asked what was the cause of this failure and was told: "Too many theorists and professors on the board, and not enough men of executive talent."

Much of the work, like knitting socks and making pyjamas, instead of being done by people of means, was given out to the poor, who were allowed to take it home and were paid a regular price on bringing it back. I have seen a child of nine being paid her twenty cents for the socks she herself had knitted.

The league did an enormous work and it was thoroughly businesslike. One of the big undertakings of the women was in handling the soup kitchens, or people's kitchens, as they are called. There were three different classes—for the poor, for the middle class, and in the beginning of the war for artists and actors who were thrown out of employment. I went through kitchens where women of the highest families were working regularly every day in the year. Each one had her own part of the work, some getting up and going to the wholesale meat market at five o'clock in the morning, day in and day out, to buy and then to cook and serve the food.

One of the most appealing places to me in Berlin was the home and school for blind soldiers. This was run by the Italian wife of a German. She was a little more sympathetic to us than the other women we were thrown with. These poor men were being taught trades, so that they could go back and make a living after the war. They did typewriting, with special machines, remarkably well; and some were by way of being turned into excellent musicians. Massage was taught, which is the usual profession for the blind in Japan. Then there were little trades like basket making and broom and brush making, and many others at which they became very expert; but it was a wretchedly pathetic sight to see big strong men feeling their way about the rooms and stumbling over things.

In the very beginning of the war we were allowed to visit hospitals, but there, so far as I could make out, ladies were not countenanced as workers, though there were small hospitals run by women of wealth who supported the hospitals themselves; but the preference was for the professional nurse always. The professional nurse in Germany is much less educated and efficient than in this country; in fact she is usually trained for only one kind of work—surgical, fevers, women or children—never having a general education.

We loved going and taking fruit and cigarettes to the wounded, listening to their talk of battle and home; but the Germans' own methods made them always suspicious of us and they probably thought we were spying. Efforts in the direction of hospital work had to be given up.

One of the questions I am often asked since my return to America is about the royal family. What is the Kaiser like? for instance. They say he can be charmingly genial, though he gets himself up with the War-Lord expression, which is entirely artificial and done for effect. He certainly made of his country a wonderfully prosperous place in his twenty-five years of reign which ended just before the war; but he built an organization which he cannot or will not control, and from having been most wonderfully successful in business, fairly respected by the world, his people have now become the most detested on earth and will not be trusted for years, probably generations to come.

It seems strange when one thinks of his being called the War Lord how little he seems to have had to do with the real fighting in his country. He certainly appears at his best in the setting with which he loves to surround himself in court or when reviewing a magnificent parade. Those who knew him as I did not were delighted with the wide range of his knowledge and the delightful way he had of being interested, even enthusiastic over the subject he had in hand. That the depth of his knowledge was not equal to its breadth, and that even vanity crept in cannot be properly denied.

My opinion is that he truly believes that he governs by divine right. His character is not so strong as is generally believed. The real rulers of Germany, where many of the most important questions come under consideration, are found at the head of the General Staff of the Army and Navy, and the Kaiser has had to give way to them. Sometimes he has dismissed the men who have tried to force his hand in some matter, as he did with Von Tirpitz over the use of submarines, but the system was too strong for him. Though Von Tirpitz was not returned to office submarines were finally used exactly as was wanted by him. Whether by the Kaiser's order or only by his permission such things as the Lusitania sinking and the Zeppelin air raids have gone on makes little difference. In either case it points to a fatal flaw in his character.

The Crown Prince

The Crown Prince is amusing and pleasant and not yet so stern as his father, but a really ridiculous character in many ways. He is a logical development of his birth and environment. He is well educated and can talk well, but often does so foolishly. He is vain. He thinks he looks like his ancestor, Frederick the Great, and in point of fact there is a marked resemblance about the face of the Crown Prince to the pictures of the great Frederick. He poses with his hands on his hips, in the attitude so often depicted in the pictures and statues of his ancestor. He is athletic. His fair game of tennis is spoiled by inattention while watching the onlookers to see if they have noted a good stroke. Before the war he frequently talked about it in a way to show that he would force it on surrounding countries if allowed.

Among the things that I heard in those days, which made no great impression on me because I suppose it was impossible for me to believe that the Germans were setting the stage for this great war, was a conversation out at the tennis club where we spent many afternoons. The Crown Prince, who had been playing tennis with a man of the English Embassy, came up to where I was standing talking to the wife of the man he had been playing with, and in the course of conversation he said that he was going over to Dantzic on a visit, and when asked what took him there he said: "Oh, I must look over my Russian neighbors, for I am going to war with them soon, and want to know what they are doing."

At another time, not long before this he said to a friend of mine when she asked him why he didn't go to Paris: "Oh, I shall go to Paris, but I can only go in one way."

When she asked him what he meant he said: "At the head of a victorious army, but I shall be there before long." It didn't seem possible then that he meant these things seriously, but of course he did, and they were the thoughts uppermost in his mind at all times.

I have seen him at the tennis courts, where the diplomatic corps and a certain number of Germans were apt to congregate every afternoon in good weather, playing tennis with a couple of English diplomats, and the finest tennis players in Germany, stop a game three-quarters of an hour while he talked to some girls on the side lines. Etiquette demanded that these men should stand and wait for him. He seems quite crazy about petticoats, and always appears to long to attract attention. He certainly has not made a name for himself in this war and I can see no reason to suppose that he will make a good Emperor.

The Empress has a remarkably good figure and a rather kindly face. She has worked hard in visiting and in encouraging all kinds of charitable work, but possesses none of the personal magnetism of her husband. What must be one of the most difficult of all the tasks of royalty is the meeting and speaking to the quantities of people in official life, with whom there is no common point of contact. In an evening at court there are sometimes dozens of presentations. The Emperor fulfills his obligations in this matter admirably, striking at once at topics that put his guests at their ease. The Empress has a few stock questions that she asks each woman who is presented to her. They are: "Do you find comfortable quarters to live in?" "How many children have you?" "Do you like Berlin?" And so on.

People and Kaiser

The Crown Princess appears to be the most gracious and attractive of all the people at court. Her large family of boys has been added to since the war by a girl. The children frequently accompanied her to the tennis club where their father came to play tennis, the boys caddying balls for their father and his companions with vigor if not efficiency.

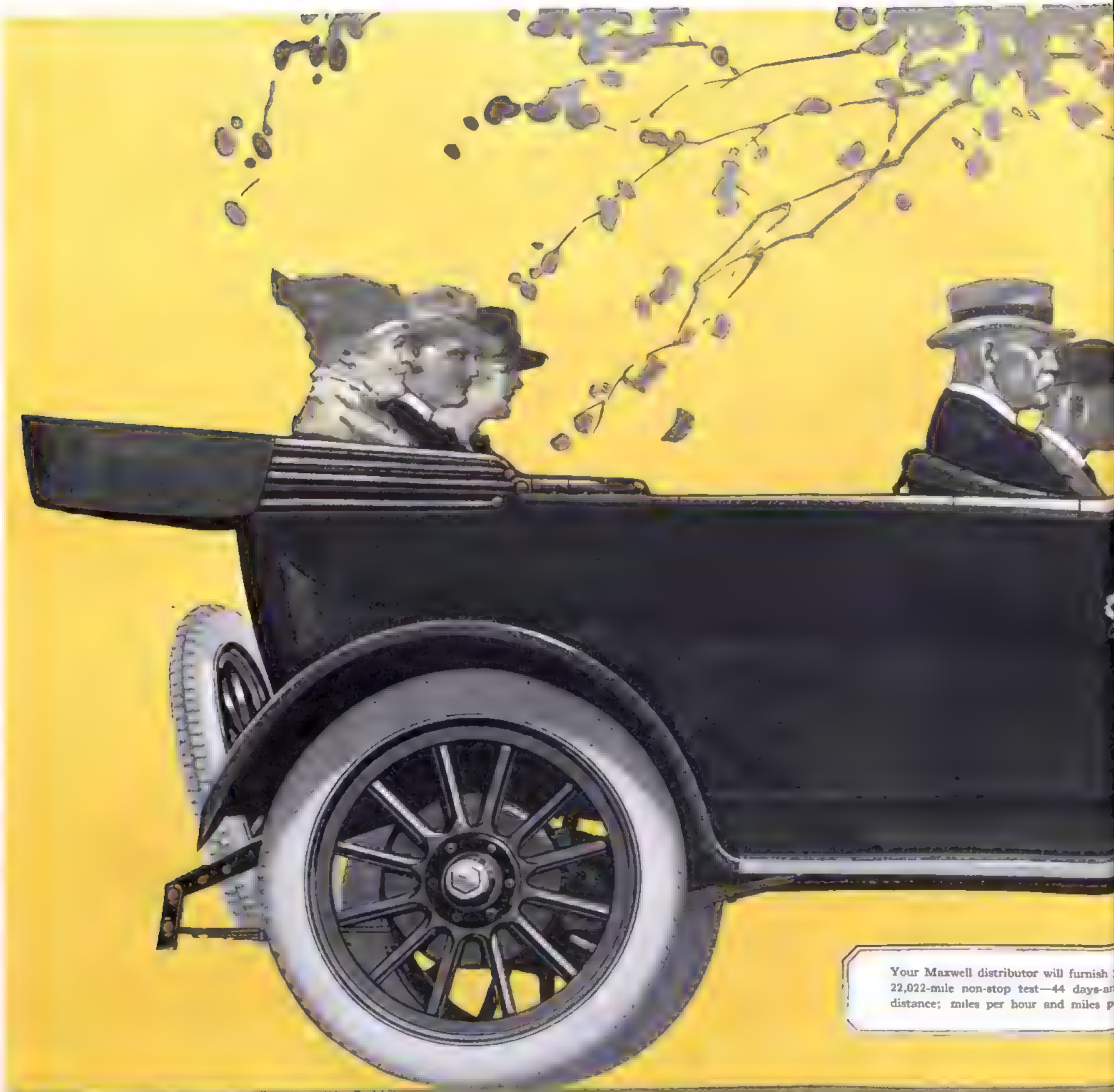
Do the Germans still love the Emperor and the Crown Prince as they used to? I never at any time saw great evidence of their popularity. Germans are taught to "Hoch der Kaiser!" but I saw nothing to convince me that there was real popularity. They hated the Emperor when he began to reign, on account of his treatment of his mother and of Bismarck. That died out as he made the country prosperous, but now again I think there is an enormous class in Germany who feel that he is absolutely responsible for this war, and that they must suffer for him; and this class actually hate him quite as much as they do their enemies. They realize that this war is for the aggrandizement of the military and royal people, and that no thought is being taken of them and the privations which are grinding their souls. They are only the people and they have no say about anything.

As I have stated, they are taught subordination from their infancy, and added to this, their money, which they are encouraged to put into old-age pensions and insurances, is so tied up in the government that the least false step would make them lose all. Every position that they occupy is controlled by the police, and their papers must be without blemish before they can go into a new job. When you dismiss a housemaid you must put on her papers that she is honest, faithful and true, or prove to the police the contrary. This is her right, for until this is on her papers, which must be stamped by the police, she cannot go on to her new position. The police, who are a part of the national government, have therefore a firm grip on the future workers of Germany, from the humblest up. They use it, too, with a stern hand. No running counter to the political dictates of the government, no independence of thought along economic or sociological lines is permitted.

I was much impressed with the police regulations when I went to register my infant, who was born in Berlin. She was of course registered at the embassy and at the consulate, but we thought it better to do the usual thing in addition. We never thought of it, however, until the child was several months old. Now the German law allows only a few weeks to elapse before this must be done, so that the official had to attach to the papers a long account of how being foreigners ignorant of the laws we were to be excused because attached to the American Embassy, and so on. As Germans we would have made ourselves punishable, an expression they love to use.

This seemed to me ridiculous at the time, but later on I realized that it was to keep track to the day of when a child reached the right age for school, the young man became available for military service.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Mrs. Gherardi. The second will appear in an early issue.



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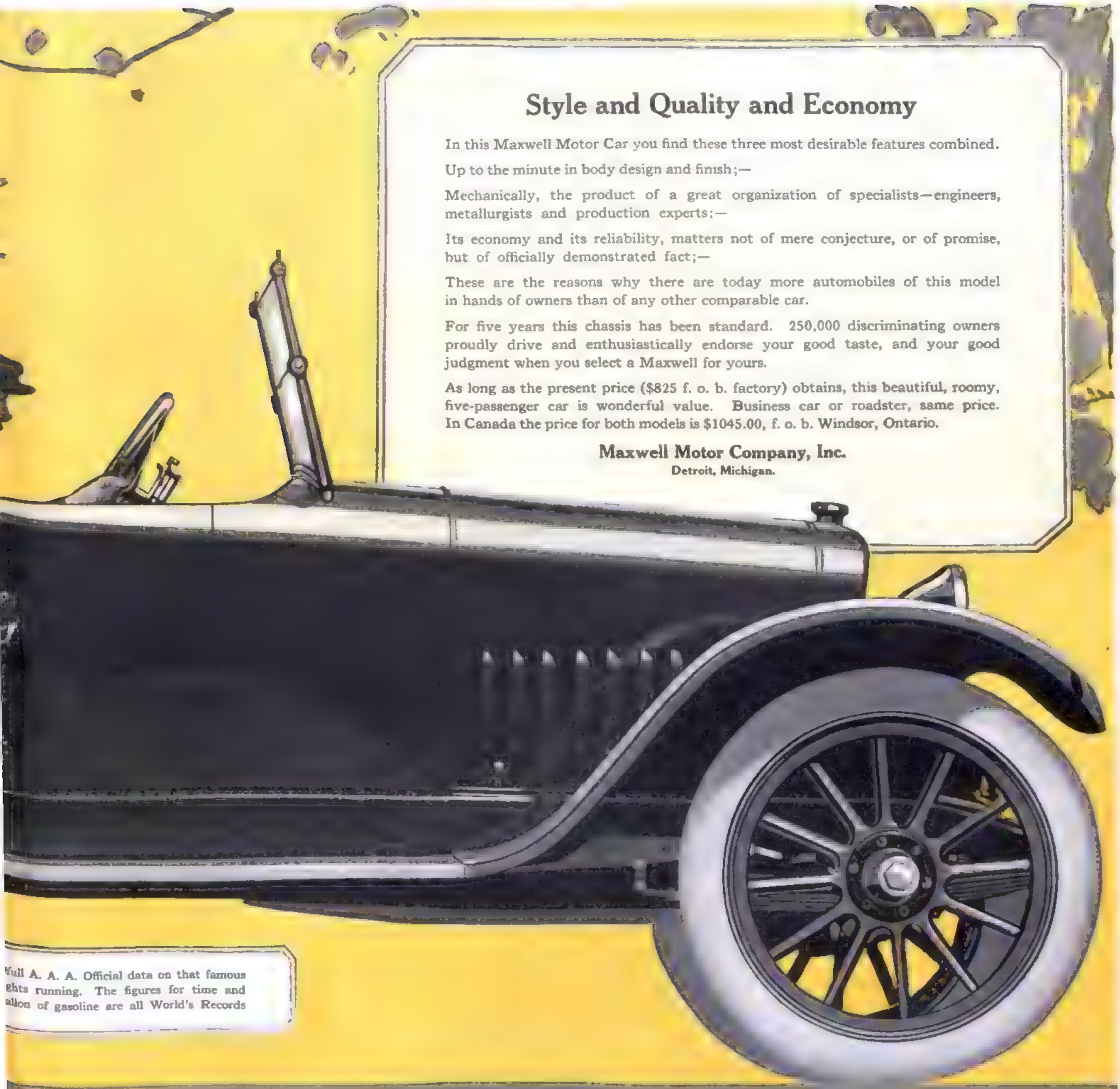

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OTOR CARS

VENUS IN THE EAST

(Continued from Page 19)

"I thought I'd seen everything ——" the multimillionaire slowly sipped—"but what I've seen to-night is entirely new in my experience. I've heard of such things, but I didn't know they really happened."

"That's funny," said Buddy. "I've been here about three days, and I know anything can happen in New York."

"You haven't explained yet how you got here. This is apparently a very exclusive affair. What branch of service have you taken up?"

This was a deep sting in Buddy's most cherished vanity.

"If I wanted to," he said, somewhat flushing, "I could hire every servant in your ballroom."

"Indeed!" Overbeek arched his heavy eyebrows. "Struck it rich, as they say out West?"

"Have you heard of the Supercyanide Process?" asked its inventor, trying hard not to swell out.

"Oh yes!" It was difficult to tell whether he had or hadn't. Overbeek would say anything to be polite.

"Well, I'm it."

"Congratulations, I'm sure!" It merely had the effect of making Buddy feel that he had done a lot of loud talking. "And so you've come to the great city to spend it."

"I thought of settling down here; getting me a house something like this, maybe."

"God forbid!" was Overbeek's prayer.

The brandy in the glasses was gone, and Overbeek after pointing the bottle questioningly toward Buddy gave himself a second helping.

"I'm glad you admire my house," he added at last. "But you haven't told me how you came to be here."

"That's easy enough. There's a new head waiter at the Merlinbilt named McNair. His invitation got delivered to my room, and I just naturally came. When you jumped me in the dark I was trying to escape from the marquise with the Paris-green dress."

"Probably a lady's maid," Overbeek mused. "Tell me one thing: Are they serving champagne?"

"I didn't see any. When I broke away the duchess was drinking Scotch highballs."

"That man Sweeny's pretty efficient, I see, but apparently he hasn't found the combination to my wine cellar. By the way, what sort of an invitation card did they send you?"

"Right here," said Buddy; and plunging a somewhat soiled white glove into an inner pocket he brought out the large card.

Overbeek looked just once and laughed again.

"They've gotten into a lot of old ones about ten years out of date that I've had kicking round a storeroom. Nice situation!" He began to show a trace of the anger that had disfigured him in that twilight choking match.

"I've been away a great deal," he resumed, calming down. "And about three weeks ago I got tired of seeing my servants doing nothing, so I closed up Merlinmoor and sent the entire staff to open up this house, with the idea that I would be back in town late in February. Well, I'm on my way to Florida—all quite unexpected, you understand—just got into New York to-night, and decided to stop over at my own place. I caught sight of lights blazing in one of the upstairs windows—thought it must be a fire or something quite extraordinary, so I got in by a side door. And when I heard music and the sounds of revelry by night I set out to do a little detective work. There's an old pantry we haven't used since the house was remodeled, it's curious you should have stumbled into it—and mighty lucky you didn't get shot."

He brought a small automatic pistol out of his side pocket and held it in the flat of his hand.

"I know you're a dangerous man with a gun, Terry." Buddy grinned.

"Oh, you're referring to that unfortunate bear episode. Possibly I wasn't at my best that day."

"I shall always think you were pretty good."

"By the way, Buddy—you saved my life, you know."

Overbeek said this in the same accusing tone with which he had acknowledged it that starry night as he sat in the front seat of his camp wagon.

"You're not going to be peevish about that, are you?" Buddy somewhat sheepishly inquired.

"After all it was my life"—Overbeek spoke in his customary tone of proprietorship—"and I should like to do something, you know."

If bashfulness dwells in such a man Overbeek was now battling with the virginal emotion.

"Oh, forget it!" blurted the man from Axe Creek.

"No. You can't pass over a thing like that with a word. Come now, what do you suggest?"

"Let me see." Overbeek could of course do a great deal for him. "I'll tell you what you do—as a special favor to me, forget about this party to-night. If it was me I suppose I'd shoot the whole gang; but I sort of feel implicated in the crime, and I'd hate to see them fired."

"Ho ho!" laughed Overbeek in his nervous little voice. "I haven't the remotest intention of firing them, as you say. Some of those servants my family have been training for thirty years. It rather rouses the cave man in me to see them wearing my sister-in-law's gowns and drinking out of my pet Venetian glass—but fire them? Never! The employer of servants can't be happy until he learns the Socratian code, 'What you don't know won't hurt you.' Officially I'm in Florida and my servants are all in bed, as they should be."

"Well, that's one way of looking at it."

"So you see the favor you asked wasn't a favor after all. Now what shall it be?"

Buddy hesitated on the brink of an impertinence which would not be stilled.

"Terry," he said at last, "do you think there's any way you could fix it so that I could be introduced to Mrs. Dyvenot?"

"To whom?"

Overbeek scowled and drew down the corners of his mouth. Was he going to behave like Blint?

"To Mrs. Pat Dyvenot. I know you travel in the same crowd, and I'm a stranger in town. If I look her up all by my only I'm afraid she might think I was some sort of artist with a shell outfit."

"Adsee, where art thou?" inquired Overbeek cryptically, looking skyward and laying a seal-ringed hand upon his graying curls. "Buddy, what in the world do you want of Mrs. Dyvenot?"

"Well, you see it's like this." Buddy was thinking rapidly: "I found her pearls and I want to take them back to her."

"Her pearls?"

Overbeek's face seemed to pucker all together.

"I forgot you'd been in the woods. The papers have been hollering about it ever since she lost 'em at the Metropolitan Opera House last night."

"I see." He sat solemnly regarding his neat toes; then as he looked up his lips curled slightly to a smile which was bitter and somewhat sarcastic, Buddy thought.

"You mean she lost what are called the Overbeek pearls?"

"Lost 'em in the lobby of the Metropolitan, and I picked 'em up."

"Lost 'em and you picked 'em up," he repeated over and over like a deficient child. It was diabolical. It might have implied anything. "Lost the Overbeek pearls—and you picked 'em up."

"Of course I could send 'em to her or take 'em round myself, but I thought some kind of introduction might help."

"I haven't the remotest idea of giving you any introduction to Mrs. Dyvenot. You might as well get that out of your head," upspoke Overbeek sharply, his eyes flaming to a cold resentment.

"Well, of course, in that case ——"

Buddy rose and looked round for his hat. Then he remembered having left it, together with his overcoat, somewhere among the marble halls of the first floor.

"I don't want to appear ungrateful, McNair," Overbeek was going on in that queer voice which had suddenly come upon him, "but I don't think you'll be accomplishing anything by taking back Mrs. Dyvenot's pearls."

"She'll kind of like to see them again, won't she?" asked Buddy with a touch of irony on his part.

"I'm not at all sure she will," said the strange person. Curiously, the remark seemed to match Mrs. Dyvenot's reply over the telephone.

"Well, anything the matter with 'em?" Buddy was beginning to lose patience.

"Not physically," replied Overbeek, leveling his cool glance. "Quite a valuable bit of property, I should say."

"Of course, I've given you a chance to do me that favor."

The suggestion fell flat as far as any response from Overbeek was concerned.

Buddy, his hand upon the door, had a vision of himself charging down Fifth Avenue without hat or overcoat. It was quite evident he was no longer wanted.

"Just take mine," said Overbeek carelessly, pointing to the garments he had cast aside.

With all eagerness Buddy slipped on the splendid furs and pulled the soft hat as far over his forehead as it would go.

"Thanks," he acknowledged briefly. "Do I send 'em back here in the morning?"

"In the name of heaven, no! I'm going over to the Tory Club for the night. I'll arrange for myself about clothes."

He clicked out the light and taking Buddy by the crook of the arm began leading him again through the backstairs labyrinth.

At last they came down to a modest door leading to a basement area way. Turning the lock and pointing out toward a concrete walk running round the side of the house Overbeek held out his hand.

"I'm going to remember that favor some time," said the strange host; "but the one you asked I'll have to refuse."

"Just why?"

"Because I don't think it would be doing you a favor, if you know what I mean."

And the little door closed very softly behind him.

*

T-R-R-R-R-R R-R-R!

The little demon stuttered annoyingly beside Buddy's hot pillow. Broad daylight started through the cobwebs that mazed his sight. It was morning again, and again New York was in conspiracy to break his rest.

T-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r!

He tore the receiver off the hook and snarled into the mouthpiece "Hello!"

"Is this Mr. Gilbert Kernochan McNair?"

"It's his remains."

"His what, please?"

"Remains. What do you want?"

"This is Mr. Shorewinkel, speaking for Twillaway's."

Buddy gave a swift glance toward the little clock on the mantel. It was a quarter after eleven.

"Yes."

"We have the pearl necklace ready for you, Mr. McNair," said the bald-headed voice.

"Oh yes."

"Shall we have it sent to your hotel for your approval or will you call?"

"I'll call."

Buddy wished the man would stop asking questions. His head ached.

"At about what time, Mr. McNair?"

"Between three o'clock."

"Thank you. We shall look for you then."

"By the way, what's the bill?"

"Let me see." A short pause. "Two hundred and twenty-five, Mr. McNair."

"Dollars?"

"No, thousands."

"Much obliged. Good-by."

Buddy turned over and hid his face among the feverish pillows. He lay in a swoon for a space of time, and gradually coming back to life began to realize that money was only a relative thing after all. The two hundred and twenty-five, so lightly mentioned, would dent his deposit in the Brokers' Trust Company, but it would come far from effecting a breach. To mix a metaphor—and Buddy's state of mind called for mixed metaphors—he had made his Rubicon, crossed it and eaten the bridges behind him.

Jasconto more delicately crushed than ever appeared at about noon, more sleek garments folded over his arm.

"Your morning coat, sir, from Chesterfield & Cheaterfield," was the explanation.

"Mourning coat, did you say?" came the foggy voice from the pillows.

"Morning coat, sir," corrected the discreet one, who himself showed traces of last night. "But of course with the proper cravat and gloves it would be quite correct for a funeral."

"I'll put it on," said Buddy. "But I think you might brighten up the corpse with a touch of color. Haven't we got a shamrock shirt and a red-white-and-blue necktie in stock somewhere?"

"But, for a funeral, sir ——"

"After all, it's mine," said Buddy impatiently.

"Thank you, sir."

"Jass, I left my hat and overcoat at the party last night. I wish you'd send over and get 'em for me."

"I've taken the liberty, sir."

He pointed toward an easy-chair upon which, neatly ironed and folded respectively, lay his silk hat and overcoat.

"Ghost of Great Henry! When did you do that?"

"Last night, sir."

Jass was now making toward the closet where Buddy had concealed the hat and coat he had borrowed from Overbeek.

"Jass," spoke his master sharply, "I wish you'd keep out of that closet."

"Yes, sir. There's a strange 'at and coat in there, sir. Possibly you would wish to 'ave them returned when ——"

"I'll take care of that."

"Yes, sir."

It was evident from the manner of the two men that last night's adventures were to be forevermore a forbidden subject between them. Buddy looked shyly over at his valet, a question about to break from his lips; and at the same moment he discovered Jass regarding him with a blush—if wood can be said to blush. Both sets of eyes fell. But Buddy had more immediate questions before him.

"Jass, what sort of duds ought a man to wear when he's going out to spend two hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars all at once?"

"At what time of day, sir?"

"Half past three in the afternoon."

"A morning coat, sir, would be appropriate; unless you would be spending in a matter of business. American gentlemen are a bit careless in that respect."

"This is a matter of pleasure, Jass," said Buddy, easing himself out of bed. "And now I want you to make me look as beautiful as—as that man with the movie hair who was talking with the duchess last night."

"You mean Mrs. Van Laerens' chauffeur, sir?"

"You've caught the idea."

"Thank you, sir."

They never again ventured on forbidden ground.

*

IT WAS one of those springlike days in January when skies are cloudless and the Street Cleaning Department, having little to do, is doing it well. A perfect figure of a tailor-made man Buddy McNair, appropriately top-hatted, gardeniaed, morning-coated, set forth on his mission of pearls and impertinence. The world at large would have regarded it as headstrong, eccentric, wildly extravagant. Only Doc Naylor would have understood. From his superior mountain height that sage would have shaken his fat shoulders and inquired, "What are you going to do with a man who sees the evening star in the east?"

In the estimation of Jass the master's fashionable appearance was much marred by the fact that he carried an otter-collared overcoat and a soft brown hat shamelessly displayed to a critical public as he walked forth into the world. Vainly Jass expostulated that it wasn't done; but the man from Axe Creek protested that New York had not as yet crippled him to the point where he couldn't carry another man's hat. In fact Buddy had made up his mind to return Overbeek's garments to the Tory Club as a sort of nerve settler before his advance upon Mrs. Dyvenot.

At the Tory Club he was repulsed at once by the man at the door, who upon seeing that the caller had a hat and an overcoat for Mr. Overbeek haughtily commanded him to apply at the service entrance. Buddy found himself appealing at a small door under the stairs; and when he heard a harsh voice distantly bawling "Valet with Mr. Overbeek's coat!" he took matters in his own hands, pitched the garments over a chair and took to his heels.

If this reception had a dampening effect upon his vanity the spot was soon dried out under the sunlight of approval which he

(Continued on Page 44)

Enter — the New

KLENZO

DENTAL CREME

"Oh, That Cool, Clean, Klenzo Feeling!"

THAT spring-morning, mountain-peak freshness on your teeth and tongue! That ocean-wave *cleanness* throughout your mouth!

This cool, clean Klenzo feeling is not merely a *taste*. It's an affirmation of *thorough cleanness*—cleanness that has extended to the countless little taste-nerves, freeing them of the stale secretions that make your mouth feel hot and sticky.

Any wonder your breakfast tastes so good after you use Klenzo? Any wonder Klenzo makes both children and grown-ups actually *eager* to use their tooth-brushes every morning and night?

Klenzo aims to protect the teeth in the *natural* way—by keeping the mouth free of the substances that foster germs, acids and decay.

Get a tube of Klenzo at the nearest Rexall store today. *See* its snow-white purity. Watch how it *flows* out on the brush, soft and creamy. Then give yourself the great experience of enjoying that cool, clean Klenzo feeling for the first time in your life!

The 8000 Rexall Stores

throughout the United States, Canada and Great Britain have the exclusive selling rights to Klenzo Dental Creme. They are the finest drug stores in their respective localities and the world's largest distributors of toilet requisites. Associates of the

UNITED DRUG COMPANY

BOSTON TORONTO LIVERPOOL PARIS

The old saw mill of 1795 was the crude beginning of a great hydro-electric development which is helping to win the war

Multiplying the Old Mill by Millions

On the banks of the Niagara River, almost 200 years ago, was erected an old saw mill whose wooden wheels for generations turned the power of the current into a servant of our forefathers.

Useful as it was in its day, how insignificant its service now appears beside the modern generators which turn the might of the rushing river into streams of electric energy that multiply the power of the old mill by millions—the world's greatest illustration of the application of water power to industry.

The international commission, which, twenty-seven years ago, decided in favor of a hydro-electric rather than hydraulic, pneumatic, or other means of utilizing Niagara's power, performed a service to humanity the magnitude of which we are but beginning to realize.

It was a task without precedent to devise apparatus that would generate, transform, control and transmit forces of such terrific magnitude.

Great problems were mastered in the designing and the construction of the Westinghouse Electric Generators which were first to turn Niagara's power to electric energy, and in the auxiliary apparatus required to complete the power-equipment.

How far-reaching the results, only those can appreciate who know what Niagara is today doing for this nation.

The Ammeters, Wattmeters, and Voltmeters designed by Westinghouse Electric engineers for Niagara's first power station comprised a remarkable group of measuring instruments with usefulness as wide as the application of alternating current. Bus-bars, switches and other apparatus all presented new and difficult problems—but all were mastered.

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC AND MANUFACTURING COMPANY
East Pittsburgh, Pa.

Westinghouse

HYDRO-ELECTRIC POWER PLANT EQUIPMENT

The greatest of all hydro-electric power-developments, Niagara Falls is an outstanding example of conservation. Niagara's power saves from 6,000,000 to 12,000,000 tons of coal a year, with all that this means not alone in husbanding fuel but also in releasing man-power for other work and transportation facilities for other tonnage.

How Niagara's "White Coal" Benefits the Nation

Without Niagara's electric power we would today be far less able to meet our national emergency.

Without it, we should not, for instance, have the great artificial abrasive industry, and but for this industry, our industrial system would have been most seriously crippled when the war cut off our imports of corundum.

Think what lack of abrasives would have meant to munitions, automobile, truck and tractor, tool and a hundred other industries vital to the conduct of the war!

Where would our steel output be without Niagara's production of ferro-silicon and ferro-chromium?

How could we forego its vast gift of aluminum, or its contributions to our supply of calcium-carbide on which depends the service of the oxy-acetylene torch?

These are but a few of the enormous benefits of this mighty cataract to our cause.

It is also our great, never-to-be-overlooked forerunner of a hydro-electric development that will save us from the peril of exhausted coal-beds.

Falling water is our one practically inexhaustible source of power. Through electricity, its distribution can be and will be almost universal. It is doubtless the next great world-wide development upon which, as yet, we have made but a small beginning.

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC AND MANUFACTURING COMPANY
East Pittsburgh, Pa.

Westinghouse

HYDRO-ELECTRIC POWER PLANT EQUIPMENT

Straight Bones That Grew Straight in Educator Shoes
Bent Bones That Were Bent by Pointed Shoes
Unless branded thus on the sole it is NOT an Educator
EDUCATOR SHOE

Men, Women and Children:

Try *Nature's* Plan

IF your feet cry out in pain at the end of their day's work; if they know the discomfort of corns, bunions, callouses, ingrown nails, twisted toes, flat foot, etc., the fault lies with the pointed, foot-cramping shoes you are wearing. They violate Nature's plan.

Her plan calls for healthy feet—feet that *grow as they should.* Educator Shoes, comfortable and roomy, are built scientifically to "let the feet grow as they should."

See that your *whole family* gets into Educators. But look for EDUCATOR on the sole. There can be no protection stronger than this trademark, for it means that behind every part of the shoe stands a *responsible manufacturer.*

RICE & HUTCHINS, Inc.
14 High St., Boston, Mass.

Makers also of the famous All-America Shoe for Men, "The Shoe That's Standardized"

RICE & HUTCHINS
EDUCATOR SHOE

Write for "Bent Bones Make Frantic Feet"
a free book of unusual foot-information by orthopaedic specialists.

(Continued from Page 40)

brought upon himself at the Brokers' Trust Company when he stepped to the teller's window just before closing time and modestly requested that his check for two hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars be immediately certified. The transaction gave him a feeling of omnipotence. We never feel so wealthy as when we are throwing our wealth away.

It was nearing half past three when Gilbert Kernochan McNair, looking the distinguished part he was about to play in New York's secret diplomacy, arrived at Twillaway's.

Mr. Shorewinkel was apparently impressed, for he accepted the certified check after only the slightest delay behind the scenes. Presently he brought forth a box covered with watered silk and almost the size of a steamer trunk. Impressively he raised the lid and revealed a duplicate of the Overbeek necklace, nicely looped in two strands round a large hummock of white velvet artfully molded to resemble a cross section from the neck of a perfect lady. No connoisseur of jewels, but an experienced worker in fine metals, Buddy could not restrain a gasp at the shimmering beauty of that treasure.

There was something clandestine in the bald-headed salesman's manner as with a gold-pointed pencil he touched every shining globe in the perfectly matched string.

"The center," he explained, looking swiftly round him as though suspecting spies concealed under all the counters, "is the twenty-grain pearl we showed you yesterday. We've graduated them down to the six-grain row at the back. In many ways I think we've obtained a better result than in the original Overbeek. There are ninety-two, as you'll see."

Daintily the golden point tipped each pearl—eighty-nine, ninety, ninety-one, ninety-two. Mr. Shorewinkel counted with a slight lisp.

"And I think you'll find the duplicate rather remarkably successful, Mr. McNair."

"You mean it's just like the one Mrs. Dyvenot lost?"

"As near as the jeweler's art can make it."

"That's good!" He snatched out for the prize, because Mr. Shorewinkel was about to loop it back over the velvet neck.

"Just hand it to me," commanded Buddy, trying with all his might to appear calm.

And as soon as an end of the glistening string was in his glove he twisted it into a great snarl and forced it, coil after coil, into an inner pocket of his morning coat.

"But, Mr. McNair!" suggested Mr. Shorewinkel, his bald top pinking with an inward effort to retain his professional manner, "we could send it round in the box—or—any way you wished."

"Well, this is the way I wish," said Buddy, patting the bulge in his side. "But I'm just as much obliged to you."

He had a feeling that all Twillaway's establishment was looking at him as he walked out of the place. But a glance round revealed nothing more curious than dozens of busy salesmen displaying quarts of crown jewels to ladies in sables. What was two hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars to Twillaway's anyhow? This thought at once consoled and disturbed him. That was the baffling thing about New York. What was two hundred and twenty-five thousand, or two hundred and twenty-five million, for the matter of that? There was always a mill to grind it up. And Buddy McNair had sold his share in the Virginia mill for a little more than the ornament he was now carrying in his inside pocket had cost him!

He found Mrs. Dyvenot's address to be one of those smart brownish-brick apartment houses just off Madison Avenue in the lower Seventies. In architectural splendor or ceremonious approach the lobby into which he walked in no way matched the Blints' house on Riverside Drive. The space was small, in fact; just room enough for a neutral-tinted rug. A few articles of carved furniture stood against walls of flat grayish stone. A deferential man in a modest uniform came forward to ask if Mrs. Dyvenot expected him.

"Here's my card," said Buddy with more promptness than was his habit in such matters. "Tell her I'm the man who fixed that detective business and that I've come with the goods."

"Yes, sir."

Like another Jass the man bowed and disappeared. Presently he came back and said, "Won't you come up, sir?"

An elevator had appeared mysteriously out of a niche in the stone wall. Buddy was terribly calm now—calm with the spirit of a warrior who is at last under the enemy's fire. The expensively quiet elevator took him up four floors; he longed in vain for a few of the Blintish mirrors in which to review himself before the moment of action. The operator waved him toward a door at the right of the small landing. Buddy rang the bell and rested gracefully upon his stick.

A young woman in a gray uniform and frilled cap at last opened the door. There were no broad vistas beyond. The entrance into which she motioned him was small.

"Is Mrs. Dyvenot at home?" asked Buddy in the smoothest tone he knew.

"May I have your card, sir?" was her immediate counter question.

The young woman vanished, leaving Buddy to stand lonesomely in the tiny entrance. There was a smallish room beyond, full of Chinese bric-a-brac and embroidered pillows. The narrow walls between which he stood were lined with scratchy black-and-white pictures. Everything was on a reduced scale, simple, possibly expensive; but his imagination had not prepared him to find her like this. He had pictured her as swimming toward him through tapestried corridors or gracefully threading a staircase of carved marble. Slanting his gaze through the doorway he could see, occupying a prominent place on the smallest grand piano in the world, a nicely framed portrait of Prince Kulik of Bulgaria.

The maid came back looking somewhat less receptive than before.

"Mrs. Dyvenot is resting," she announced. "She told me to ask you if there was anything important."

"Not so very," replied Buddy, who was beginning to lose patience. "Just tell her I've found her pearls and would like to know if she wants 'em in a paper bag or sent in a box."

"Just a moment."

She was gone again, this time for a much longer session. Buddy's patent-leather shoes were beginning to smart his heels and he leaned against the wall long enough to disturb one of the scratchy drawings, which came off the tack that held it to the wall. It made a ghastly noise. Buddy picked it up and was in the act of replacing the tack with his thumb when the maid returned.

"Won't you come in, sir?" she invited with a new politeness. The tack came out and the picture fell again.

Buddy took a seat on the brocaded couch in front of a small marble fireplace. It was really an elegant little room with dull golden walls, a few bookshelves, pretty landscapes, some Chinese carvings, and the numerous articles of brightly polished junk that appeal to the person of taste. There was a bowl of orchids on the piano, and on a shelf under the window a blue-and-ivory basket overflowed with pink, white and yellow blossoms—the Dresden contribution of New York's most expensive florist.

In Buddy McNair these found an admiring observer; but the obsessing question continued to tap at the back of his head: What was the reigning queen of the society page doing in a little den like this?

Out of the space behind him someone coughed. Buddy came nervously to his feet and found himself face to face with the most talked about woman in New York.

Her simple street costume with its white collar open slightly at the throat gave her at first a girlish appearance. It was hard to determine the color of her eyes, because she never seemed to open them wide; there were one or two tiny wrinkles at their corners. No ladylike barber had given the fine arch to her brows. Her abundant, lustrous, tawny, slightly coarse hair was drawn away from her brow, which was beautifully molded and pure as a child's.

Buddy found himself reaching out of his trance to grasp the hand she gave him.

"You came about the pearls?" she asked. "I thought the name was ——"

"It was," acknowledged Buddy, who had utterly forgotten the name he had given over the telephone. "But I'm the man behind the detective. My name's McNair."

"Yes. I saw by your card."

She gave him one of her gently offstanding glances. Her look was almost tender, but it had an entirely impersonal quality, like the caress of an angel flying over a walled town. The thing that put her apart, in his mind, from other women was the lack of harshness in her; she seemed unequipped for defense or the giving of offense. Then he remembered how she had cut him off at the telephone.

"What makes you think you can find my pearls?" she was asking in a drawl which lacked the affected quality of the Blint technic.

"It strikes me that I have the best reason there is, Mrs. Dyvenot," he replied, and wondered just what she could be thinking at that moment.

"Yes. I'm sure you must have."

"The best there is," repeated Buddy. "I've got 'em with me."

"With you?" she echoed, her eyebrows lifting slightly. Had it been any other woman he would have sworn she was going to laugh.

Buddy got a finger into his bulging pocket and looped it under a snaky coil.

"I couldn't bring them in a box, the way they ought to be," he apologized, and began drawing the string, pearl after pearl, out of the depths of his morning coat. The dramatic being uppermost in Buddy at that moment he watched her narrowly as the lost treasure continued to unwind and at last dangled from his upraised hand, one end touching and coiling upon the carpet at their feet. She leaned forward, her slender fingers driven into a cushion, her eyes narrowed to glowing slits.

"Where in the world did you find them?" she asked at last in a still small voice, reaching over and snatching eagerly at her necklace. The delight with which she bunched them together and held every pearl between her hands was reward enough for the great price he had paid.

"That's something I can't tell," he replied with a broad grin. "The expense was all mine; and the pleasure too."

She seemed scarcely to hear him, so engrossed was she in scrutinizing them, telling them over and over like a rosary. At last she went across to a window, and holding the clasp, with its elaborate platinum mount, up to the light seemed to be making a minute inspection of its reverse side.

"Are you satisfied they aren't imitations?" asked Buddy McNair.

"They're not that," she smiled; and the delicate flush it brought to her rather pale cheeks was wonderful to see. "There aren't any others just like mine."

Buddy entertained a passing thought on the fallibility of human judgment. A north light from the window was falling gently over the cluster of pink, white and yellow flowers above which she leaned, fingering her strand of guarded treasures. Flowers, pearls, beauty! Her bright hair, the smooth glow of her delicately molded cheeks, the cascade of radiant bubbles falling from fingers that were more perfect than any jewels, the snapdragons on their slender stalks reaching up as if to touch her lovingly—it was for Buddy the moment of sacrificial reward.

Suddenly, with a look that was almost a smile, she reached up and clasped the magnificent necklace round her neck.

"My darlings!" she cried and raised a precious handful to her lips.

When she came back and took a place on the couch beside him Buddy had completely lost the power of speech.

"And now about the reward." Her face had taken on a more practical look as she went over each unit of her necklace. "I've mentioned a reward, you know, in ——"

"Forget it, please!" he managed to say.

"I beg your pardon?" She tilted her head slightly to one side as he had seen her do that night in the opera box when she was teasing Prince Carlo. Buddy's heart rammed against his palate.

"I mean," he said at last, "that I'm not returning necklaces as a business. If it makes you happy to get this stuff back—well, that's about the biggest bonus you can give me."

"You're not refusing a reward?"

"Well, that's about the size of it, I suppose. You see I'm in New York with time to burn and money to burn it with. Pearl chasing is the grandest amateur sport I've struck since leaving Axe Creek; and if that little trinket makes you smile—well, I count myself in about a million dollars."

"You're not a New York man—most decidedly not!"

She looked at him with that way she had. It was as though a smile were showing through the transparency of her skin.

"I'm trying hard to be," he confessed, somewhat crestfallen.

"Oh, don't!" She shrugged the shoulder beautiful.

"How can you tell? Is Axe Creek written all over me? How do you know I'm not a New York man?"

"No New York man is decent merely as a pastime," she said, to his utter intoxication.

(Continued on Page 46)

The Repair Man

Who Uses

FISK REPAIR MATERIALS

is the man you can depend upon

His daily association with repair materials and the repairing of rubber products has proved to his entire satisfaction the unqualified superiority of Fisk.

His convictions are the result of years of experience with Fisk quality —successful experience, with no trouble from "kicks" or unpleasant "come backs."

The Fisk Rubber Company has long been the leader in the manufacture of repair materials and tire sundries, and was first in building a successful steam vulcanizer. This aggressiveness has been characteristic in the entire field of sundry production.

Note the consistency of Fisk Vulcanizing Cement

Fisk Rapid Repair Kit for Emergencies
A handy package containing piece of patching rubber, coated on one side with raw stock, and tube of cement. Will patch anything made of rubber. Easy to apply. Perfectly safe to use. No danger of tearing tube. Makes permanent patch when vulcanized. Economical. Convenient.

Fisk Vulcanizing Cement

Made thin enough to be absorbed by cured stock to which applied, yet carries twice rubber content as average. Also Pure Para Cement for use without heat. *"It's the rubber that makes Fisk stick."*

Fisk Stock

Highest quality. Uniform thickness. Costs less per square foot to use. There is a proper Fisk stock made for every specific purpose.

Fisk Fabric

Three separate applications of highest grade rubber friction insure perfect adhesion and maximum strength when vulcanized.

Other Fisk Repair Materials and Tire Sundries of the same high character include Emergency Patches, Pure Para Cement, Tube Splices, Fabric Patches, Air Bags, Air Valves, Bead Mould Filler, Flaps, Vulcanizing Cement, Bead Strips, Soapstone and Bead Cavity Filler.

Hotel LaSalle

THE next time you are in Chicago, why not find out the reasons for Hotel LaSalle popularity?

Test the service. Enjoy the cuisine, the elegance and comfort everywhere.

Personal experience will explain why this is universally acknowledged to be

Chicago's Finest Hotel

HOTEL LASALLE
La Salle at Madison St., Chicago.
Ernest J. Stevens, Vice Pres. and Mgr.

RATES

One person	*Per day*
Room with detached bath	$[illegible] and $3
Room with private bath	$3, $3 50, $4 and $5
Two persons	*Per day*
Room with detached bath	$[illegible] $3 $3 50 and $4
Room with private bath	
Double room	$5 to $8
Single room with double bed	$4 $4 50 and $5
Two connecting rooms with bath	
Two persons	$5 to $[illegible]
Three persons	$6 to $9
Four persons	$7 to $12

1120 rooms
$34 with private bath

(Continued from Page 44)

"I haven't been in town very long," he modestly assured her. "And I'm here to learn."

"I imagine this creek—this place you mention—is rather out West?"

Mrs. Dyvenot—Mrs. Pat Dyvenot—was teasing him for the story of his life! At that ecstatic moment he wished her rope of pearls had been a mile long.

"Just a little bit out West," agreed Buddy. "And when I say West I don't mean Trenton. Axe Creek is on the seventh peak of the Rocky Mountains as you turn to the left on the way to California. Its elevation is nine thousand two hundred and twenty-six feet. Its principal product is gold, its principal industry milling it with cyanide of potassium ——"

"How revolting!" cried Mrs. Dyvenot.

"Isn't it? And I'm the man who poisoned Axe Creek with cyanide and continued the good work in every mining camp from Peru to the Yukon."

Buddy saw here the necessity for rapid work; his impudence had returned and he was doing very nicely.

One of Mrs. Dyvenot's beautiful elbows rested on the back of the couch quite near him, and the only fly in his ointment of bliss was the conscience-stricken feeling that he had gained her confidence by a trick.

"And so you've come to New York to live?" she queried in that soft voice of hers.

"You can't do anything in Axe Creek but make money," he told her with characteristic directness.

"And nothing in New York but spend it?"

It was evident that she was laughing at him subcutaneously.

"That was the idea I had of the big city when I was living in the timber," said he. "And I don't know that I've had any reason to change my mind."

The young woman with the frilled cap had glided into the room and stood attention at Mrs. Dyvenot's shoulder.

"What is it, Elise?" Mrs. Dyvenot frowned slightly, as though the interruption had been quite unwelcome.

"Mrs. Van Laerens is on the telephone, madame."

"So she is. I had nearly forgotten. Tell her I'm already on the way there."

At the conclusion of this glib tarrydiddle she turned again to Buddy.

"Well, I must be going," said he, shuffling to his feet.

"I'm dreadfully sorry. I was quite carried away. Mrs. Van Laerens had asked me in for bridge, you know. Your life in the West must have been ever so wonderful."

"Not so very," he boldly answered her.

She held out her hand. Was this to be all? Had she forgotten already about her two-hundred-and-twenty-five-thousand-dollar pearls?

"Good afternoon," he mumbled thickly.

"Good afternoon, Mr. McNair."

She smiled slightly and rose. He had taken three miserable steps toward the little entrance before he heard her say, "And I want to tell you how grateful I am to you for bringing back my darlings."

"It wasn't anything, Mrs. Dyvenot," he blurted, his face becoming hot with that swirling of emotions.

"It was a great deal—a great deal more than you know. And I don't think you should go away without claiming some reward. I should never forgive myself."

How her words could bathe him in a fountain of song!

"A cash reward wouldn't mean anything to me," he protested, clumsy as the perpetual schoolboy that he was.

"Oh, but you should be able to think of something."

It flashed across his mind how Overbeek, given a chance to make good on his promise of a favor, had turned traitor at the critical hour.

"Of course, if you're really in earnest about it," he said suddenly, looking her boldly in the face.

"How could you think I wasn't?"

It came upon him, the magic of this sudden intimacy. Here stood Buddy McNair, there Mrs. Pat Dyvenot—and she was asking him how he could doubt her earnestness!

"Well, then, you can give me a reward," he said, trying hard not to swallow.

"Anything within reason."

The smile looked out through her transparent skin.

"Will you have lunch with me tomorrow?"

"Let me see." It was all perfectly natural, as though he had asked her for a drink of water. "Let me see. I had an engagement —— Yes, I think I can."

"That's the best I can ask," he informed her.

"It isn't much." She laughed quite candidly now. "Shall we make it Tanquay's at half-past one?"

"Nothing better."

"Good-by till to-morrow, then."

That was all. The door closed noiselessly behind him, leaving him to ring for the elevator like a being still alive in the world of men and women.

Outside he found a chilling wind blowing up from Central Park. What were wind and cold to Buddy McNair, whose temperature had gone up to a hundred and four and whose brain was throbbing with delirious fantasies as he swung his Malacca stick and charged downtown, six paces to a block?

To-morrow at Tanquay's! She would be waiting for him in the lobby. Somewhere in New York, Prince Carlo Kulik would be smiting his fat forehead and cursing in Bulgarian. Buddy would sit for hours, talking his heart out. Any sacrifice, any violence would be small payment for such bliss.

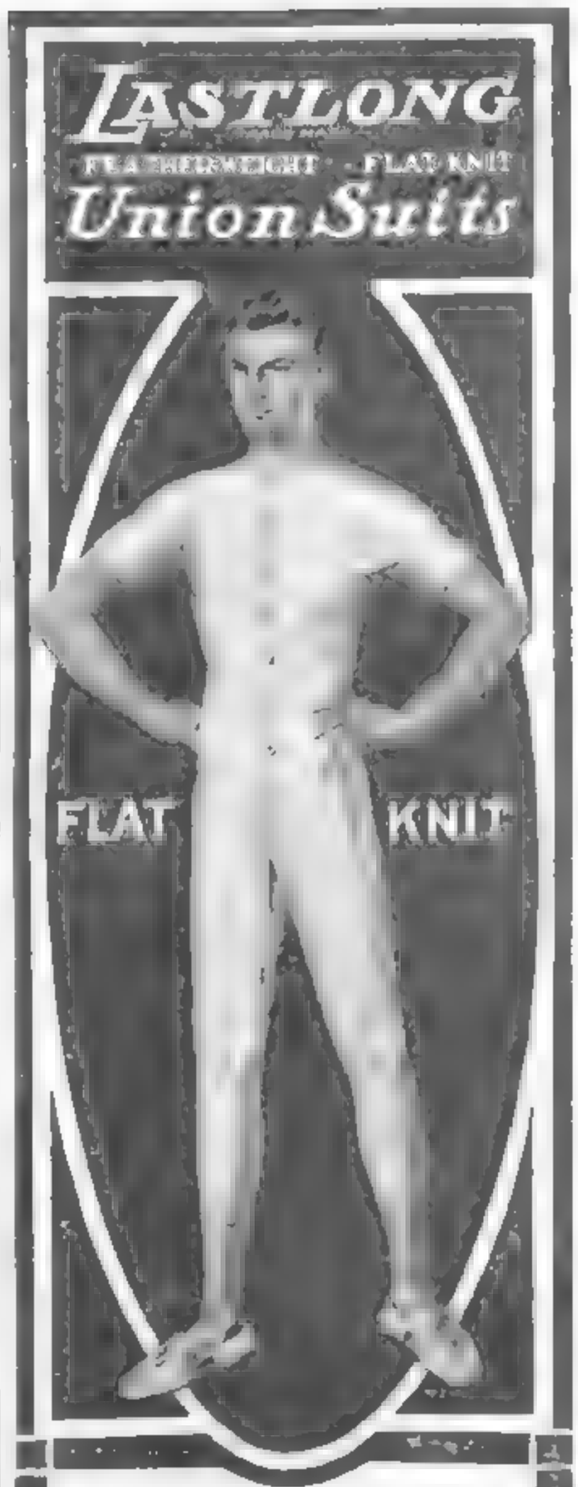
What if someone should turn up with the genuine Overbeek pearls to shame him in the midst of paradise? The thought came on the cold wind, blowing up from the Hudson. It was but momentary, for fever was within him. To-morrow in her companionship! What obstacle so great that he could not meet it, charge through it with lowered head? He was mighty like an army on horseback in the estimation of that high moment.

Mighty indeed were thy thoughts, Buddy McNair; and mighty are the thoughts of the bull elephant that spurneth his keepers, that wrecketh the zoo with his trunk and maketh earth to quake below its subways. Yea, mighty are the thoughts of the field mouse that leapeth from stalk to stalk and shouteth aloud, "How great am I in my love!"

Youth will be served, saith Nature. Springtime knows no law, saith the poet.

But Buddy McNair was a bit ahead of the season.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



Just right for this weather

A LASTLONG three-quarter length union suit is just right for these changeable days.

Light enough in weight for daytime—long enough for comfort on cool evenings. Meets the tops of your socks—doesn't show at the ankles.

The Lastlong flat-knit fabric is not only smooth, soft and elastic but it is *absorbent*. Takes up perspiration—doesn't hold it.

If you've never worn a Lastlong union suit, try one, you'll notice the superiority of Lastlong fabric, fit and finish, as soon as you put it on.

Sizes for all men at popular prices.

If your dealer doesn't carry Lastlong, write us and we'll see that you are supplied.

Write for Booklet and Swatch of Fabric

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ECONOMY
renewable
FUSES

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Fuse to its original efficiency
At Leading Electrical Jobbers' and Dealers'
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Patent your Invention—I'll help market it. Send for 4 Free Guide Books with list of Patent Buyers, [illegible] Wanted, etc. Advice Free. Richard B. Owen, Patent Lawyer, 32 Owen Bldg., Washington, D. C., or 2278-T Woolworth Bldg., New York.

Three Men *and* a Girl on a Diving Raft – *and the Night After*

It was one of those great days in late June. The water was fine. The sun beamed benevolently.

Four members of the house party took their first swim of the year. Hour after hour they practiced diving and the crawl stroke and basked on the float.

The sun rose higher and higher.

That night after dinner the four felt fidgety. They were tired but not reposeful. They retired early. From their bedrooms came howls and screams. They were sunburned. They were draped in four of the grandest scarlet robes of sunburn that ever tortured human beings.

The host telephoned for the Doctor. It was no time for home remedies.

The Doctor brought a little striped box of powder. This was before Kora-Konia had been advertised. It was used chiefly by doctors and hospitals.

The Doctor dusted Kora-Konia on the angry, inflamed flesh of the four sufferers. Before long, the pain eased. Redness faded to faint pink. The flesh became cool. The swelling subsided. The patients slept.

Kora-Konia will relieve any skin irritation due to external causes. If you are stout or heavily muscled and chafe badly from vigorous exercise, Kora-Konia will be a blessing to you. The skin will stop burning and become smooth and white. The powder clings to the flesh for hours and refuses to be rubbed off or washed away by perspiration, preventing friction all day.

Kora-Konia is invaluable for broken blisters on feet and quickly dries up cuts and bruises.

Kora-Konia should not be confused with Talcum Powder. It has somewhat the same soothing and healing action, but in addition contains several other ingredients of recognized medicinal value which are indicated in the treatment of the more serious skin abrasions. It is antiseptic, absorbent, adhesive, moisture-resisting, cooling, soothing and healing.

We shall be glad to send a physician's sample of Kora-Konia to anyone to try, for 10 cents. If you will send 20 cents we will also send a sample to one of your soldier friends who, you may be sure, is suffering from chafing and blistered feet. A full-size package costs 50 cents.

GERHARD MENNEN CHEMICAL CO.
Laboratories: 42 Orange Street, Newark, N. J.
Canadian Factory, Montreal, Quebec. Sales Agents in Canada, Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ontario

Do you chafe?

Kora-Konia will bring you blessed relief.

MENNEN'S
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TRADE MARK

To make the world *comfortable*—that is the Mennen creed. A billion babies have cooed joyously under a shower of Mennen's Talcum. A million shavers use Mennen's Shaving Cream. Mennen's Tar Shampooing Cream and Cold Cream are household needs.

GERHARD MENNEN CHEMICAL CO.
42 Orange St., Newark, N. J.

Please send me a sample of Mennen's Kora-Konia. I enclose 10 cents.

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VICTORY *Penny-Buns*

Delicious—Nutritious

A Penny Each

GO do this now, before you forget it: Buy a dozen Victory Penny-Buns at your bake shop. See how plump, tender, luscious raisins have made this Victory bread delightful.

Let children and grown-ups try these buns. Hear them call for more. You will want Penny-Buns with raisins on your table daily once you learn how good they are.

No Sugar, No Lard—33% Wheat Savers

The flavory raisins give to Penny-Buns a delicious, natural sweetening. No sugar is required.

The formula calls for vegetable oil instead of lard, and 33⅓ oat or barley flour to save the wheat.

Victory Penny-Buns are exceeding food regulations in order to help the country save.

They are further savers of fat because they are good without butter. Taste them without and see.

Help Your Baker—Order Now

Tell your baker a day ahead how many Victory Penny-Buns you want. That will help him in his efforts to bake economically. Tell him now that you want a dozen tomorrow, so you'll be sure to try these enticing buns.

Made with Sun-Maid Raisins

Much of the flavor of Victory Penny-Buns is due to Sun-Maid Raisins. These raisins are made from a juicy, thin-skinned variety of California grapes. Their flavor permeates the buns. These raisins will win you not only to these buns but to the Sun-Maid brand for home use.

California Raisin Pie

Ask at restaurants, lunch rooms and hotels for California Raisin Pie made with Sun-Maid Raisins. You can buy it at many bake shops and grocers, to serve for dessert at home.

California Raisin Bread

Bakers and grocers everywhere sell this luscious bread made with Sun-Maid Raisins. Don't go to the trouble of baking at home; order a loaf today.

SUN-MAID Raisins

For "Luxury Flavors" in Low-Cost, War-Time Foods

TRY Sun-Maid Raisins with your boiled rice; in Indian Pudding, Bread Pudding, Jiffy-Jells and other jelly desserts. Use them in fruit salads, stew them with prunes; serve Sun-Maid Raisin Corn Bread.

These dishes are made in most localities at a cost of 1c to 4c per serving including the Sun-Maid Raisins. Thus "luxury flavors" may be enjoyed while you keep the food bills down.

Remember, too, that raisins are rich in energizing food value—furnishing 1560 calories per pound.

So when you better the flavor you also increase the nutrition of the foods you make with raisins.

Send for "100 Sun-Maid Recipes" in a beautiful new FREE book.

Raisins in candy save sugar—ask for Raisin Candies.

ALL first-class dealers sell SUN-MAID Raisins. Order a package now. Three varieties: Seeded (seeds removed), blue package. Seedless (grown without seeds), red package. Clusters (on the stem), blue package.

California Associated Raisin Co.

Membership 9000 Growers Fresno, California

HIS MARK

(Continued from Page 16)

She had the simple faith to believe that his word was sufficient, and that by her need of him they had been able to tear aside the dark veil which falls between us and our beloved dead.

When it rained she could not go; and sometimes her heavy tasks kept her so late that she would steal out of the house in the black of night and find her way unfalteringly to the tryst. She was never too tired to go, and she always returned with reassurance and peace. Andrew, troubled, spoke to his mother about it:

"If pa ketches sis runnin' off down there to the pasture he'll stop it. What makes her set such store about goin' down to that spooky old place anyway?"

"I don't know," answered Mary Fleetwood. "I reckon she takes comfort out of it because she used to meet Chet down there. Try to keep pa from gettin' hold of it, Andy; he's got such a spite on her now it makes me heartsore."

"He's kinder to the cattle than he is to his own children," said Andy rebelliously. "I reckon he figures that cattle brings good money and children won't sell. He counts all our work just our duty to him. The things he piles on sis is a shame! An' yet she gets through it better'n you'd think; she's so puny to look at."

It was true. All the work her father piled on Lidie did not break her. Instead, she seemed to thrive on it. Her skin took on a lovely ruddiness, and her slender wrists and neck rounded and strengthened healthily. She had never been laughing and lively—no human creature near Wesley Fleetwood could be so; yet she was not sad. And she listened to her father's invective as one remote, almost not understanding.

"You dumb thing!" he shouted at her in rage one day. "Don't goggle at me's if y' didn't have good sense. Bein' married to Chet Owens has made y' almost as big a zany as he was. I s'pose y'aint forgot how to write y'r name yet? You ain't got down to makin' y'r mark, with all the schoolin' I gave ye?"

That was at breakfast. Later Lidie stood by her mother as they worked the butter. Each golden lump was tossed deftly between the palms to shape it, and thrown on the scales; then, having been brought to the exact pound weight, it was dropped into the mold and carefully pressed out in a square brick, with the double sheaf of wheat in high relief upon it. The finished prints lay on long platters waiting to be carried to the dairy. The two women had brought the work to the porch, to get the air and to be near the pump. Lidie watched her mother with a new look as she bent to get more cool water.

There was something almost girlish in the curve of her body as she leaned to the pump's heavy handle. For the first time in her life, Lidie saw her mother as another woman—one who had been young, like herself, and like herself had loved and happily put on the golden circlet of her wedding ring. And yet—there was something wrong with the picture.

"Mother," she asked, "was pa the way he is—when you got married?"

It was deep calling to deep; a woman's heart to a woman's heart—not the teasing question of a child to its parent. Mary Fleetwood responded in kind.

"Yes, he was," she said defiantly, swinging the bucket of water to the table. "An' his father was like that before him. None of the Fleetwoods but is hard an' stingy an' ugly-tempered."

"Well, why then," pursued Lidie wonderingly, "why, f'r pity's sake, did y'ever take him?"

Her mother poured the cold water on the butter and, reaching in with both hands, took off another lump to be molded.

"Because I was a fool!" she said tersely. "I thought I c'd make him do my way. I thought I c'd manage 'im. He was dead set on gettin' me an' I thought he was in love with me. We hadn't been married a week before I knew he wanted me because he thought I was the best cook and washer in the neighborhood. An' when I tried to get him to spend a little money here and there I might's well've tried to root out that tulip tree yonder with my bare hands."

She closed her lips tightly, as if there were things she could not trust herself to tell.

"Poor mother!" said Lidie softly. "It wa'n't that way with Chet an' me. I wisht you'd had it easier."

There was a space of silence while both women worked mechanically, absorbed in their separate trains of thought.

"Mother," began Lidie again, "why do you reckon pa makes so much about Chet not being able to read an' write? What if he couldn't do nothin' but make his mark? I don't care. But pa keeps throwin' that up to me like it was somethin' shameful."

"Because he can't find nothin' else in Chet Owens to pick at," said her mother fiercely.

"Chet Owens was a good man, and y'r pa knows it; an' he takes that one thing because he can't say he wasn't honest and decent and kind and a hard worker. Yes, an' he come from as good people as the Fleetwoods; though y'r pa won't own it."

"Well," said Lidie meditatively, "I'm not goin' to stand so much more of it. Chet wouldn't want me to, I know."

"Now don't you go to provokin' y'r pa or try to stand up against his wrath," said her mother in alarm. "He's like a wild man when he's crossed. He scares me! I'm afraid he'll do somethin' terrible. Let him be, Lidie—just don't you listen to him."

Lidie shook her head with soft stubbornness.

"He oughtn't to keep on throwin' that up against Chet," she said. "He was a better man th'n pa, even if he did only make his mark. I used to tease 'im sometimes," she went on. "I remember once when he was givin' somebody a receipt f'r some money that was paid to 'im an' he called me to write his name. But the man said it wouldn't be legal if I signed it, an' Chet laughed an' made a great big black cross mark. 'There!' he says. 'Does that suit ye better?' An' after the man had gone we was jokin' about it. Chet was always jokin' about somethin'."

She smiled and an elusive dimple played softly in her cheek. Her mother gazed at her yearningly.

"She never was so pretty in all her life before," she thought. "Oh, my blessed lamb! If I could just get her outa this house o' bitterness an' wrath —— Y'r pa wants to drive in to church Sunday," she said aloud. "It's Harvest Home, an' he's set on takin' some of the corn from the upper field—it's so unusual big. Soon's we get done here you'd better iron out y'r white dress. He'll want you to look neat."

"Yes," said Lidie; "pa wants everybody to look neat s'long as it don't cost him nothing in either money or work. There, mother—I'm not going to say no more. You an' I—we got each other, ain't we!"

She dropped her smooth cheek against her mother's withered one and they smiled at each other a little embarrassedly, for caresses had never been a part of the Fleetwood family life.

Later her mother heard the thump of the flatiron and Lidie's voice humming in high, sweet, childish tones an old hymn:

"Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish;
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal."

Mary Fleetwood's tireless hands paused for a moment at their task. A flash of prescience thrilled her painfully.

"If I was only sure her pa wasn't goin' to plan an' devise more trouble f'r her!" she murmured to herself. "But he won't never be able to bear it when he can't make her tremble before him any more. O Lord, I pray thee, shield my poor child and hold back Wes Fleetwood's cruel hand. Not but what," she added grimly, "that isn't most too much to expect, even from the Lord."

That the Lord might have aid in the protection she had prayed for, she determined to keep a strict watch on Lidie and forestall any small chance that might bring her father's dire anger upon her; but at the last moment, when they were to start for the Harvest Home service, however, she missed her, and it was too late to summon her in secret.

"Where's that girl?" demanded Wesley Fleetwood, standing straight and grim beside the mud-splashed covered wagon that was to take them to church. Without waiting for an answer he lifted up his voice in imperative calling: "Lidie! Step lively!"

But for a moment no Lidie appeared. Andy and his mother exchanged looks of foreboding, and even James was uneasy. Lidie's absence was treason, heresy and schism. (Continued on Page 51)

Garters that don't bind!

When you wear Ivory Garters you only know you have garters on because your socks are properly held up without wrinkling—*Ivorys gird your legs so gently!*

Ivorys' scientific "direct hold" eliminates binding and frees your legs from dull pains, from irritated nerves, from unnecessary tiredness. In fact, Ivorys are a comfort revelation that you will never fully realize *until you put on a pair!*

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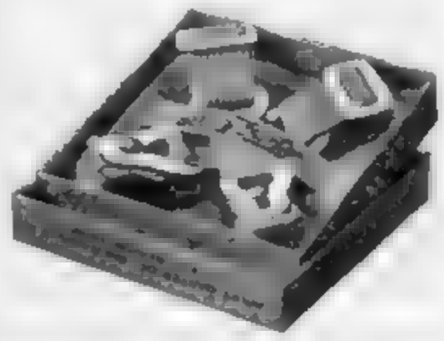


Ivorys are made in popular colors. Mercerized and silk, 35c to 70c. Buy Ivorys where they sell men's wear.

IVORY GARTER CO.
New Orleans, U. S. A.

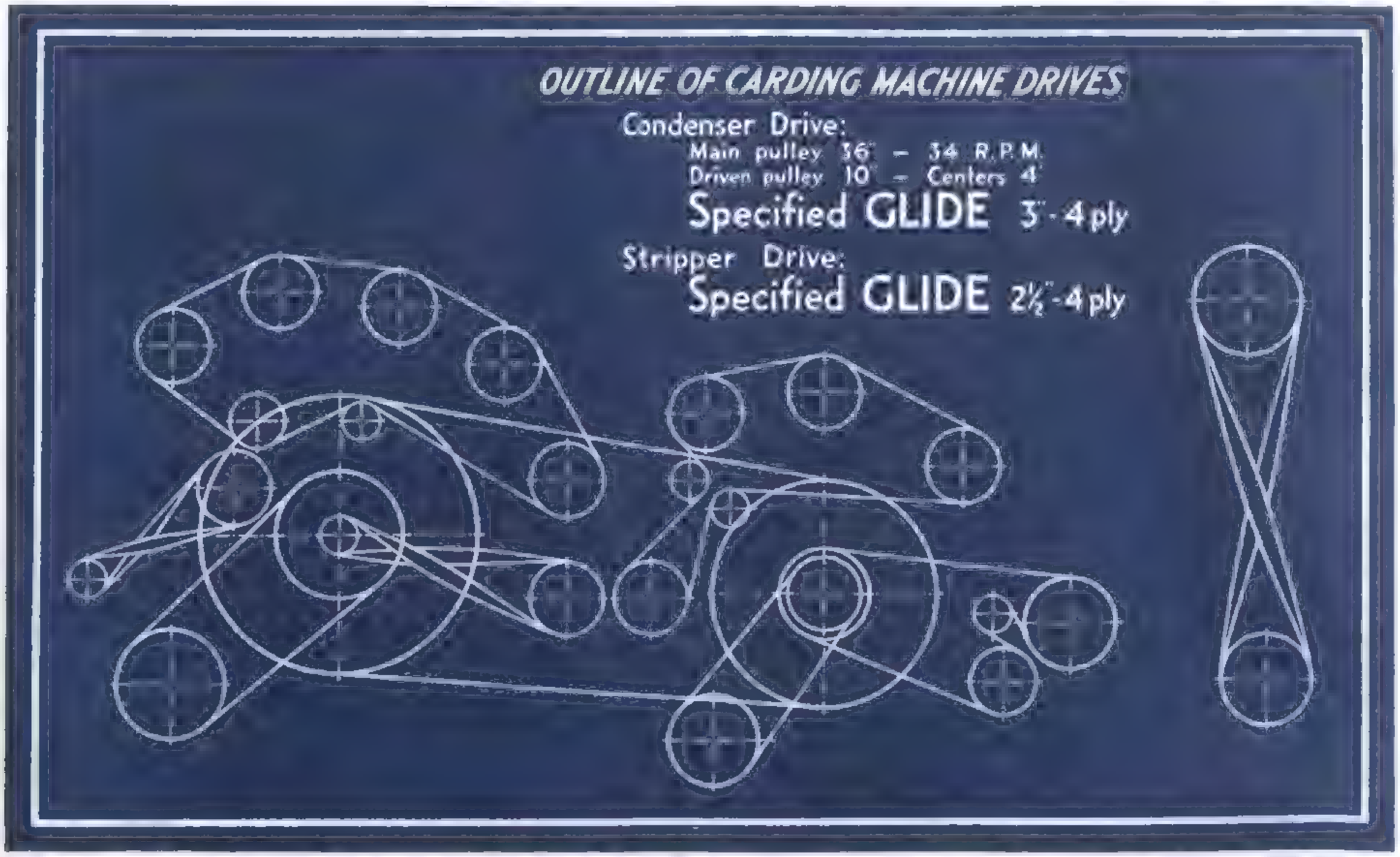
Beautiful Blabon Art Floors

The picture above shows three different patterns of Blabon Art Linoleums in as many different rooms. Blabon floors make hardwood floors unnecessary—and they cost less! With or without rugs, they are equally beautiful. Unlike wood floors, you can have them in a great variety of colors and designs to harmonize with your decorative scheme. It is wise to remember, also, that Blabon floors are more economical, more sanitary, more durable than carpets or rugs—and easier to keep clean! Send for illustrated booklet.

Important Notice:—Floor-coverings made upon a felt paper base are not linoleum. Such felt paper products have a black interior which is easily detected upon examining the edge of the fabric.

Established 67 years — The George W Blabon Company — Philadelphia

BLABON ART Linoleums


OUTLINE OF CARDING MACHINE DRIVES
Condenser Drive:
Main pulley 36" — 34 R.P.M.
Driven pulley 10" — Centers 4'
Specified GLIDE 3"-4 ply
Stripper Drive:
Specified GLIDE 2½"-4 ply

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Those Carding-Machine Drives and the G. T. M.

It all started with the condenser drive on the carding machine—small, but the most amazing belt-devourer in the mill. After trying cheap belts, the most expensive were bought—both caused trouble and in the long run cost too much. The G. T. M.—Goodyear Technical Man—came, told about the Goodyear plan of plant analysis—of studying each drive and prescribing the proper belt. They put the condenser drive up to him. His service was free, and something had to be done.

What the G. T. M. Did—He studied that drive. He noted that oil from the cards dripped on the belt—that two flanged idler-pulleys, controlled by the machine operator, were used to reduce extreme slippage in starting—that the driving pulley was 36 inches, running at 34 r.p.m.—that the driven pulley was only 10 inches—the horsepower 10. He put on the Goodyear Belt designed for just these conditions—the Glide—put up a small metal guard to reduce the oil-drippage and *took off the idlers.*

It Worked—Production on that machine increased 30 per cent. After four months the belt had never been tightened or touched in any way and was still maintaining the 30 per cent increase. Its predecessors wore out in less time and required two or three tightenings. The company ordered similar belts for other plants. They had the G. T. M. make an analysis of all their drives—and followed his recommendations. Their belting costs are going down—and production up.

Try It—Ask for a G. T. M. to analyze your drives. Then test his work by using the Goodyear belt prescribed for your worst belt-devourer. The results you get will be our compensation, for we believe that they will bring orders for belting other drives of yours according to the recommendations of the G. T. M.'s plant analysis.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY
AKRON, OHIO

BELTING · PACKING · HOSE · VALVES

GOODYEAR

AKRON

(Continued from Page 49)

"Lemme call her," ventured Andy. "She can't be fur."

"I didn't speak to you," said his father, turning on him furiously. "Hold your mouth! Lidie! You hear me!"

It was only a moment or two, but it seemed an eternity to the squirming boys and the fearful woman; yet presently she came, holding up her white ruffled skirt and running lightly along the lane from the barn.

"Where was you and what was you doing?" asked her father, and the words were a lash.

"I was—I was down at the bars," faltered Lidie, out of breath and confused.

He made a motion with his hand as if he was going to take the whip out of its socket and strike her.

"What was you doing? Answer me!" he went on.

Lidie looked beyond him and saw her mother's terrified eyes and the scared lads. Forthwith guile entered into her, as it enters at some time or other into every woman who has to deal with a brutal, cruel man.

"Why, pa," she said innocently, "I was after the old guinea hen—the one you said we'd got to find her nest. I saw her sneaking off just when I was ready and I followed her, and she led me furder than I'd any idea. Then I heard you calling and I ran all the way up."

Even Wesley Fleetwood could not find fault in an answer so reasonable, or with a daughter who was obeying one of his express commands. Fortunately it did not occur to him to doubt her, and he suffered her to climb into the wagon beside her mother in silence. Indeed, if she had told him the exact truth he would not have found it possible to believe her, so alien was it to his mind and understanding; for Lidie with particular care had dressed herself early in the white dress and taken the way to the bars to tell Chet something that seemed to her of infinite importance. She had gone eagerly, as she had been used to go in summers past.

"Chet, honey," she said tenderly, once she had arrived at the trysting place, "this here's my weddin' dress I've got on. You always liked so to see me wear it, I come to show it to you. I ain't had it on since you went away from me, and I couldn't bear to go off to church in it and not tell you. I'll always keep it, Chet; and I'm always your wife—you know it, don't you? Only you mustn't never leave me and get far away from me—I couldn't stand that, Chet! It's hard enough as it is—harder than I ever dreamt anything could be. But I c'n bear it s'long as you keep your promise and stay near me."

And then her father's voice had snatched away her precious moment, as a swift cloud, close at hand, may suddenly obscure the glorious far fire we call the sun. She looked at the back of his narrow, gray-thatched head as they drove along and was glad she had tricked him. Furtively she patted her mother's hand, as reassurance; and then she sat back very quietly.

No one spoke during that four-mile drive to the church. Now and then Andrew called the attention of Lidie and his mother by a quick gesture to something significant along the way—a covey of young partridges crouched in the weeds in a rail-fence corner; a wild grapevine loaded with fruit a little back from the road in the woods; a neighbor's newly whitewashed house and shade trees; an oddly built straw shack; a flame of cardinal flowers along a marshy brook. Once, when he saw a squirrel run blithely across the road ahead, he almost cried out with excitement, but managed to hold it in. It was an event for all of them to get away from home for a few hours; and to Andy, hungry for change and diversion, it was rare entertainment.

At the church the tension relaxed somewhat. Friends greeted them and the long silence was broken. Wesley Fleetwood, though known to be "near," was also known to be a man of substance and, therefore, not to be slighted. People of the community thought it was a pity that his wife did not manage him better and bring him out more. She was blamed for their isolation more than he, for away from his family he could feign a complacency that passed him as a man of no unusual temper. His farming was known to be the best; and now, when he brought out the great ears of gold and silver corn, to be laid at the foot of the altar with the other offerings, there was a murmur of admiration round the very church doors.

The bell above them sounded a long-drawn, quavering, calling note and they went inside. In the pew in front of them sat Millie Willis and her brother, both schoolmates of Lidie's, and both unabashed creatures who turned and nodded greetings as the Fleetwood family sat down. Tom Willis' eyes lingered on Lidie in frank pleasure, and Millie leaned over and whispered loudly:

"I been tryin' to get over t' see you."

Lidie nodded to them both in confused comprehension, instantly glancing at her father to see what he was making of this friendly demonstration. Apparently he had not cared to notice or reprehend it, and she sank back into her place with a sigh of relief. The parson's entrance into the pulpit saved her from any further notice by the friendly Willises.

After the long service was over, however, the brother and sister again acclaimed her.

"We're comin' over real soon," said Millie, a high-colored, flavorable creature. "Farm work's kind of slack now it's too early to husk corn or plow for wheat or plan about butcherin'; so I says to Tom that we might's well get round an' see a few of the neighbors. Lidie"—the kind creature's voice dropped a little and she clutched Lidie's hand warmly—"I'm—I'm awful sorry!"

The tone and the handclasp brought swift tears to Lidie's eyes.

"You're real good, Millie," she replied huskily, and then, in defense and explanation, added whisperingly: "Pa, he wasn't willing I should wear black."

She knew Millie Willis would spread that word and the countryside would not find her neglectful of Chet's memory.

"Well, of all the ——" began Millie, and checked herself as swiftly. "You pore thing! I'm comin' over real soon!" she finished determinedly.

"What d'you think of that, Tom?" she said, turning back to her brother as the Fleetwoods, under their father's summoning frown, hurried out. "Old Wes Fleetwood won't let Lidie wear no black for Chet! I always knew he was mean; but that's downright inhuman, I say."

"Yes; it's mean," said Tom soberly. "But, good Lord, ain't she purty—Lidie? She's kind of all bloomed out. I'm just's well pleased she ain't all smothered up in crêpe for Chet Owens."

"Oho! The wind sets in that quarter, does it?" said Millie, rallying him. "Well, I'd never say you nay, Tom—you know that. We've got along mighty well keepin' house together ever since pa an' ma died; but I don't want you to be an old bach no more'n I want to be an old maid. So, put that in your pipe and smoke it."

"Then I reckon there ain't no harm in my goin' along when you make that journey to the Fleetwoods'," said Tom; and the subject was dropped with complete understanding between them.

The object of their speculation was all unconscious of it. But she thought of Millie's friendliness and her promise, and spoke of it to her mother the next morning when, breakfast over, dishes hurriedly cleared away, they bent together over the washtubs of Monday.

"I hope Millie does come," said Lidie. "Pa's not down on her and Tom same's he is on most of the young folks that used to come before Chet an' me got married."

"No; the Willises' place was willed to Tom—that's why," said her mother shrewdly. "Not many young chaps round here's so well off."

There was an implication in the tone that Lidie did not miss.

"Oh, mother," she said, dropping back into the suds the garment she was wringing and standing straight, "even pa, he wouldn't dare —— An' Chet not four months gone! But it wouldn't make no difference to me if it was four years—or four hundred years. I wouldn't marry again—not if it was a king!"

Mary Fleetwood sighed profoundly.

"There's no use borryin' trouble," she said. "You got enough as 'tis. But your pa was mighty set on y' makin' a good match before you an' Chet —— I usta think he had his eye on Tom Willis. But there—don't let's go over it. Only yesterday, I kind of suspected, when he didn't make no fuss after he got home about you bein' late to start—I—well, I got it in my mind that the sight of the Willises put notions in his head again."

Lidie stooped and picked out a piece of the clothes and wrung it out deftly, with quick, sure, rounded gestures, and dropped it into the waiting rinsing water.

(Continued on Page 53)

A Face Powder You Will Like

When a face powder can continue to retain its popularity for over fifty years, it must possess unusual merit.

Swan Down is the favorite powder of millions of women today, just as it was the choice of pretty girls who danced the minuet in grandmother's younger days.

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TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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is made from the same pure ingredients and with the same care and skill, as it was when it captured the first prize at the Centennial Exposition in 1876.

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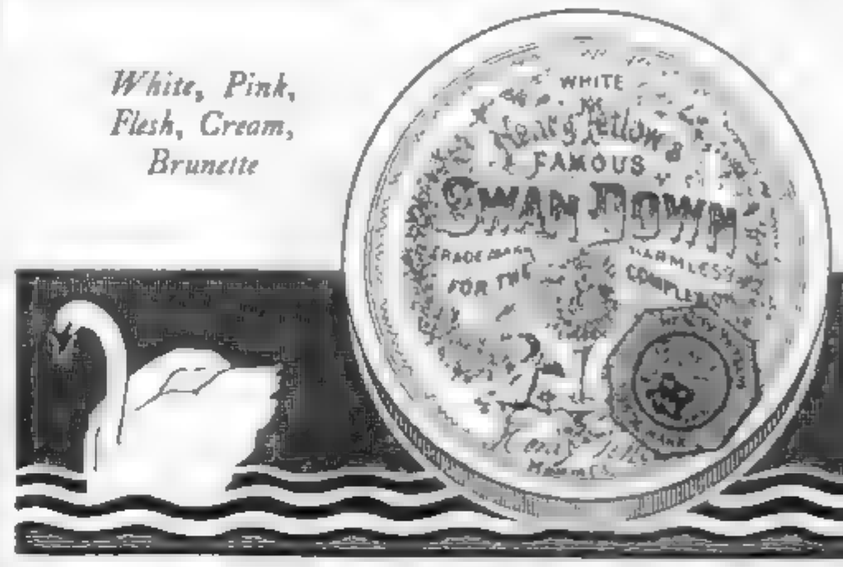

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"I've won — the last cake's mine"

DOWN to their last Aunt Jemima pancake—all that remains of a big, heaping plateful!

Both eager to have it, but each insistent that the other shall take it, they settle the argument with the flip of a coin—and then go "fifty-fifty" on the cake!

Oh, the hunger-provoking, mouth-watering appeal of Aunt Jemima pancakes! How they *do* tempt—and satisfy—the appetite!

Ready in a jiffy—anywhere

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Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour is *complete*—with even the sweet milk ready mixed in it and so rich it needs no eggs. Just add water—and in two short minutes the pancakes are ready, piping-hot on the table.

Aunt Jemima is just the thing for all your fishing and outdoor trips, at summer camp or cottage. Compactly put up, it requires little storage room, and the heavy cardboard carton keeps out all moisture.

Tender, fragrant, golden-brown Aunt Jemima Pancakes! One whiff of their tantalizing fragrance, one satisfying taste, and you'll know why 120 million Aunt Jemima breakfasts were served last year. Aunt Jemima Mills Company, St. Joseph, Missouri.

For the best waffles and muffins you've ever tasted—make them with this flour. Easy recipes on the package

To conserve wheat for war purposes Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour is now made of a fine, rich blend of flours other than wheat, so that you may enjoy this delicious and nourishing breakfast morning after morning with a clear conscience

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

AUNT JEMIMA PANCAKE FLOUR

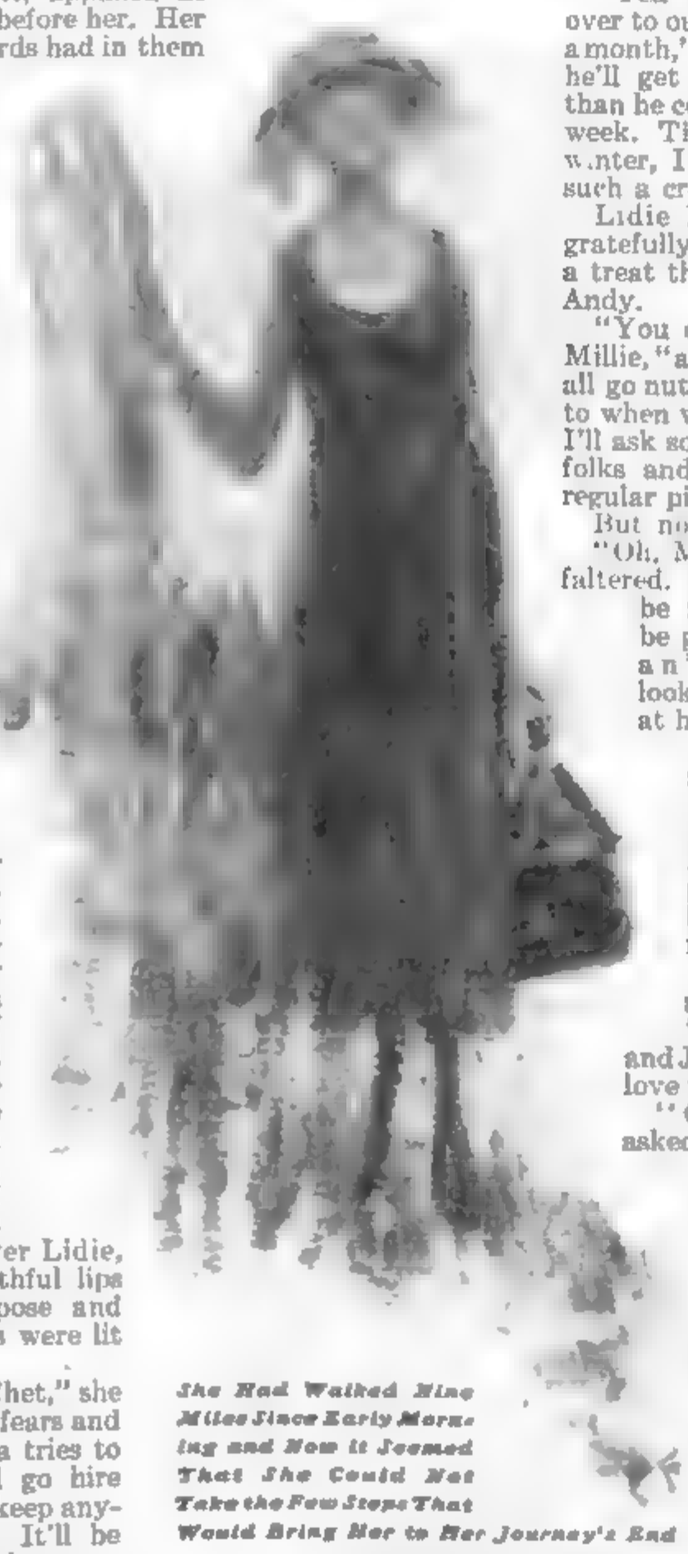
© 1918, Aunt Jemima Mills Company, St. Joseph, Mo.

(Continued from Page 51)

"When I married Chet Owens," she said, and she seemed to be addressing someone far beyond her mother, "I didn't marry him f'r his lifetime, but f'r mine. S'long as I draw the breath of life I'm his wife; an' I wouldn't no more think of taking another husband than's if he was standin' here beside me." Her voice rang with passion and she flung out her bare arm defiantly.

"Well—well!" said her mother soothingly. "I reckon I was foolish to speak of it. Very likely it wasn't nothin' but my fancy."

And she said no more; but the thought had stirred Lidie to the depths of her soul. She brooded over it, appalled at the vista it opened before her. Her mother's chance words had in them a germ of truth that she could not fail to see. Tom Willis had been in the first stages of attraction to her before she had run away with Chet; and she knew it, as every girl knows such things. But the rushlight of Tom's interest could not be seen by her in the flame of her love for the other, and her widowhood had but made this flame burn more steadily, more strongly.



She Had Walked Nine Miles Since Early Morning and Now It Seemed That She Could Not Take the Few Steps That Would Bring Her to Her Journey's End

For the first time in her life Lidie found herself determining on a high and independent course of action. In the yellow dusk she took her determination to her ghostly tryst. This was not the Lidie of clinging hands and dependent spirit—or the Lidie of the wedding dress, which she must show as a sign and symbol of her devotion. This was an older, graver Lidie, whose curving youthful lips were set with purpose and whose childlike eyes were lit with resolution.

"I'll not bear it, Chet," she said, talking out her fears and her scruples. "If pa tries to put this on me I'll go hire out. I can earn my keep anywhere—I know it. It'll be awful for mother to have me go; but I can't help it. You're more to me than anything—I ain't got nothing but you, an' you I'll cling to whilst the world stands. There ain't no man in the world for me but you; nor ever was. I'm your wife—an' nothin' else. Stay with me, Chet—I need you now worse than I ever have. Stay with me!"

She held out her arms as if she would force him to come to them; and then she dropped her hands on the top rail of the stile and, gripping it, looked long into the sunset. But at the last she went away comforted. Chet's strength was still ready at her need. She knew it.

Yet, when the week rolled round and the next Sunday afternoon brought Tom and Millie in their resplendent new buggy, Lidie could not receive them without constraint. She was glad to see them, but she wished they had not come. They threatened her peace of mind—she divined it with a new and keener intuition. She could hardly ask them in; but they did not seem to notice.

"You see, I kept my word," said Millie, giving Lidie a hearty kiss. "An' Tom, here, he wasn't going to be left at home whilst I went gadding, he said."

"I sh'd say not!" declared Tom. "Seems like old times to drive over here on a Sunday afternoon. Lidie"—with a little embarrassment—"you ought to give Millie the recipe f'r the color on them cheeks of yours."

"I reckon Millie's cheeks suits her bettern'n mine," said Lidie coolly.

"Now, Lidie," laughed Millie, "you know brothers—they never can see how good-lookin' their sisters is. I'll bet Andy an' James don't pass you no compliments no more'n Tom does to me. But they'll pass 'em fast enough to somebody else's sister soon's they get a little older. Where are they, anyhow? I always said Andy was my beau, an' I surely would like to see him. What a great tall boy he's gettin' to be! I noted it as he come into church last Sunday."

"They went f'r a little walk," said Lidie, thawing visibly, now that Tom's admiration was passed by. "They wanted to see what the prospects is for chestnuts."

"Tell Andy to come over to our grove in about a month," said Tom, "and he'll get more chestnuts than he could pick up in a week. There'll be a hard winter, I expect; there's such a crop o' nuts set."

Lidie looked at him gratefully. She knew what a treat this would be for Andy.

"You come too," said Millie, "and James. We'll all go nuttin' like we used to when we was children. I'll ask some other young folks and we'll make a regular picnic."

But now Lidie shrank. "Oh, Millie—no!" she faltered. "I—it wouldn't be right f'r me to be goin' on picnics; an' ——" She looked beseechingly at her friend.

"I forgot," said Millie, contritely grave. "Of course not! I'm a headless piece, Lidie; you know I didn't mean no harm."

"Oh, I know," said Lidie. "Andy—Andy and James would just love to go."

"Go where?" asked Wesley Fleetwood, coming suddenly into the living room. "How-do, Millie? How-do, Tom? Pleased to see you. Where was it you wanted Andy and James to go?"

He was smiling at them in a way intended, no doubt, to be pleasant and hospitable. Afterward Millie Willis told Tom it made her think of a wild cat's grin. She answered him with a little confusion, disconcerted by the question and his unexpected appearance.

"Oh, Tom thought the boys might like to go chestnuttin' a little later over in our grove, Mr. Fleetwood," she said, and then went on losing her wits and blundering into things she did not mean to say. "I'd 'a' liked to get up a little picnic, but Lidie, here, can't go."

"Lidie can't go?" said her father, still smiling that peculiar feral smile. "Why not?"

Good-hearted Millie became still more fussed and, turning red, blurted out the truth.

"It wouldn't hardly look right, she thinks," she said, "she bein' so lately a widow ——"

She hesitated, struck by the glance of singular ferocity Wesley Fleetwood turned on her.

"Is that so?" he said. "I shouldn't think that needed to stop Lidie. The less she takes on about Chet Owens, the better pleased I'll be."

"It don't make no difference whether she takes on or not, sir," said Tom, angrily coming to the rescue; "but folks'll talk if she goes out in company before a year's up, anyway. Lidie's in the right of it."

"I reckon we'd better be goin'," said Millie, getting up precipitately. "It looks

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Find that out. And find which tastes best in each way of serving.

All Puffed Grains—Rice, Wheat or Corn—are airy, toasted bubbles.

All are steam-exploded.

And a fearful heat brings out in each a most delightful flavor.

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Puffed Rice **Puffed Wheat** **Corn Puffs**

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Each 15c—Except in Far West

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Any Puffed Grain tastes like bubbled nut meats

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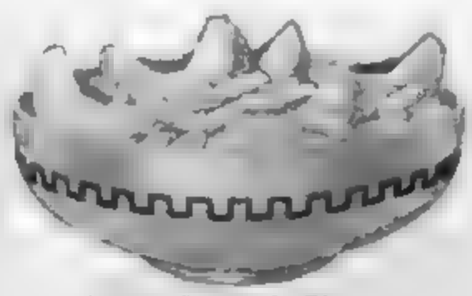


Mixed With Fruit

The Rice or Corn is considered most delightful.

On Ice Cream

Or in candy making, the Rice or Corn seems daintiest.

like a storm coming, to me. I said so as we drove up, Tom—remember?"

"Stay to supper, won't yer?" asked Wesley Fleetwood blandly. "We'd be pleased to have you. Lidie's mournin' needn't prevent that, I presume."

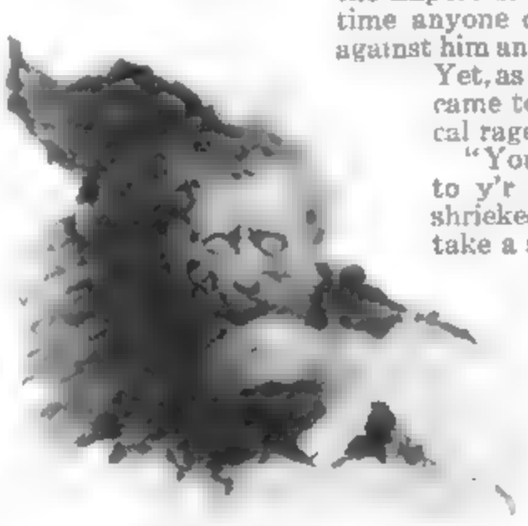
"No, sir; I guess not," said Tom. "I think we better get on home."

He shook Lidie's cold hand, and Millie flung her arms about the girl and kissed her, and then brother and sister took themselves off in haste.

"Gosh! I hate to go," groaned Tom Willis as he helped Millie into the buggy. "I feel as if I was leavin' her in a trap, with somethin' standin' ready to strike her, an' she helpless."

"I just hate old Wes Fleetwood!" said Millie in reply. "But I don't believe we'd make things any better if we stayed. He's an awful man! My, his eyes make me think of a mad dog's!"

Within the little room they left behind, Lidie and her father faced each other; and the storm, though not the storm Millie had foreseen, broke.



"What's That?" He Screamed. "What Y' Doin'? Wha ——"

"So, miss," said Wesley Fleetwood sneeringly, "you can't go out an' gather a few chestnuts with decent well-brought-up young folks because it wouldn't be showin' proper respect to Chet Owens' memory!"

Lidie did not answer; but she did not cower before him.

"Oh, Wesley! Wesley, don't!" begged Mary Fleetwood, wringing her hands; but it was as if she had not spoken.

"A nice decent young feller like Tom Willis, who can read an' write, ain't to be thought of by the widow of a man who couldn't do nothin' but make his mark, then! He ain't good enough, I suppose. Answer me!"

"Tom Willis ain't asked me to marry him," said Lidie bravely. "An' I don't suppose he ever thought of such a thing. But if he did ——" She paused and grew deathly white, but went on: "If he asked me—I wouldn't have him!"

"You wouldn't! You wouldn't!" cried Wesley Fleetwood, his face working curiously as he lashed himself into the heights of anger. "You good-fer-nothin' little piece of dirt! You wouldn't have a man that's a dozen times too good f'r y', because you oncet had the proud honor of bein' the wife of the lowest-down poor white trash that could be scraped up in the whole county! I'm sick an' tired of y'r fool notions an' y'r goin' round with y'r head up in the air; an' y'r keepin' y'rself to y'rself an' makin' believe you was better than anybody round y'. I'm bent and determined to take that ugly spirit out of y'. An' the first man that looks at y' an' wants y', be he Tom Willis or any other that's fit, you'll marry him—or I'll thrash you like you was ten years old!"

"I won't ever marry anybody," said Lidie very slowly. "An'—an' you better not lay the weight of y'r finger on me, pa!"

She said the words as if without her own volition. And, indeed, something stronger than herself held her safe and sure against her father's threats. She could feel Chet Owens' mighty arms round her, his promise to protect her upholding her; and in the silence that fell after she had spoken there was nothing ominous to her.

Wesley Fleetwood licked his lips and stared at her as if, at first, he did not get the import of her words. It was the first time anyone of his family had stood out against him and he could scarcely believe it.

Yet, as the certainty of what she said came to him, he shook with maniacal rage.

"You darst to speak thataway to y'r own father?" He almost shrieked the words. "By God, I'll take a strap to y' now! I'll ——"

He came toward her in a blind rush of anger; and, just as his hands would have fallen upon her, the room was filled with the sound of rushing winds and powerful unseen forces loosed in violence. Wesley Fleetwood crouched and faltered, shaking, his hands clawing at his face, his arms thrown up.

"What's that?" he screamed. "What y' doin'? Wha——" His voice died in his throat in a long, unearthly groan of anguish, and his rolling eyes suddenly became fixed in a ghastly stare across Lidie's shoulder where, on the wall, there hung a looking-glass.

"What's—what's that on—on my face?" he quavered; and, with the words, his head fell on one side and he dropped to his knees, his hands still blindly clawing and rubbing at his face. "God! I'm dyin'! Y'r—y'r killin' me!"

Now he was quite down; and with a last hoarse mutter of pain, he lay at their feet, twitchingly still.

After the first moment of horror, Lidie and Mary Fleetwood lifted him up and with heavy labor managed to get him on the lounge.

"Oh, mother! Oh, mother, what is it?" said Lidie, frantically rubbing his hands. "What is it?"

"He's had a stroke," said her mother, trying to open his collar and speaking with lips that were almost beyond control. "I always expected it some day when he got into one o' these awful mad spells. His father went the same way."

"But look! Look!" said Lidie. "What's that? What's that on his face?"

The two women ceased their terrified ministrations and clung together. Across the dying man's face there was a great red wheal, cross-shaped, standing out from the whitening flesh about it as clearly as though done with paint.

It was Chet Owens' mark.

PRISONERS OF HATE

(Continued from Page 13)

a few pages when Boom! came an appalling explosion, and a violent concussion of air shook my hotel like a heavy dynamite charge. It was a shell from the long-range German cannon, which shattered a church near by. At eleven-ten the loud wailing screams of the siren through the moonlit streets announced a Gotha raid, and presently the inner and the outer barrage of the Paris defense began a terrific bombardment. Whoo-oom! Whoo-oom!

It was a fitting accompaniment to the perusal of that drab-colored little pamphlet! For there I read of killing toil in coal galleries, where men slaved, naked to the waist, bent double, in a high temperature and insufficient air; I read of brutal servitude in coalpits, stone quarries, mines of salt and of lignite; of working prisoners at a distance of less than two kilometers behind the Franco-German lines, digging trenches and carrying up munitions; of prisoners driven to such labor by blows, by disciplinary tortures that took one back to the days of the Spanish Inquisition; I read of letters suppressed; parcels despoiled; of horrors of famine, disease, indescribable filth; of madness; of brutalities, deliberate, commanded, abominable; of deaths from violence, exposure, accident, disease—or sheer heaped-up human misery. It was a revelation infinitely dolorous.

Nevertheless I did not swallow whole the contents of that little book. It moved me, but it did not utterly convince. Its sincerity, its moderation, the brave attitude of the prisoner in the midst of incredible sufferings, I acknowledged; but I said: "This is an exceptional case; I cannot believe that the rank and file of Frenchmen captured by the Germans go through the hell that is here described." In other words I wanted what the lawyers term supporting, or corroborative, evidence.

Thus I put that report aside, and in the rush of the next few days I more or less forgot its contents. But one afternoon Madame F——, my mending woman, who has three sons at the Front, came to me with a glad face. She took me by the elbows, and with tears of joy raining down her face she exclaimed:

"My son—my son has escaped! He was a prisoner in Germany—in the mines of Westphalia—and he has escaped."

(Continued on Page 57)

"Also bacon and eggs for two"

Theroz MESS KIT

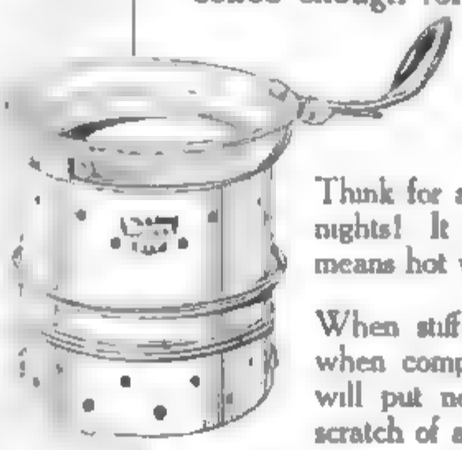
Patented March 26th, 1918

All of the army men who have seen a Theroz Mess Kit in action praise it enthusiastically. They know what it means to a wet and hungry soldier to have warm food and hot fresh coffee instead of cold. Plucky boys out in the trenches and often far away from the camp kitchen laugh and joke about their cold stew —"slum" they call it. But cold stew is no joke.

There is no reason why your boy, or any boy that you are interested in, should be compelled to eat cold food if you will get a Theroz Mess Kit for him.

The war department does not permit a soldier to carry an ounce of useless baggage, but every military authority who has seen the Theroz Mess Kit demonstrated has endorsed its adoption for all branches of the service. The Government has ordered Theroz Mess Kits as part of the equipment for Transport life-boats.

Typically American, it meets a great emergency need. In just seven minutes the triple decker Theroz Mess Kit furnishes piping hot soup, pork and beans and coffee enough for two hungry men. In another minute, the Kit fryer can be put into action by inverting the cover of one of the boilers. Crisp bacon, toasted cheese, or tinned sausage browned to a turn, will be ready in a jiffy.



As a Fryer

Think for a moment what it means to have a stimulating hot drink in the long trench nights! It saves many a chill and may prevent serious illness. In the morning, it means hot water for shaving.

When stiff and worn from exposure, when chilled to the bone from trench mud, when completely done from long hours of fighting, something *hot* to eat and drink will put new life into the soldier, and with Theroz there is no waiting. At the scratch of a match you will have the full intense heat.

Made of aluminum

Guy Empey says: "would have been a God-send to me"

ARTHUR GUY EMPEY
220 W 42ND STREET
NEW YORK CITY

May 10th, 1918.

Mr. Robert E. Adams,
President American Linseed Co.,
Woolworth Building, New York City.

My dear Mr. Adams:-

In answer to your letter in reference to the Theroz Mess Kit, I believe that every soldier in the service, whether doing duty in the United States or in the trenches of France, should have one.

I have carefully examined and tested this kit and think it a wonder. I know if I could have had one during my service in the trenches, it would have been a God-send to me. Our soldiers, especially at this time, receive so many useless presents,-things that are of absolutely no use to them,-that I would advise anyone who wishes to send a really useful and helpful article to a soldier, to send one of these kits.

It is very generous of you to send a Theroz Mess Kit to each of the fifty stars in your service flag, and I also appreciate your kindness in offering to send Kits to my friends in the service. I will surely take you up on it.

Yours very truly,

Arthur Guy Empey

Army Men Say

Lieut. Col. Holcomb, Q. M. C., who made the tests for the U. S. Army, writes: "It would be invaluable not only to soldiers but to civilians as well. **The device should by all means become part of the equipment of every soldier."**

George W. Pratt, Major Ord. R. C., writes: "Has been shown to **Col. E. D. Anderson** of the General Staff and **Gen. Babbitt** of Ordnance Dept., Equipment Div., and **Maj. Martin** of the Surgeon General's office, all of whom have examined the utensil in actual operation and have commended it."

You will want a Theroz Mess Kit for yourself, if you motor, sail, picnic, camp, or ever want hot lunches out of doors, or at odd hours. Theroz provides the perfect *safe* way of heating babies' milk, or boiling water any hour of the day or night.

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are made by an absolutely new and patented process which converts liquid alcohol into a solid cube. Theroz is the safest, quickest and hottest emergency fuel known. It can't go liquid while burning, can't upset and spill, can't explode. Theroz Cubes will be for sale back of both the United States and Canadian lines.

Size set up, 6 1/4 x 9 1/4 inches

Heats Can of Beans or Spaghetti

Heats Can of Soup or Stew Piping Hot

Boils One Pint Coffee

2 Theroz Cubes in Burner

All the Service in Seven Minutes

X Ray of Theroz Mess Kit in Action

$5.00

Complete including 20 Cubes. At your dealer's, or if he will not supply you, sent direct prepaid. In Canada $6.00 East and $6.50 West.

Theroz Mess Kit—nested (3½ in. x 6¾ in.) Weighs less than 2 lbs.

To Dealers: **Theroz Mess Kit wherever introduced in Department, Drug and Hardware Stores and Sporting Goods and Specialty Houses has attracted immediate attention, and already proved to be a fast selling article whose great strength lies in the fact that it is at once a necessity and a luxury. If not on sale yet in your town send for terms and descriptive booklet.**

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(Continued from Page 54)

All the night they had sat up together, hand in hand, while he recounted the details of his life behind the veil over there. Now he intended to rest up a few days, and then he was going straight back to rejoin his regiment on the Somme. Recalling my chance encounter in the Métro, and the statements of that drab-colored report, I probed her concerning her son's prison experience—hours of work, food, discipline, punishments; and in every detail unconsciously she confirmed the evidence in that little book.

"But I shall send my son to talk with you himself," she suggested. "He can tell you better than I about all these things."

"No," I said. "I don't want to see him. I don't want to hear any more individual accounts of German brutalities from escaped prisoners—not yet. They don't mean anything in the end. Not unless you catalogue them and run down their pedigrees. People discount and forget them. They say they're not so; that they're not typical; that they've been exaggerated by the press. What I shall do is to go to the French Ministry of War, obtain their formal documents, visits of inspectors in German prison camps, sworn affidavits of prisoners, reports of doctors, international agreements, reports of the Spanish and Swiss Ambassadors on the subject; and then—then we shall know exactly where we stand. But ask your son one thing from me: Were there any American prisoners in his camp?"

"Yes, yes!" she exclaimed eagerly. "There were! *Les pauvres malheureux!*"

"Why do you call them that?" I asked sharply. "Don't they receive the same treatment as the rest? Has your son told you anything—especial?"

She hesitated before she replied reluctantly: "My son says that the American prisoners are getting the same brutal treatment that the English got in 1914. You see, the boches hold the Americans responsible for the continuation of the war. They say Germany would have won the victory by now had it not been for the Americans. And so ——" She paused and murmured again, "*Les pauvres malheureux!*"

We stared at each other in silence.

That conversation settled me. I decided to learn the truth concerning Germany's policy in the treatment of her prisoners of war. But at the same time I was determined to accept nothing that was not authoritative; nothing except sworn depositions and affidavits and reports of the French Ministry of War. The truth, unheightened by exaggeration, uncolored by personal emotion, speaks louder than the German Big Bertha, which as I write still continues its grim punctuation; and it is the truth, in the end, which shall hurl Germany into the abyss.

When I went to the Ministry of War for exact information they turned over to me a bundle of documents that they had collected from time to time on the subject. Among them was the report in French of Doctor de Christmas, an eminent Danish physician, a neutral, whom the French Government had authorized to make a formal investigation among the French prisoners interned in or evacuated by way of Switzerland. It is significant to note that when Doctor de Christmas undertook this investigation he was pro-German in sympathies.

Typhus Allowed to Rage

With regard to this he says: "I am free to confess that I started this work with the idea that there had been many exaggerations in the tales of brutality as narrated by the French prisoners. I had spent some years in Germany before the war, at her best universities, and I had come to know and appreciate a Germany firmly disciplined but nevertheless humane; a Germany imbued with pride, it is true, but a pride that was justified by her strong organization, her immense scientific progress, by her commercial activity and her richness; and to me it seemed impossible that such a country should be able to commit such grave faults. How was it possible that a people so proud of its hygienic and sanitary organization should be so slack in the case of the terrible epidemics of typhus that ravaged the camps of Wittenberg, Cassel and Kottbus?

"They knew how this disease was transmitted and how it could be stopped, and yet they let this epidemic rage and gain such proportions that thousands died in the camps above named. Panic-stricken by the danger and the fear of contagion the German doctors fled. At Cassel they surrounded the camp with palisades, and neither German doctors, *infirmiers* nor employees remained inside; nourishment was passed in to the prisoners through the gates. It was not until the French and the Russian physicians organized the camp that the epidemic was finally stayed.

"Before these facts one demands if at the beginning Germany really had any desire to stop the disease. The promiscuity with which the Russians, the carriers of the disease, were flung in with the French seems to prove the contrary. Disinfection of every prisoner is absolutely obligatory, and at present there is no more typhus in the camps. But why were not these precautions taken at the first, at the outbreak of the epidemic? They knew well enough how to organize against that disease. And yet they did nothing. The mattresses, filthy with vermin, were never changed. The infected Russians upon their arrival were put pell-mell among the others. Everything seems to prove beyond any doubt that they actually desired the epidemic to spread.

"As to that which concerns that other contagious disease, tuberculosis, no efficacious precautions were taken the first year of the war, and it is more than probable that after this war we are going to assist at a veritable epidemic of tuberculosis among repatriated prisoners. What was done the first year to stop tuberculous contagion among the prisoners in Germany? Nothing. No isolation of the sick, who in the barracks slept in such close foul quarters that contagion was inevitable. In addition many sick were sent to reprisal camps, to the mines, to the munitions factories and the salt marshes, under conditions so little hygienic that tuberculosis was the result. In order to prevent such camps from being investigated by neutral commissions Germany declared that 'since these men work it is evident they must be well.'"

Inhumanity Amounting to Murder

"I have pursued this inquiry with the greatest impartiality, hiding nothing. I have interviewed a very great number of French prisoners, and these men have talked to me freely of their sufferings. I have always with the greatest care avoided encouraging them in darkening with exaggeration the tablet of their reports; but I must say that I have been struck with the moderation and the modesty with which nearly all have expressed themselves. Those who through patriotism refused to work in the mines or in the munitions factories and who for this reason were subjected to punishment, to unworthy tortures, have reported the facts to me very soberly, without a single emphasis, as if it were something absolutely normal and everyday, even excusing themselves for being obliged to surrender after they had been carried off swooning from the punishment of the post—to which they remained attached four hours a day—or had been left exposed to the heat of coke furnaces, or beaten with the butt of a gun, or brutally kicked until they fainted."

There follow the formal depositions of numerous French officers, privates and physicians of note whom Doctor de Christmas interrogated concerning their imprisonment in Germany. Of forty-three depositions that I read, thirty-one end with this brief but sinister comment: "*Evacué sur la Suisse pour tuberculose pulmonaire.*" These depositions, restrained in tone, establish beyond a doubt that, far from having any desire to treat her prisoners with even common humanity, there existed on the part of the German Government a deliberate policy, rigorously applied by commandants, doctors, under-officers and guards, to exterminate by cold, famine, disease and brutal treatment her foes.

With regard to the typhus epidemic at Cassel, Doctor David, French médecin-major, captured while attending his wounded, testified that the infection was introduced by Russian prisoners. "On January 15, 1915," he reports, "the criminal order had come from Berlin to 'mingle intimately the Russians with the French in order that the latter may come to know their beautiful allies!' The epidemic broke out in January, but was not officially recognized until the fifteenth of February. Measures of defense were nil: the sick died in their places. Two French sergeants, despite threats and menaces, complained incessantly to the German Government. Nothing came of it. Everything was lacking.

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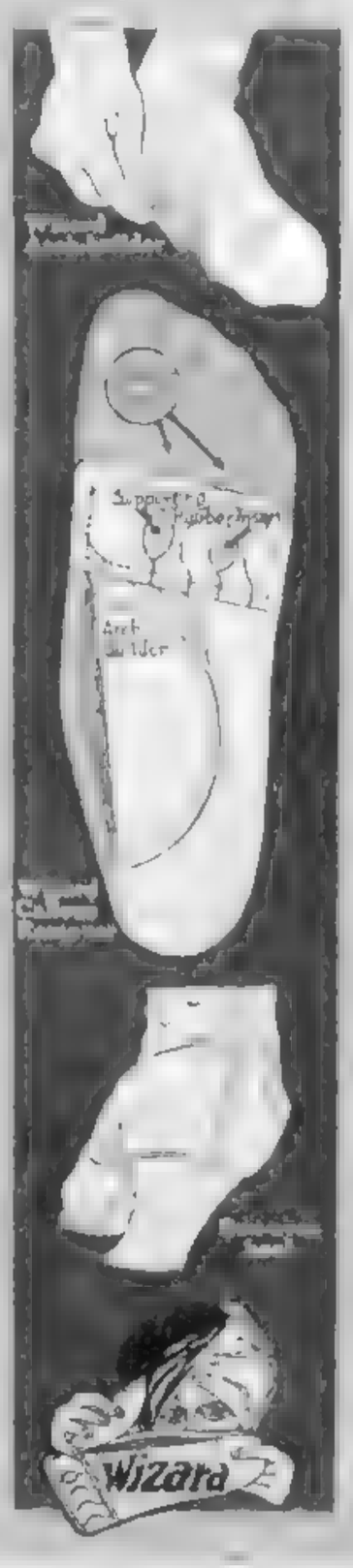

No linen, no bedding, no medicines; the most elementary utensils of cleanliness were lacking. During a fête week the camp remained many days without doctors or sanitary measures; the dead lay three or four days among their living sick comrades without interment. For it was a holiday!

"At length, after several months, methods of disinfection were instituted—but in what a heart-rending fashion! The prisoners proceeded by companies. While their garments were being disinfected the men waited, entirely nude, for hours out of doors exposed to all the rigors of the season [month of March]. And then by a strange incoherence the same men reentered barracks that were still infected, and found their mattresses and their blankets alive with vermin. The result was that, out of a total camp population of nineteen thousand, twelve thousand came down with the disease.

"I observed that after the typhus, because of unfavorable conditions, insufficient food and lack of tonics, tuberculosis declared itself among the convalescents and made giant strides. When vigorous protests were made to the German Government against the indiscriminate mingling of the infected Russians with the French, and a separation was demanded, the reply was: 'It is impossible because it is ordered by Berlin'; and the German commandant of the camp made this brutal comment: 'I'm helping to win the war in my own fashion.'"

"I shall never forget," testified Doctor Charpentier, "the frightful discouragement and the profound pity with which I was seized the day when I was charged to make a visit to the barracks of the 19th Company, transformed into an isolated pesthouse, and in which lay, lamentably, many hundreds of Frenchmen stricken with typhus, of whom many were already at the death agony. The crowding was such that it was with difficulty that I managed to step between the dying as they lay huddled on the floor."

Favorite Boche Cruelties

So much for the spread of the disease and the lack of medical attention in the German camps. Concerning punishment, Doctor Chron, médecin-major, in his report to the Ministry of War, testified: "We have every day before our eyes the spectacle of most ignoble brutalities which the Germans practice upon the prisoners; they inflict atrocious punishments on the most trifling pretexts. They amuse themselves by making a prisoner run round in a circle upon stony ground for hours under a boiling sun in the month of June. Of course the poor wretches fall to the ground before the punishment is completed. Then they are raised by brutal kicks and made to turn round rapidly upon their toes until, completely exhausted and giddy, they fall again, absolutely finished. All these poor unfortunates are given commands in German by their jailers, and they have not the right not to understand that language. Certain French noncommissioned officers have even been condemned by court-martial to a year's imprisonment for not having obeyed commands issued in German which they did not understand."

The majority of the complaints that I have mentioned referred to the large camps established by Germany the first year of the war. In the second and third years of the war the prisoners remained in these large camps for a very short time, being transferred from them to smaller camps of reprisal or to the coal mines, salt mines and munition factories, and rarely returned to the larger camps. In time these large central camps of parade or exhibition, as they are termed, came to have better sanitary arrangements.

It is significant to note that for more than two years it was to these exhibition camps alone that neutral commissions and ambassadors had access. In these central camps no cases of outrageous brutalities occurred. The food was always poor, badly cooked and of insufficient quantity. Oftentimes the prisoners did not even take the trouble to go to meals, but they received their own parcels from home, and upon them they subsisted. These parade camps, from one hundred and fifty to two hundred in number, the Germans show to all the world. They are proud to exhibit them as sanitary and hygienic models. They cover advantageously all that goes on in the smaller camps.

Turning to these smaller camps, which came into existence in 1915 and 1916, we find them grouped under two heads: Camps of reprisal and labor camps. Of these reprisal camps Doctor de Christmas testifies that "they were not visited by either sanitary commissions or neutral inspectors. Nevertheless the world knows all about them, for in this particular case prisoners are permitted and even incited to write letters home concerning the brutal conditions under which they live, and these letters are never censored. Thus the world is exactly informed concerning the mode of existence in these camps. We know that the work is severe, that the nourishment is inferior and insufficient, and the discipline most rigorous. These camps were instituted by the Germans with the idea of reprisal, because they claimed that their own German prisoners were being inhumanely treated by the French. A complete and impartial investigation into the condition of German prisoners in French prison camps conducted by the neutral Swiss Doctors Blanchod and Speiser proved these allegations false."

Hun Torture Rules

Here are some of the orders concerning the reprisal camps contained in an official circular issued from Berlin:

"Not a single comfort is to be allowed these prisoners, especially those which concern food and the means of cleanliness. It is expressly forbidden to sleep other than upon boards. Mattresses, or anything serving as such, will be confiscated. In the barracks everything is to be removed which may serve for tables or chairs, even those the prisoners make for themselves. One spoon shall serve three men. Plates the same.

"It is forbidden to have more than one liter of water per man each day for all usages.

"It is ordered that prisoners shall be kept ignorant for what specific reasons they are sent to reprisal camps or for what duration.

"There will not be tolerated a single complaint against the guards on the part of the prisoners. Among these last, the superior officers will always receive the preference in punishment.

"Three sorts of punishments: Court-martial, *punition de poteau* by fractions of two hours, and the black hole for six days. In the *punition de poteau* prisoners will be attached to the post, arms raised above the head, the body bent forward, ankles tied, feet resting tiptoe upon the ground.

"The work is the most important consideration, and the punishment of the post will be applied in preference to that of confinement and prison.

"At least thirty-nine degrees Centigrade [102.2 degrees Farenheit] of fever before the doctors pronounce a prisoner sick; no exemptions.

"Prisoners shall possess neither brushes, mirrors, razors, books nor instruments of music.

"They are forbidden to laugh, to sing, to whistle, to look about them, to hold friendly conversations, to promenade by twos."

Such were a few of the barbarous regulations devised for camps of reprisal; and it need not be said that the guards fulfilled them to the letter of the law. By a refinement of cruelty in these camps, which were usually under the surveillance of German *sous-officiers* and in which the labor conditions were of the worst—in the coal mines, stone quarries or salt marshes in water up to the thighs—were placed not the laboring classes, but what is technically termed "the intellectuals"—that is, the more cultivated prisoners: officers, students, lawyers and employees in civil positions, upon whom because of their former sedentary mode of life the rigors of severe manual discipline would fall most heavily. It will be seen that from this one rule alone the death rate among prisoners from sickness, feebleness, accident and the like was ominously high.

There remains, after the central parade camps in which the prisoners stop for a short period, and the camps of reprisal described above, still a third form of prison camp in Germany, which is designated in the reports simply as labor camp. In these latter the prisoners are employed at forced labor in vast mines of coal, iron, salt, in the factories—even in the munition factories in the war zone; in the marshes, turf pits, mines of lignite and at draining and embankment work. From this labor Germany draws a vast financial profit. These labor camps, reports Doctor de Christmas,

(Continued on Page 61)

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(Continued from Page 58)

are with a few exceptions forbidden to all neutral commissions.

In 1916, however, two Swiss neutrals, Doctor Speiser and Doctor Blanchod, made an inspection among some of these labor camps and reported the results to the French Ministry of War. As neutrals their position was very delicate and their report extremely guarded. Nevertheless on that very account their revelations have the greater significance. These able and cautious inspectors testified in their reports that "in the Krupp factory at Rheinhauren, where the effective consists of five hundred Frenchmen, the number of sick is from thirty to forty-five per day, . . . there are many accidents of work, and much sickness due to exposure. . . . In the mine of lignite at Atzendorf, where the effective is fifty Frenchmen, each prisoner has a daily stint of twenty-five wagons of lignite per day. Those who through feebleness or incapacity cannot fulfill that fixed stint do not receive any food until they come out of the mine, and they cannot come out of the mine until the work is finished. . . . In the coal mine at Ewald the prisoners work at a depth of seven hundred meters. The advance galleries are very low, the men being obliged to walk bent over double and to work naked to the waist in a high temperature These prisoners belong to all professions, and we noted farmers, tailors, hairdressers, printers, cabinetmakers, civil clerks, engineers and even a theological student. The work day is as follows: The morning shift enters the mine at six and departs at two in the afternoon, adding to that three-quarters of an hour at each end the time required to walk from the camp to the mine. In order to make up for the time lost on Sunday they force the prisoners twice a week, Tuesdays and Fridays, to work twelve-hour shifts. The men who refuse to work twelve hours, through excessive fatigue, are obliged to stay in the mine. They remain in the galleries and cannot come up until they have finished their twelve hours."

The German director of the lignite mine at Atzendorf himself reported to the Swiss inspectors that already forty per cent of the prisoners under his charge had been evacuated on account of sickness and accidents. In order for them to consult a physician they were obliged to have a written requisition from the German *sous-officier*.

"At a mine of pyrite of iron in Silesia," continues the testimony, "the effective consisted of 487 prisoners. The most frequent sicknesses here rose from anaemia, and maladies of the throat, and accidents of work." The last prisoner who arrived at the mine during the visit of the two Swiss inspectors bore the number 852, and it was pointed out that as the actual number of prisoners engaged at the time was 487, the difference between those two figures, 365, represented those who had been evacuated from the mine on account of sickness and accident.

Brutality Encouraged by Berlin

"In the mines where we have sought to establish statistics," write the inspectors, "we have found that round forty per cent at a minimum have already been evacuated for maladies, accidents and inability to endure the hours of work. This question of work in the mines is extremely important, on account of the vast number of prisoners forced to this labor. We are unable to fix the exact figure at this moment, but we can only say that in the region of the 7th Army Corps alone, which is the region of Friedrichsfelde, there are more than sixty mines worked by French prisoners, and that is typical of the mines all over the German Empire. The coal mine of Ewald appeared to us the most intolerable of all on account of the depth of the galleries, the heat and the insufficient air. Here the prisoners worked twelve hours in the mine twice a week.

"In all the factories and the mines which we have inspected the prisoners affirm that it is forbidden to write to their families where they are or upon what kind of work they are engaged. They date their letters from the nearest principal camp. It does not appear just to us that prisoners who have worked for more than one year in the mines in conditions described above should be obliged to pretend that they are in a principal camp in which they are forced to describe the fine installations, with the cinema and the theater."

As to disciplinary punishment given for refusal to work or attempts to escape, the prisoners in these labor camps testified that there were three general classes: Solitary confinement in a dark cell; *punitions de poteau*, or standing at attention for hours exposed to the elements or exposed to the heat of a coke furnace; direct assault with the butt of the gun or with the bayonet. In the principal camps, commanded by German superior officers, there were in 1916 and 1917 fewer complaints as to these rigorous forms of punishment; but in the smaller labor camps—and it is to be remembered that these latter far exceed in numbers the principal camps—the complete authority was often lodged in non-commissioned officers, or even in some cases in the guards alone. The official control of such camps by humane superior officers of intelligence was thus simply camouflage; and the numberless complaints that the prisoners made concerning the brutal treatment on the part of the guards proved beyond a doubt that Berlin gave these *sous-officiers* and guards carte blanche in the development of their ferocious discipline and even incited them to greater barbarities.

Official Lying

With reference to the inspection of munitions factories the Swiss delegates had an interesting experience. At first they were refused point-blank. Later they were permitted to visit certain carefully designated factories. Concerning one of them, a cannon factory at Dusseldorf, they found an official circular affixed to the walls in the prison barracks, which read in part as follows:

"All means will be employed, even of force if necessary, in order to constrain prisoners to work in this factory, no matter what private reluctances they have against working in an enemy war factory.

"All appeals of prisoners to the laws or ministers of their own country will be vain, the prisoners being actually forced to submit to the German Government."

"We asked the Captain Baron von Rolhausen, the officer who accompanied us," write the inspectors, "if he would be kind enough to let us take this document or at least to let us make a complete copy thereof. He refused. But on the contrary he permitted us to read a general military order saying that the prisoners should not be forced to work in war factories against their will. We pointed out to him that the prisoners did not know about this general order, but only the particular one of a directly opposite nature posted in their camp by the commandant." No comment is necessary upon the contradictory nature of these two military orders.

Working the prisoners in the war zone within a distance of thirty kilometers from the line is forbidden to all belligerents, and there is an agreement to that effect signed by the German War Minister's own hand. Accordingly the German authorities refused to let these two delegates visit any factory inside of that thirty-kilometer radius, stating as a reason that there could not possibly be any prisoners there because it was against the agreement. Nevertheless from escaped prisoners comes the information that Germany is constantly evading this rule and employing prisoners digging trenches and transporting munitions less than three kilometers behind the Franco-German Front. They are forced to dig trenches under violent bombardment of the Allied guns and to load lorries with ammunition to kill their own comrades in arms. The letter of a French prisoner in Germany, which I found in a documentary report, confirms this evasion of the treaty. He writes:

"I have seen in camp some of the prisoners who have returned from the French Front. Ah! my friends, they were cadavers who stalked along—or rather dragged themselves. But just the same, they were fine game old sports! For though one could see their bones sticking through their transparent skins, and they were clothed in filthy rags, still they did not complain, but regarded us silently from the hollow, enfevered caves of their eyes. . . . We asked them about their sufferings. They had been digging trenches at Verdun. . . ."

It is from scattered fragments like the above, a word here and there from an escaped prisoner or a letter smuggled through, that the French Government knows of these constant infractions of agreements by the German Empire. It should

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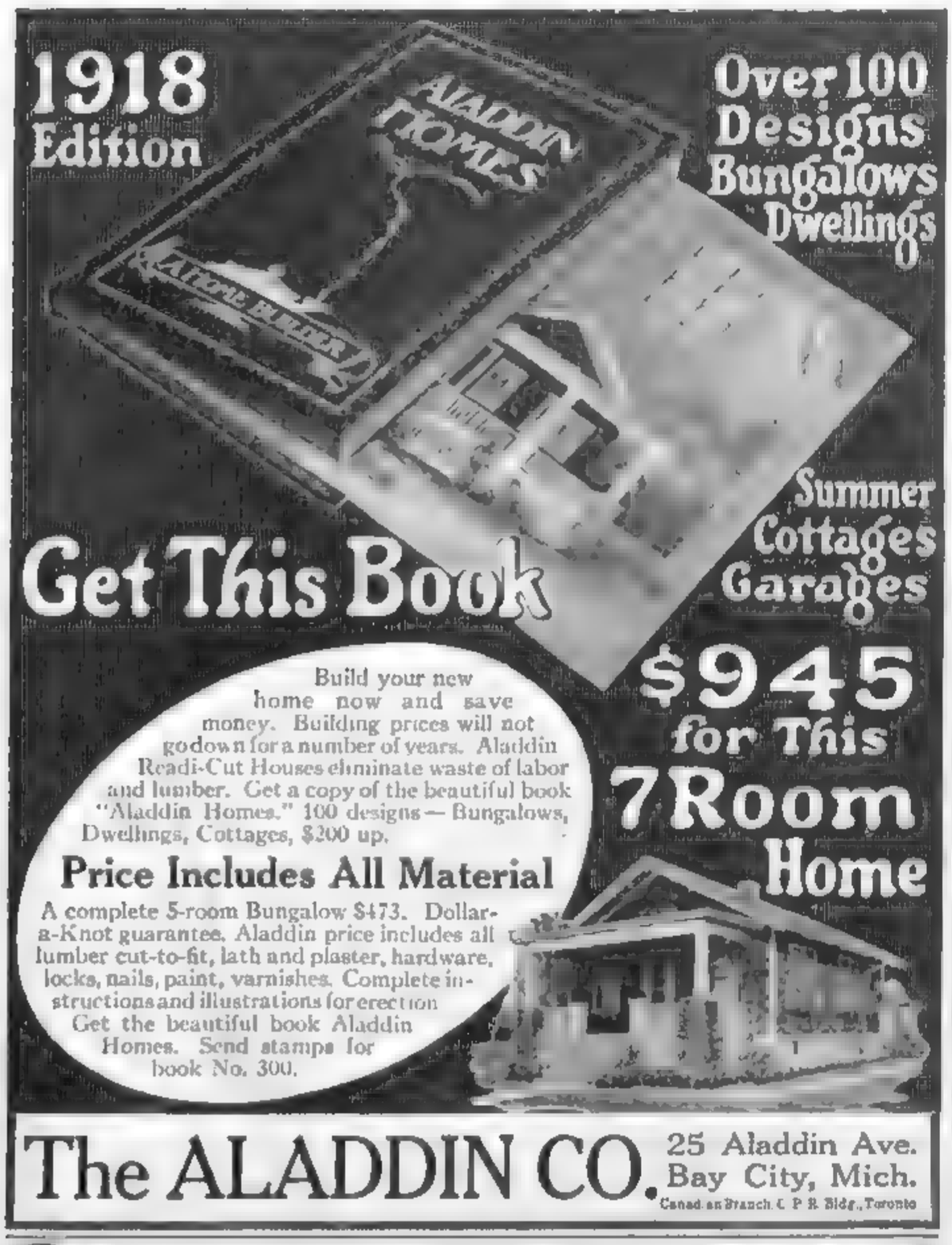
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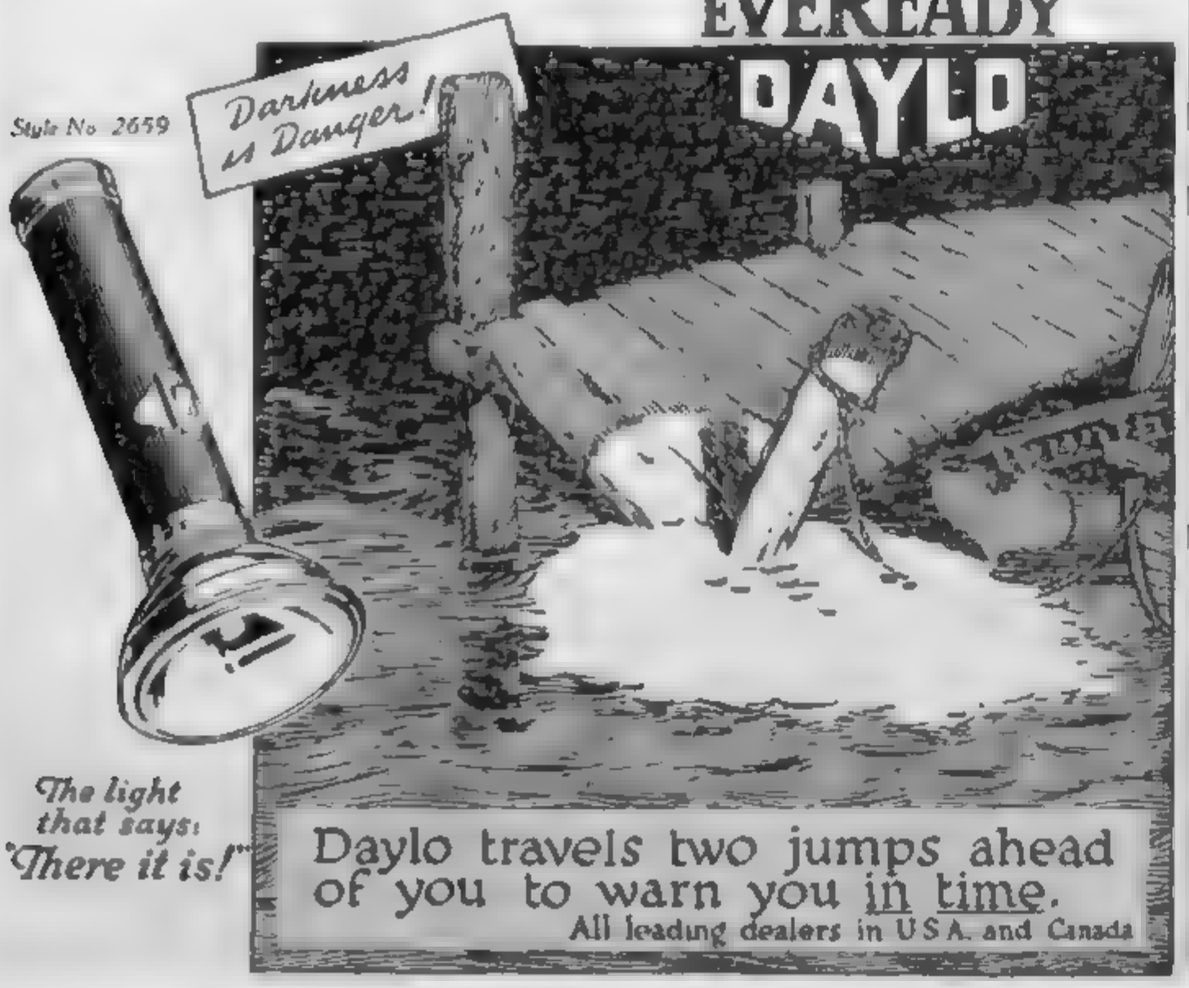
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be added in this connection, in order to render this portion of the record up to date, that the writer of this article, as late as June 1, 1918, asked, in a categorical list of questions put personally to French government officials in the Ministry of War, whether the Germans still worked French prisoners immediately behind the lines in direct contravention of the terms of the treaty. The categorical reply was Yes. Within the last eight days, an official further stated, a French prisoner had escaped who had been employed by the Germans making trenches two kilometers behind the Franco-German front lines.

After reading various reports of the French Government containing accounts of the visits of inspectors, depositions by neutral delegates, affidavits of distinguished physicians captured in battle, and numberless records of private soldiers collected by the state, I was granted an interview with a French officer, an escaped prisoner, who had been in the parade camps, the reprisal and the labor camps.

When I questioned him concerning the depression, the sadness, the *cafard* which I felt must exist in those smaller Gehennas of brutal forced labor, he surprised me by replying quickly: "Not at all! We were not sad. The splendid morale of the French prisoners was extraordinary. They tried indeed to break our spirit—but we were too much for them. We sang, we invented games—and we were constantly playing tricks on them." He laughed at the memory of some of those tricks. "Once in a reprisal camp of several hundred Frenchmen they assembled us all—you know about a reprisal camp—that they treat you brutally on purpose?"

"Yes."

"They do that not only to get even with us for alleged mistreatment of their German prisoners but also, and even more, to break the spirit of our people at home, to spread discouragement and peace propaganda. Well, they assembled us, and they told us to write home freely concerning brutalities, rigorous work hours, disciplinary measures and lack of food. They promised us not to censor a single word. We might give our addresses and tell all about it!" He paused to smile.

"Yes? And what then?"

"Simply this: Of those several hundred Frenchmen of all stations and degrees, not one wrote home a single word of complaint! The letters ran something like this: 'This is a pretty good place. The food is not bad. They treat us very well. The work is all right. We have no complaint to make of this camp.' How enraged they were when they read that first bunch of correspondence! And for an entire month all the letters were censored and destroyed, not because they were so bad but because they were so good! That's what they got for trying to break the spirit of our women at home."

The Wicked Herring Posted

"They were always trying to sow discord among us; trying to make one Frenchman tell on another; trying to seduce our souls by turning us into spies. But they had no success. A Frenchman hates a sneak. I told you we were always playing tricks on our slow-witted jailers. Well, one day something funny occurred. Our food was always bad, uneatable, the meat and fish rotten to a degree. And one day a French private was given a herring that was so bad you could smell it all over the place.

"'Aha!' said the Frenchman, holding it up by the tail. 'This herring is so bad it's got to be punished. I shall give it the *punition de poteau!*'

"So he took that bad herring out into the court, and when the guard wasn't looking he tied it head and tail with cord fast to the punishment post. When the guard saw it he turned purple with rage. The boche, you know, has no proper sense of humor. And that post, you understand, was sacred to punishment. So that night he haled us all inside, lined us up in a row, and questioned us each in turn, thus:

"'Did you tie that herring to the post?'

"'No.'

"'You?'

"'No.'

"'You?'

"'I don't know anything about it. What had the herring done, anyhow, to deserve a punishment like that? He must have been pretty bad!' And so on and so on.

"Finally the guard called out: 'Anyone who will tell who tied that herring to the post shall himself escape punishment and to-morrow have a holiday.'

"No response.

"'Very good. The whole lot gets punished.' And so we were!"

"Do you think," I inquired, "that conditions in those smaller labor camps have greatly improved during this past year?"

He shook his head. "No. And I will tell you why. It is because the entire military system of Germany is based upon intrigue, spying and fear. For example: Take the German guards in a prison camp. Not all of those men were utterly brutalized. Some had instincts of humanity. And when the French prisoners talked to a German guard by himself, with no other guards round, he was often decent. But let another German sentinel or *sous-officier* approach, and the first sentinel's attitude instantly changed. He became ugly, menacing. You see, each feared the other: each feared to be reported by the other for acting like a human being. And that policy of fear, of tale-bearing, runs right through the German military system from top to bottom. Until that policy is altered I do not see how the position of the prisoner in Germany can be greatly ameliorated. He must always depend on the humanity of the guards or the *sous-officiers*, who very often have complete control of the smaller camps."

The above reports and depositions, extending over a period of three years, throw up into high relief Germany's prison policy. Collected almost at hazard from a great mass of authentic data, they indicate, without disguise, but also without malice or emotion, just what is to be expected from the enemy in the matter of prison labor, food, lodging and punishments. Having thus glimpsed the broad lines of her policy, it is possible to divide the treatment of French prisoners in Germany into two distinct phases or periods.

Systematic Barbarity

The first period was marked by a complete lack of organization in the various large prison camps, by cruel indifference to the most elemental human needs of the prisoners, by negligence, brutality, by ferocious arrogance and inhuman reprisals for trifles, such as sentencing a Frenchman to a year of imprisonment for not obeying a command issued in German which he did not understand. It was a period of terrible epidemics which raged unabated for months with frightful mortality lists, until the prisoners themselves instituted a sanitary régime. It was a period of savage discipline, when clubbings and bayonet thrusts were the common order of the day for the slightest provocation—for not marching fast enough, for trying to evade a blow or the teeth of the police dogs—a period of the bayonet, the club, the sword. It was the period when all feelings of pity, of humanity were jettisoned by principle; by a cold, calculated policy emanating from Berlin. This period lasted for upward of a year, until the middle of 1915. A distinguished French physician of Paris, who was a prisoner in Germany during this time, describes it as "an epoch of scientific assassination."

At length, driven by France's vigorous protests—protests that were unanimously upheld by the revelations of neutral ambassadors and inspectors—Germany instituted a change. In order to vindicate her vaunted reputation as the home of science and hygiene, she constructed vast central camps which she exhibited proudly to all the neutral world as models of sanitation.

But at the same moment that these external ameliorations appeared, Germany became aware of the immense profit to be drawn from the exploitation of her prisoner man power in her various war industries. The result was that, little by little, under cover, so to speak, of her principal camps, which she still exhibited as models in order to throw dust in the eyes of the visiting inspectors, she began to withdraw prisoners from these big show places, but softly, by small detachments—"in little packets" is the vivid French phrase—to work her mines and war factories.

Thus was instituted the second phase, the system of labor camps; and for grim and obvious reasons this system was kept as secret as possible and hidden from public scrutiny. From these camps letters were never dated, prisoners being forced to use the address of the nearest principal camp. It might be conceived that, simply as a cold-blooded economic principle, Germany

(Concluded on Page 65)

Why use Sterlings on Ford Cars?

THE first cost of a set of Sterling Tires deters many owners of small cars from using them.

On the other hand, commercial concerns, running from several to several hundred such cars, use Sterlings exclusively, year after year, because they have found, by their own accurately kept mileage records, that Sterling Tires cost less per mile than other tires.

It is inevitable that the FORD sizes of Sterling Tires must sell for more than a good many other makes, and it is inevitable that they must give better service and more miles.

Everybody knows that a 4 x 6 timber will carry more weight and stand more strain than a 4 x 4. Everybody knows that well-woven all-wool is more serviceable and more durable than shoddy.

90 per cent of all Sterling Tires are used on business vehicles. They are sold on a cost-per-mile basis to people who actually know what is their cost-per-mile. They are designed and built for heavy service. The 30 x 3½ and 31 x 4 sizes are guaranteed for 6000 miles, but average greatly more. They are repaired free of charge no matter what the cause of the injury, or when it happens.

£

A REPORT *from a customer shows in one year an average of over 8,000 miles on about 2,500 tires. Another report shows an average of over 10,000 miles on approximately 2,000 tires. Many individual owners of passenger FORDS report well above 15,000, and as high as 30,000 miles.*

£

STERLING Vacuum Bar tires are handsome—they materially improve the appearance of the car. Almost invariably they will be found heavier, and larger in diameter and circumference than the same rated size in other makes.

They cost more than ordinary tires because they are made of the same high-grade materials, with the same scrupulous care, that go into the larger sizes, up to the 40 x 8, used on heavy trucks.

FORDS and other small cars are so good in performance that the tendency is to overload them, and the first trouble in overloading comes in the tires. It is, therefore, even more important that the big, husky, Sterling Tires should be used on small cars than on large ones.

The owner of the small car *sometimes* has less money to waste than the owner of a big one, and the use of economical, low-cost-per-mile Sterling Tires is just so much more important to him.

If you are convenient to one of our twenty-eight branches, please go in and look at the tires. *Some* of their superior qualities are visible to the naked eye.

Several hundred dealers now handle Sterling Tires and any dealer anywhere can get them for you.

The *Vacuum-Bar Tread* is a scientific non-skid that really *holds*. It is exclusively STERLING—patented. Ordinarily the non-skid feature will last through the guaranteed mileage.

Sterling Tires are made in both Cord and Fabric Types. They are guaranteed for 5000 miles (6000 miles on 30 x 3½ and 31 x 4 sizes).

£

We own and operate direct factory sales branches in the following cities:

ALBANY, N. Y.	156 Central Avenue
BALTIMORE, Md.	1705 N. Charles St
BOSTON, Mass.	205 Clarendon Street
BRIDGEPORT, Conn.	340 Fairfield Avenue
BROOKLYN, N. Y.	53 Rogers Avenue
BUFFALO, N. Y.	810 Franklin Street
CHICAGO, Ill.	3031 S. Michigan Ave.
CINCINNATI, Ohio	1302 Race Street
CLEVELAND, Ohio	5018 Euclid Avenue
DETROIT, Mich.	940 Woodward Avenue
HACKENSACK, N. J.	Main and Passaic Sts.
HARTFORD, Conn.	286 Main Street
JERSEY CITY, N. J.	2982 Hudson Blvd.
NEWARK, N. J.	38 William Street
NEW HAVEN, Conn.	232 Crown Street
NEW YORK, N. Y.	234 West 55th Street
PATERSON, N. J.	53 Ward Street
PHILADELPHIA, Pa.	1238 Spring Garden St.
PITTSBURGH, Pa.	540 N. Craig Street
PROVIDENCE, R. I.	234 Broad Street
READING, Pa.	104-106 N. 5th Street
ROCHESTER, N. Y.	565 East Main Street
RUTHERFORD, N. J.	Maple St. and Erie Ave
SPRINGFIELD, Mass.	336 Bridge Street
ST. LOUIS, Mo.	2824A Locust Street
SYRACUSE, N. Y.	518 South Clinton St.
WASHINGTON, D. C.	1621 14th St. N. W.
WORCESTER, Mass.	32 Shrewsbury Street

STERLING TIRE CORPORATION

(Established 1908)

Rutherford, New Jersey

EXPORT DEPARTMENT: *44 Whitehall Street, New York*

Sterling Tire Corporation
Gentlemen:

I should like to receive full data on STERLING TIRES.

My tire size is_____

Name

Address

S. E. P.

TO DEALERS:

We wish to hear from dealers who like to handle high-grade, dependable goods, and who can and will give the kind of service that has made our direct branches so successful. To such dealers we will give the exclusive agency for Sterling Tires.

To dealers who do not know Sterling Tires and who would like to try them out before tying up on a contract, we have a special, temporary, introductory plan.

Please write the home office.

Sterling Tires

£ TRADE MARK

CORD AND FABRIC TYPES

Cleveland Tractor

A Tractor That Does The Things You Want a Tractor To Do

The Cleveland Tractor is not confined to a narrow field of service. It does the things you want a tractor to do.

It plows, it harrows, it plants, it reaps. Its great power and small size enable it to work satisfactorily in difficult, awkward places. It works efficiently under and among small trees, close up to fence corners, around boulders, on hillsides, over ditches, gullies and rough ground.

With 600 square inches of traction surface, it goes through sand, gravel, gumbo, mud and even wet clay without packing the soil.

The Cleveland Tractor lays down its own tracks, crawls on them, and picks them up again as it goes along—just like the famous war "tanks."

It does *faster* and *better* work than was possible before. It plows 3½ miles an hour—eight to ten acres a day—equal to the work of *three* good men with *three* 3-horse teams under favorable conditions.

But the Cleveland is *far more than just a tractor.* With pulley and belt, it will saw, cut ensilage, pump—and do the things you demand of a stationary engine.

In addition it can be used for hauling the manure spreader, for grading, dragging logs and pulling road machinery.

It develops 12 horsepower at the drawbar and 20 horsepower at the pulley. Yet with all this power the complete machine weighs less than 3200 pounds, and can be housed in less space than is required for a single horse.

Rollin H. White, the well-known engineer, designed the Cleveland Tractor. It is built under his personal supervision, and is constructed for long service. The track sections are joined with hardened steel pins which have their bearings in hardened steel bushings. Gears are protected by dirt proof cases and are of the same high quality as those of the best trucks. The finest materials are used throughout.

Farming today demands the most comprehensive machinery obtainable—machinery that is useful in doing *many* different things—machinery that is adaptable to widely varying conditions.

Thousands of farmers are looking to the Cleveland Tractor in the present crisis. And the Cleveland is meeting the demands—severe as they are—and is *making more money* for its owners.

It is truly the tractor that does the things you want a tractor to do.

Nearly every farm can use one or more Clevelands to speed up production and cut down costs. Write *today* for complete information and the name of the nearest Cleveland dealer.

The Cleveland Tractor Co.

18991 Euclid Ave. **Cleveland, Ohio, U. S. A.**

(Concluded from Page 62)

would seek to conserve the health of her prisoners in order to extract from them the largest financial gain. But that is not the theory by which she proceeds. The great flood of prisoner man power is constantly being refreshed by new captures, and these recent prisoners are of a higher health grade than those already worn down by disease and fatigue. It is therefore a better, keener business proposition to squeeze ruthlessly out of each working unit every ounce of labor he is capable of, and then throw him on the dump heap for the enemy country to sustain, trusting to the new prison reserves to carry forward her war industries under a full pressure of power. By this method Germany kills two birds with one stone.

And as has been said above, this is actually what takes place. In the coal mines, the stone quarries and the salt marshes—which forms of labor the prisoners unanimously agree are the worst—a man lasts on an average five or six months, more if he is a manual laborer by occupation, less if he is an intellectual. When one of these human units abandons the struggle, gives up, drops out, another takes his place at the mine, another rushes forth ravenously from the coal galleries at night to eat his bowl of soup, another occupies his dirty wooden bunk, another prays fervently for release—prays that he is not forgotten, prays that his comrades are fighting the good fight on his behalf, prays that some day he will be dug out of his living grave.

"His hope of escaping alive from his jail is extremely small," writes Doctor de Christmas, "for he knows that if he is lucky enough to endure one year of this life he cannot possibly endure two; either the régime will kill him or he will be evacuated to Switzerland, broken, wrecked for the rest of his life. And the moral sufferings of these men are even more frightful than their physical trials. The rage in their hearts they are obliged to conceal, and to toil in silence, knowing that the more they toil the more they profit their mortal enemy, and the longer their torment will endure.

"They are deprived even of the consolation of arousing the sympathy of their loved ones, their compatriots, for they dare not write of their true situation."

Treaties With the Treaty-Breaker

From time to time, forced by France's insistent demands—and it will be noted that France, being, so to speak, the theater of war activities, is in closer touch with prison abuses and leads the van in ameliorative measures—Germany has been compelled to amend some of her evil practices. Reprisal camps are said to be abolished. *Punitions de poteau* have been suppressed—at least officially.

Hours of work, food, punishment, sanitary lodgings—all these have been the subject of consideration in international conferences. On March 15, 1918, and again on May 15, 1918, in Berne, Switzerland, two agreements were entered into by the French and German Governments which, if adhered to, will doubtless improve very materially the conditions of life of the French prisoner in Germany.

In the first of these *pourparlers* the ministers of the two belligerent countries did not meet in common council, but sat in adjoining chambers, with a Swiss intermediary, who passed back and forth between them with the various clauses of agreement. In May, however, for the first time since the beginning of the war, French and German ministers sat together in open conference and drew up a treaty concerning the régime for prisoners of war. France was the first nation to sign such an accord; Italy followed suit in about ten days; Great Britain, as I write, is choosing her ministers for the conference; and before this article sees the light of day the United States will doubtless have consummated a similar agreement.

In order to bring the record up to date I asked for a formal interview with certain officials of the French War Ministry, and of them I asked the following list of questions:

Q. Are there at this moment any reprisal camps containing French prisoners in Germany?

A. No.

Q. Are there at this moment any French prisoners working immediately behind the Franco-German lines?

A. Yes.

Q. Is this not in direct contravention of the terms of your last agreement?

A. Absolutely.

Q. How do you know this is true?

A. By the deposition of escaped French prisoners within the last eight days. They were employed less than three kilometers behind the Franco-German lines.

Q. Are there any means of prohibiting Germany from working prisoners in her mines of coal, salt, iron and lignite?

A. No.

Q. Why not—since the chief complaints of severe labor, accidents, high mortality rate and the like come from prisoners who work in those places?

A. Because the terms of the treaty expressly state that prisoners shall work at the same forms of labor as the civilian population in the region in which the camp is located, and Germany works her own civilian population in the mines.

Q. In the event of Germany's breaking the agreement, what means of redress has France?

A. It is specifically stated in the accord that in the event of either belligerent country's breaking any of the regulations therein, the other government, after a month's notice, has the right to take retaliative measures of self-protection.

A Shameful Record

This completes Germany's prison record from 1914 up to June 1, 1918. It is a record that he who runs may read. And running and reading one sees that for ways that are dark and for tricks that are vain the heathen Chinee is not in it for the vulgar fraction of a second with the highly "civilized" Hun.

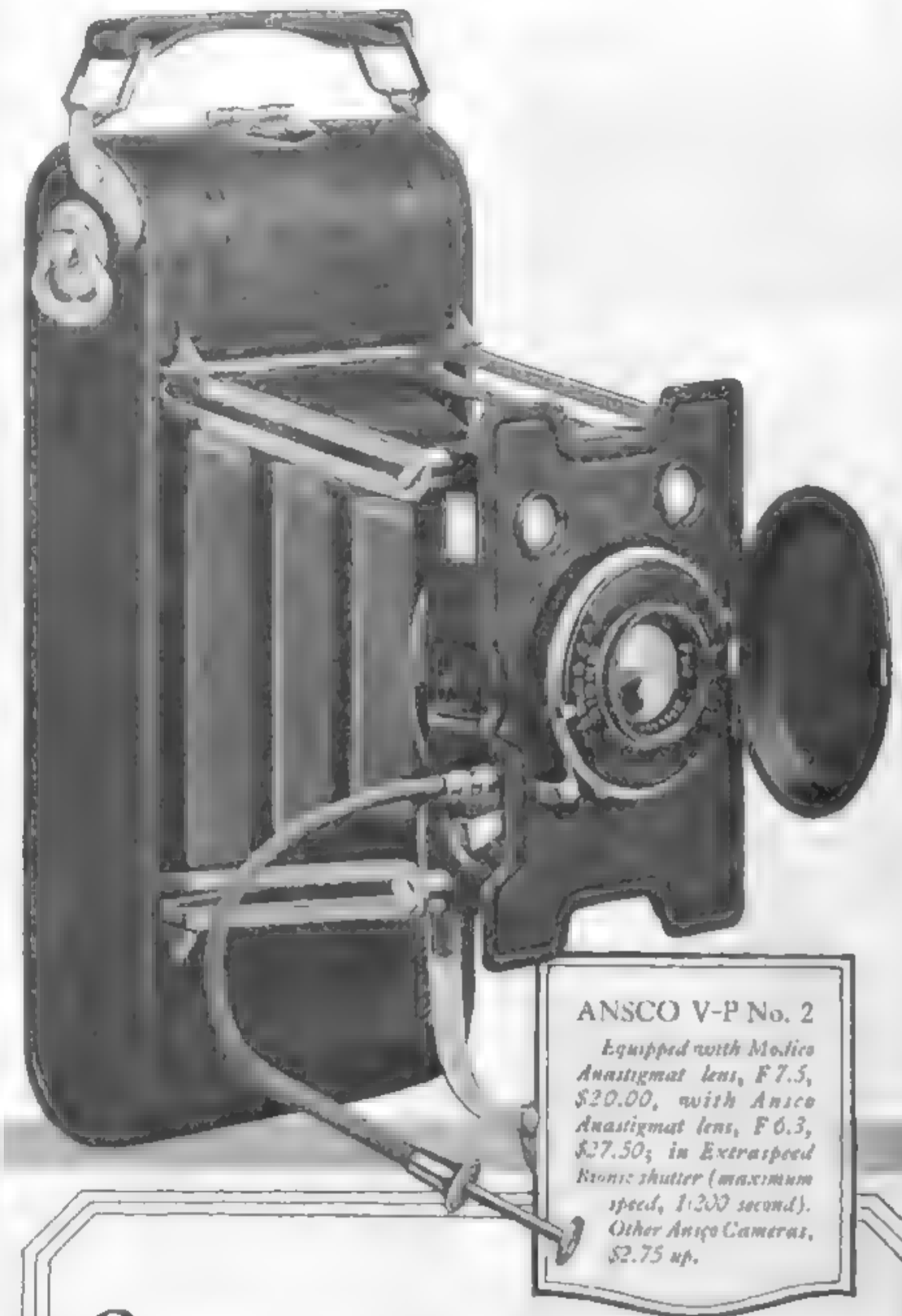
At the present moment, as I write this, the press is agitated over the case of Von Rintelen, the German spy, whom the United States Government has sentenced to prison, and whose release Germany arrogantly demands under threat of reprisal measures upon our own prisoners in Germany. Just what these measures would consist of one may figure fairly accurately from the report of the prisoner given at the opening of this article, the deposition of Louis Guinet, and the statements of the neutral investigator, Doctor de Christmas.

And even if there should be no reprisals, if through fear of retaliation on the part of the United States Germany should decide to keep to the letter of the law, still the labor conditions existing in the mines and stone quarries and salt marshes referred to above, added to the rigors of the Prussian climate, are such that one must count a large proportion of the prisoners so engaged as dead or disabled or broken in health at the end of six months. And for these unfortunate prisoners, slaves bound upon the wheel, there is neither help nor hope—save in a speedy termination of the war.

Germany justifies this kind of labor on the ground that she works her own citizens under the same conditions. But conditions that are good enough for Germans, a set of enslaved, servile automata, terrified to call their minds their own, are not good enough for a nation of free men.

And these are matters that treaties cannot cover, for they reach down to the character, the soul of a race. American soldiers, once they are captured and borne off to interior Germany, pass behind a thick wall of silence. Now and again murmurs, complaints, a bitter cry from a letter, reach us from behind that grim wall. For the rest it is silence, utter, complete. Our eyes, moreover, are fixed on the intense drama of the Western Front. And rightly. For it is by that road, by the road to Compiègne, Soissons, Verdun and Ypres, that release shall come from all this world slaughter.

Nevertheless it must not be forgotten that these men, imprisoned over there, sweating in brutal labor, are the men who are paying our bills. They are enduring slavery that the earth may be freed of slaves. Among them are our brothers and cousins and lovers and friends. The least they can demand of us, safe in our homes, is that we shall remember them with pity and with love; that we shall realize just what they are enduring for our sakes—and then that we shall fashion that realization into a mighty slogan of "Remember our prisoners in Germany!" a slogan that shall burn so deep into our easy, forgetful hearts that we may not rest or eat or sleep or play another game of bridge until we have won this war and set our prisoners free.



ANSCO V-P No. 2

Equipped with Modico Anastigmat lens, F 7.5, $20.00, with Ansco Anastigmat lens, F 6.3, $27.50; in Extraspeed Ikonic shutter (maximum speed, 1/200 second). Other Ansco Cameras, $2.75 up.

Broadens the Scope of Photography

See the Ansco V-P No. 2 and you will change your ideas about the capabilities of vest-pocket cameras for making fine art photographs.

You will admire the superb workmanship that makes the sturdy V-P No. 2 the smallest and lightest vest-pocket camera taking 2¼x3¼-inch pictures. You will understand why it "snaps" such clear, sharp pictures when the Ansco dealer describes the exclusive combination of a simple, easily operated micrometer focusing device with fast anastigmat lenses—the combination that gives you unusual value for your money.

The negatives make such excellent enlargements that professional and news photographers use the Ansco V-P No. 2 for pictures beyond the scope of the ordinary camera.

ANSCO
CAMERAS & SPEEDEX FILM

Write for a specimen picture on Cyko Paper. Then ask the Ansco dealer for a demonstration.

ANSCO COMPANY BINGHAMTON, NEW YORK

Have You Joined the Anti-Yellow Dog Club?

Slogan—"How do you know?"
Dues — None.
Duties — Read on and find out.

YELLOW DOG CLUBS are spreading like wildfire all over the United States—and they all grew out of one story.

"The Yellow Dog" it was called. Henry Irving Dodge wrote it—and from all parts of the country people are asking for twenty-five—fifty—one hundred copies—so that they may give them to their friends—and learn how to form Yellow Dog Clubs.

Portland, Oregon, had the first club—but the good work is spreading fast. The book tells you how to stamp out lies. It tells you how to find and put an end to lurking treason.

Because so many people have wanted it—because of the great importance of this work—we have made this story into a book at the least possible cost. You may have it for 50c in cloth or 25c in paper. It is a corking good story—and you will want to read it—and to tell your friends about it—so that you and they can root out the evil that is growing within us.

Go to your bookseller—ask for "The Yellow Dog"—he will have it—or send 56c for the cloth copy, or 28c for the paper copy, to

HARPER & BROTHERS Established 1817 New York

WANTED—AN IDEA! Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring wealth. Write for our List of Inventions Wanted and $1,000,000 in Prizes Offered. Two Books Free. Our Credit Department Assists Inventors. Patents Secured or Fee Returned. Randolph & Co., Dept. 199, Washington, D. C.

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E. J. Devlin Co., P. O. Box 433 P, Newark, N. J.

WANTED NEW IDEAS Write for List of Inventions Wanted and $1,000,000 in prizes. Our four books sent Free. Send sketch for Free opinion as to patentability.
Victor J. Evans & Co., 727 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

THE ADVENTURES OF A MAN HUNTER

(Continued from Page 12)

"On Old Windy Brow," was one of the first ones, "overlooking Dreamwood the Magnificent'"—showing half the hills and valleys of the state; "On Broad Acres"; and Shadow Lawn and Mount Pisgah; "By the Lotus Lake"; "In the Forest Heart of Dreamwood."

He dragged them up and down all over the place, till they waved their hands from Old Windy Brow—and disappeared the last time smoking their cigars—worn out tramping over Dreamwood.

The big murderers from the foundry sat there and ate it up. We got in twice as much as he paid for the trip right there.

"Begob, I'll tell you the truth, boy!" one of the big old ugly ones we'd never got in before said to me. "I thought, first off, you were a set of crooks. Now I know different—after I seen it with my own eyes, and my friend Martin Schwartz right there. And here's five hundred if you want it for your damned Dreamwood—or whatever it is you call it."

He was a surly-looking, black-browed devil, like half of them.

"And begob," he said, "'twas lucky for you you wasn't what we thought you was! There was some of us watching you. And what we would have done to you was what Dan Coffey done to the policeman."

"Only worse!" said another one, cracking my spine, pounding it.

They were loosening up some at that old-fashioned beefsteak dinner. It looked about like a slaughterhouse just before closing time. Over at one end was that Danny Fitz—the funny boy—squawking and yelling to Slattery: "Kiss me! Kiss me! I'm a he-vampire!" And Slattery hollering: "Ye'll stop that or I'll mash you one!"

"A little more," I said to Al, "and they'd been rough."

He had all he needed himself.

"Can you blame them?" he said. "They're full of joy. Dreamwood is rising!"

"Yes," I said to him, "but it stops here."

"No," said Al, staring at me; "it must continue."

"Or I stop," I told him.

I lay awake thinking most of the night how he might overdo the thing if he kept on drinking.

He got worse after that instead of better. He was on a still drunk all the time. He had me going for fear of what he'd do next.

"You got to remember this," I told him: "It's all very nice and pretty now. You've got them going. But if those things got loose once they'd tear you to pieces."

"You said it!" said Al.

"And that's just what they will do," I said, "if you pull off a few more crazy schemes like this building fake buildings."

And he sat and shook his head and looked at me.

"He don't see it yet," he said to himself.

"See what?"

"The danger of it."

"The danger of what?"

"Of stopping," he said. "Dreamwood must continue rising now, very soon!"

"Funny, ain't you?" I said. He had me scared. "It won't be so funny when you pull off one of these wild things and one of these big black murderers that bought this stuff gets wise. Suppose one of these days one of them decides to take a run to Dreamwood or down to that fake laboratory in New York?"

"That's just it," said Al. "They never will while Dreamwood keeps rising. But when it stops—look out!"

"Oh, shut up!" I said. "You make me sick!"

"I mean it," he said, giving me that stare.

"You heard what I said," I told him. "I won't stand for it—that's all! I'll get out."

And the very next Saturday night he sprung that last thing on them just the same.

"Boys," he said, and held up another one of those big expensive pamphlets, "here's something that was just sent on to me to give you, from New York."

And they passed the things round in their thick cracked fingers. I took mine and looked at it. He'd sprung it on me too. "Concealed Assets," I read, and I opened it and listened to him read it, with the big boys muttering along after him.

"'The greatest of all assets,'" he read, "'in business are not visible. To the average eye they are far more often concealed. For example:

"'It has been long known to a few that the greatest of the assets of Dreamwood, Incorporated, was not the magnificent property at Dreamwood Hills. It was something intangible but far greater. The time has now arrived for the partial announcement of one great concealed asset of this strong new enterprise. We allude,'" he read, "'to the great Dreamwood Feature Film.'"

Then there was another picture of J. Hector opposite, arguing.

"'I'm ready to announce now,' says J. Hector Whiffen, 'in part, the crowning production of my career. Seven years of my life have been devoted to it.'"

And Al turned over to the end of it—the millions!

"'Few realize,' says President Whiffen, 'the tremendous potentialities of a great feature film—or what its conception and development involve.

"'First, it must be a great universal idea—appealing to all minds, high and low.

"'Second, it must be developed in profound secrecy. A first-class feature-film idea is the great industrial prize of to-day—the greatest of all trade secrets. Keen minds and great aggregations of capital are constantly on the alert to seize it.'"

The rough boys followed after him, with their fingers on the print.

"'For obvious reasons then,'" Al was reading, "'the subject of this production must be kept concealed. That is unavoidable. It can be said, however, that important critics have pronounced it the greatest single idea for the screen drama ever yet conceived—probably the greatest asset of its kind.'"

I watched them. Not a move out of one of them.

"'We have a basis, then, for some idea of its financial worth from other similar great productions. Let us take the profits of a first-class screen feature of this kind,'" Al read along, "'and see what we may conservatively expect.'"

I jumped along and read the figures ahead of him—all worked out in columns for the period of one year. One million net profit in New York City! Five million in the country—$5,134,891.34—all figured down to the cent!

"By Judas!" I said to myself. "That settles it."

And I sat and watched them muttering, following Al reading—expecting every minute to see them kick over at the thing.

"I'm through!" I said to Al when we were alone again. "You can have it."

"What do you mean?" he asked me, sobering up a minute.

"Five million," I said; "that's what I mean. The Great Secret Dreamwood Film. Five million dollars a year! That's what I mean. First nothing; then a million capital; then a million a year. And now five million! The next will be a billion. No! Oh, no; no more for me!" I said. "You've blown it up from nothing to five million a year. The next thing you'll blow your head off!"

"You're wrong," said Al.

"Wrong or not," I said, "I get out now, while the getting's good; before these wild men get wise."

I kept right to it. He couldn't budge me. I had him right this time. I could see that. He couldn't run the thing now himself in the condition he was in. He knew it.

"What would you want to make you stay?" he asked me.

"You let me take it for a change," I said. "You quit this million-dollar-a-minute thing and let me run it, and I'll stay along."

"Oh, all right," he said finally. "You take it, then. But you're making a big mistake," he said; "you're doing a very dangerous thing. And I'll tell you why ——"

"Aha!" I answered him. "I know you will."

"I'm going to tell you two things," he said—"right now. The first is, when you

(Continued on Page 69)

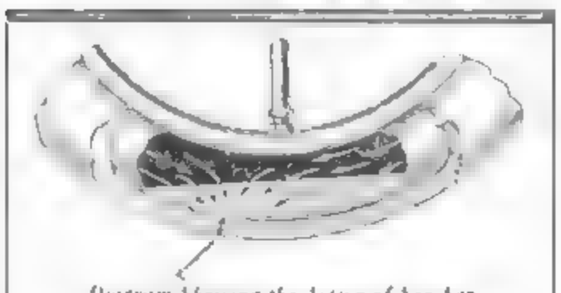


Diagram Showing the Action of Kor-Ker

KOR-KER is a compound boxed in powder form. Mixed with water it is pumped through valve stem. KOR-KER seals the puncture by the air pressure compressed into a cement plug and becomes part of the tube. Same action occurs in sealing slow leaks

Before Kor-Ker Punctures were unavoidable

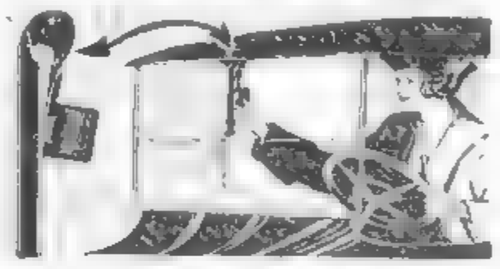
But for over six years thousands of motorists have been *free of punctures and slow leaks* and have increased their tire mileage by using

KOR-KER Tire Treatment
Preserves Rubber,—positively beneficial. Not a filler.

Seals punctures—*stops* slow leaks, [illegible]. Many [illegible] These are absolute facts which can be verified

3 or 3½" tires $8.00 for set 4 tires
4 or 4½" tires $10.00 for set 4 tires
5 or 5½" tires $14.00 for set 4 tires

Price includes Installation Service. *If there is no Kor-Ker dealer near you write us direct.* We will send you detailed facts and figures.



Just One Easy Motion Across and the

KLEAR-SIGHT WINDSHIELD CLEANER

gives you a clean dry glass. Clings firmly to the shield. Ready for instant use. Made of sturdy steel with rubber squeegee. Handsome and durable. Heavily Japanned. **Drawn spring steel insures uniform contact over all.** **$2.00**

ALCEMO MFG. CO., 5 Bridge St., Newark, N. J.
Some open territory for live representatives

War-time Positions *for Women*

This Company is employing hundreds of salesmen—many of whom have been *young* men.

The war has depleted our field staff of men to such an extent that we now need capable, energetic women to fill their places.

Liberal Salaries

will be paid, in addition to commissions, to those who prove their fitness for this pleasant and easy work, which may be done in spare time.

Are you interested in earning extra money for yourself? Then write today to

Agency Division
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
434 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Penna.

"What do we see tonight?"

ALL right, pile in! Plenty of room for five in the good old bus, so pile in, all seven of you! What do we see tonight? We don't know yet. But the best theatres in town are showing Paramount and Artcraft motion pictures

And after ten minutes or so you are still John H. Everyman of No. 19 Henry Street, in the same suit of clothes,—

—only you don't know it.

According to your friends and relatives, there you are in your chair. But as far as you yourself are concerned, you are somebody else entirely; and somewhere else altogether. One minute you are helping the unfortunate comedian run a little faster, and the next you are slamming the door in his face.

You, and at your time of life!

Full-grown and sophisticated and everything—and look at you!

Yes, and you can be envied! You have proved that you are not so fire-proof blasé as you might be

Unconsciously you have proved another thing, too; the vital *difference* between *Paramount* and *Artcraft* motion pictures and run-of-the-ruck "movies."

If you recall *which* motion pictures were notable in the stories they were built upon, masterly in the way the scenes were built on those stories, supreme in the fame and talent of the stars who played them and in the genius of the directors who staged them, and clean throughout—you will also recall that "Paramount" and "Artcraft" were the names under which they were featured.

That is why you tell yourself your two hours have been well worth while, as you pack all seven of them back into the machine. Let 'em jabber, back there in the tonneau! It's a good old world!

Paramount and Artcraft Motion Pictures

Three Ways to Know how to be sure of seeing Paramount and Artcraft Motion Pictures

one—by seeing these trade-marks or names in the advertisements of your local theatres.

two—by seeing these trade-marks or names on the front of the theatre or in the lobby.

three—by seeing these trade-marks or names flashed on the screen inside the theatre.

TRADE MARK Paramount Pictures

TRADE MARK ARTCRAFT PICTURES

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION
ADOLPH ZUKOR *Pres.* JESSE L. LASKY *Vice Pres.* CECIL B. DE MILLE *Director General*
NEW YORK

"FOREMOST STARS. SUPERBLY DIRECTED. IN CLEAN MOTION PICTURES"

AT THE FIRST DROP OF RAIN

Obey that Impulse

Put on Your WEED TIRE CHAINS

THE ONLY DEPENDABLE SAFEGUARD
AGAINST SKIDDING

AMERICAN CHAIN COMPANY, INC., BRIDGEPORT, CONN.
In Canada—Dominion Chain Co., Ltd., Niagara Falls, Ontario

(Continued from Page 66.

stop—when Dreamwood ceases rising—look out! You can feed them anything, but you can't stop."

"Aha!" I said. "And what's the second?"

"And the second is," he went on, talking slow, the way he did now, "look out for that funny man—that he-vampire! They're always trouble makers—those professional funny men—anywhere. But this one's worse. He's always round when there's a let-up, seeing when he's going to appear on the screen, knocking them dead.

"I'll keep out," he said, taking his hat; "but remember, you can't say I didn't warn you!"

He kept his hands off, as he said he would; but every now and then he'd ask me whether I was satisfied.

"Satisfied!" I said. "Two months of this and we'll start a run on all the savings banks."

"And you don't want me to amuse them—feed them another million?"

"You keep off!" I said.

And he just shook his head.

He sat round then—when he was in the office—saying nothing at all, his eyes sinking back in his head. I had to laugh, looking at him.

"What's the matter with you, you poor drunk?" I said to him two or three times. "What's the idea—sitting round here looking sadder than a dead Indian?"

"I've warned you," he said, "haven't I?"

"Yeh," I said; "you warned me."

And he shut up and sat there, sadder than ever.

I found him there in the office one night about a week later.

"I hope you're satisfied now," he said, looking at me.

"What with?"

"Ruining it," he said.

I thought, of course, it was the same old thing—he was just sad drunk.

"Ruining it, huh?" I said.

"You know what you said about some of them taking a run down to see the New York office?"

"Yeh."

"Well, you've done it," he said—"finally."

"Done it! Me?" I said. "What? Who?"

"That funny man; that Fitz," he said. "Just as I said he would. He wanted to see J. Hector about when he was going to start him in."

"Did he go down there?" I said, sitting up and taking notice.

"I don't know," said Al.

"You don't know!" I yelled at him.

"I did the best I could," he said, "to head him off." And he stopped talking, thinking.

"What did you do?" I asked him.

"I told him what was the use. I said our president was coming here in two weeks to see the boys, anyhow. He could see him then."

"Coming up here!" I said.

"To lecture on the Dreamwood Film. That was the best I could think of," said Al.

"Will it stop him," I said, "from going down?"

"How do I know?" said Al, growing still again. And he started for bed.

He started off the next morning, mixing himself a cocktail before breakfast—I watching him. I knew then I was in for it with him. And then he started in on me.

"You know what you did, don't you?" he said, looking at me without a spark in his eye. "You kicked over the whole thing. Dreamwood is over. If you'd let me alone ——"

"I let you alone?"

"Yes—and kept building up the thing—we'd only just been started. I warned you what would happen," he said—"what it would mean the first time you let them think it was finished. You'd ought to have known better yourself."

"Known better!" I said.

"What's the first principle of selling them anything?" he went on. "You've got to keep promising them, haven't you—shoving them along till you're through? The minute you stop they think they'll get something, don't they? You know that much. You ought to by this time."

I just sat and took it, and looked at him, wondering what I'd do.

"But that can't be helped now," he said. "You've had your try and you've messed it. Now you step aside. I'll see whether I can pull this thing out—what you've left of it."

"Me!" I said. "Step aside! And let you handle it!" I was crazy.

"Certainly," he said, looking. "You'll put it all in my hands now."

"Certainly I will not!"

"You will, anyhow," said Al.

"Why will I?"

"Because I'm the one that draws the checks."

I sat stiff. That was right. The bank account had stayed all in his name. I had nothing to say about it unless he'd let me.

"I'll draw out then," I said—"my share of it."

"Draw out?" he said. "What does that mean!" I saw I was getting him mad. "You spoil the thing, and now you're getting out! Oh, no! Nothing like that! You stay round now and watch me pull Dreamwood out."

He sat still, and I did the same. There was nothing I could do; I saw that. I'd had him that way before. The more you talked the worse he got—the more obstinate.

"Well, what will you do?" I asked him, to see just how his mind was working.

"The first thing," said Al, "I'll take a run down to New York to see our president and get him ready to lecture."

And he went off down there, as still and steady as ever. The only way you'd know he was drinking was the way his eyes drew back in his head.

"Will he do it?" I asked him when he got back again.

"Will he lecture on his Film?" said Al. "He certainly will."

"What's the subject of it?" I asked him. "Has he got one?"

"It's Biblical," he answered me. "It touches all minds in all countries."

"Biblical? What part?"

"The Garden of Eden—as I understand it—and Milton's Paradise Lost; a gigantic conception, with everything, including the devil. Many features new to the screen, of tremendous world-wide interest. But we'll let him tell that himself!"

"Yes, I guess we will," I told him. "And meantime you'll give me my share of this and let me go."

"Don't say that again!" said Al. "After what you did!"

I took a look at him and shut up. I saw I was only making him mad again. And I stayed along, cleaning up what I could on collections and wondering what I could do. And that Saturday night he announced that new idea to them.

"Boys," he said, "I've got some news for you. The old man's coming up next week, Saturday—old J. Hector himself—to tell us all about Dreamwood and the Feature Film—and how near finished we are. I've gone and got a hall over in the Mechanics Building, and you've got to be there, all of you; and bring in everybody."

"Did they act funny to you any?" I said when we got away.

"They weren't very noisy," said Al; "maybe because that funny one—that damned he-vampire—wasn't there."

"What do you suppose he's up to?" I asked him. "Do you think he ever did take a run down to Harlem?"

"He might have," said Al, looking at me, "I think."

"Might have," I said, "you think!"

"Why I say that," said Al, "is because when I was down there our friend J. Hector said there had been a red-headed man in to see him, asking a few questions."

"What did he do with him?" I asked.

"He shoved him off. It might have been this fellow here, and it might not," said Al. "But if it was he may be taking a run up to Dreamwood too."

"To Dreamwood!"

"He kind of intimated that," said Al.

"Intimated it," I said, choking up. "Look," I said to him, "when did he quit and get out of here?"

"I'll tell you what I have heard," he said after a while—"that's reliable. I got it straight from the bartender at Billy's."

"What is it?" I said. "What else?"

"They say they're going to have some meeting over there of their own—those iron boys—in a night or two."

"Meeting!" I said. "On what?"

"Don't ask me," he said. "Keep calm. We'll find out when it happens. Billy's going to let me know."

It went on to Friday, the night before J. Hector was coming. I didn't know what to do or where I was at. I couldn't get out. I couldn't lose that money. I was clearing up the best I could, hoping to get him started some way.

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He came into the office on Friday evening just after dinner.

"Get your hat," he said. "They're coming over there to their meeting."

We went over, saying nothing, and got into this side room, next to theirs. Pretty quick we heard them through the wall, tramping in, swearing at each other.

"Are we all here?" said somebody—Slattery, it sounded like. "Shut the door."

"And you went up there too?" said somebody else.

"Yes," said that Fitz—that redhead.

"What's up there?"

"Nothing!"

"Nothing there!" somebody said; and they were all still.

"Nothing but this hole in the ground where they ran a plow or something—and some trees."

"What'll we do?" said one of them

Then they all broke out at once, barking like a menagerie for half an hour.

"Arrest them—no!" said one of them, breaking loose and talking by himself finally. "Why should we arrest them? You'd never get it back probably. No! What we'll do is wait."

"Till when?"

"Till to-morrow night; till we get them in there—with the one from New York with them."

"He's the worst," said the funny man. "He's the one we want. He's the crookedest of the lot. I've seen him. He's responsible for it all. I know that. These two others ain't got brains enough!" And Al poked me.

"Judas!" I said to Al after they'd tramped out, shaking the building. "That was a narrow escape. But we can pull out to-night and get away."

"And leave all the money in the bank where they can get at it?" said Al, staring at me from the chair.

"All the money!" I yelled. "In the bank still?"

"Sure!" said Al, looking at me out of those black-rimmed eyes. "But that's all right. Leave it to me!"

"Well," I said finally, seeing there was nothing I could do, "I suppose they won't murder us in daylight?"

"No," said Al after a minute; "but there'll be somebody hanging round us most of the time after the banks open."

"Yes," I answered, jumping. I'd heard them say that too. "What'll we do then?"

"Oh, nothing!" said Al, yawning. "Nothing! We'll send over for our money the first thing. And then we'll stay right with them all day. I've got that all arranged."

"Stay with them—all day!"

"You heard what they said, didn't you," asked Al—"about waiting till night, till they got us in the hall?"

"Yes."

"That's it," he said, and shut up.

"Get us in the hall!" I said. "What, in with those low-browed assassins? I guess not!"

"Trust me!" Al answered me, lifting up his hand. "I've got it all worked out."

"Worked out, you poor fool!" I said. "What do you mean?"

"From the first—when I first secured the hall for J. Hector's lecture, On the Great Secret Film—I made certain arrangements. It seemed to me," he said, talking slow, "at that time, it might be necessary. You couldn't tell."

"Necessary what?"

"To feed them J. Hector—if we had to."

"Feed him to them!"

"You remember, in the old Fifth Reader," he said, talking slower and slower and holding his eye on me, "the poor family that was sledge riding in Russia—with the wolves—and threw out everything? And then finally they threw out the baby?"

"Maybe I do," I said.

"Aha!" he said, looking at me and stopping talking—the way he did now—as if he was stalled. "We'll do that way," he said finally, "with J. Hector."

"Not on your life!" I said, jumping up.

"Trust me!" he said. "I have it all arranged. Down the fire escape. Into a taxi."

"Not a bit of it!" I said. "You won't take any chance like that."

"Well, you can go," he said, "if you choose. But I stay. I shall see Dreamwood through to the last. That's me! That's the way I look at it."

I lay awake all night.

"Let me alone," he said in the morning. "I know what I'm doing. You can go if you want to."

"Yes," I said; "but what about giving me my money?"

"I probably can't give you the time for that to-day," he said; "not till evening." And went out.

Al got the money from the bank and put it all in his pocket; and started right off drinking with those iron molders when they showed up.

"It's going to be a wonderful meeting to-night, boys," he said. "We're going to hear something that'll make us all feel good and satisfied about Dreamwood—the possibilities of it."

You could see them swallowing, listening to him.

"You know what they'll do to us?" I said to him, trying to get him started the one time we were alone that afternoon.

"Do nothing!" he said. And he called up the taxicab driver and told him just where to stand. "Just trust to me—that's all," he said again. He seemed steady enough on his feet—that was one thing.

And we went over and got J. Hector, in his new Prince Albert suit, at the station. I went with him. I had to now. They came along with us all the time—Slattery and Fitz—a reception committee from the molders, watching us till their eyes bored holes in our backs.

Al did most of the talking. They kept right with us—clear up into the hall—till Al and I went up on the stage with J. Hector, fussing with his flowing tie and looking over his papers, getting ready to talk.

I could see some of them edging over to the only two doors, and the rest of them looking up over their big cheek bones. Judas, I was dead! Looking down at those things, those big monstrosities, staring! You could see their eyes shine and their hands twitch, waiting. They were moving more and more now, feeling better. Now and then they made a noise at each other. They thought they had us! Al sat there looking at them out of his black-rimmed eyes till they got settled—stiller and sadder looking than ever.

"I won't say but a word, boys," he said finally, getting up. "Our president is here. He'll tell us all we want to know—about his Great Secret Film; about the plans for the completion of Dreamwood."

You could hear their feet shuffling on the floor when he said it, getting ready.

"Now you've got him here, boys," said Al, standing stiff, "I know you'll give him a warm reception. Give him a rouser!"

Not a hand or a noise! You could almost hear them swallow, watching us.

And then the thing with the goatee—J. Hector—got up, fumbling with his papers. He was nervous; he would be, anyway, looking down into the eyes of those iron molders—all sitting still there, waiting.

And Al touched me on the leg. Probably he was fussed—J. Hector—looking at those faces and not hearing a sound. He started off, anyhow, as if he was, quoting that old first prospectus:

"'In the granite hills of New Hampshire—God's great quiet hills—is rising Dreamwood.'"

And they started!

"Now come!" said Al to me, and turned out the lights.

He took my arm, walking slow and easy—not a stumble or a mistake in the dark. He knew just where he was going all the time. We were down the fire escape and in the taxi while they were lighting matches, tramping on each other, getting on the stage.

"Wait just a second!" said Al to the chauffeur, and listened; you could hear them up there with J. Hector.

We slowed down again and went up to the curb at the next corner.

"Officer," said Al, "look! There's some of those iron molders from Troy up in a hall back there, holding a massacre. I'd take a look at it if I was you. Listen! Hear them?" And we went along. You could hear the officer whistling for another cop to go up with him.

He stopped.

"Did they get there in time?" I said.

"Oh, yes," said the man hunter. "They just tore his clothes off him a little.

"Listen," he said; "fourteen thousand dollars out of there—from nothing—absolutely! If we'd had some capital, we'd 'a' been going now.

"But it's just exactly as I tell you. There's always one thing you can't keep them away from. That's got them dreaming. You can tell them anything about it—the more the better. They eat it."

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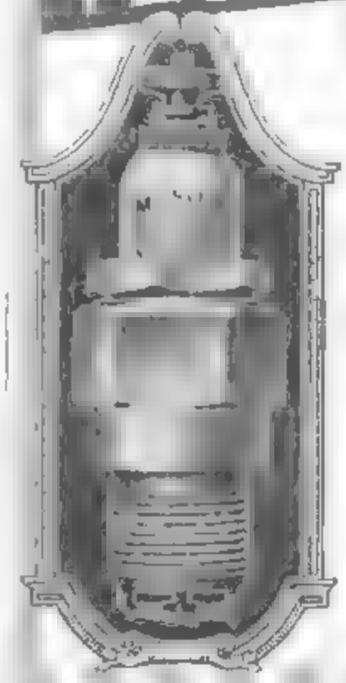

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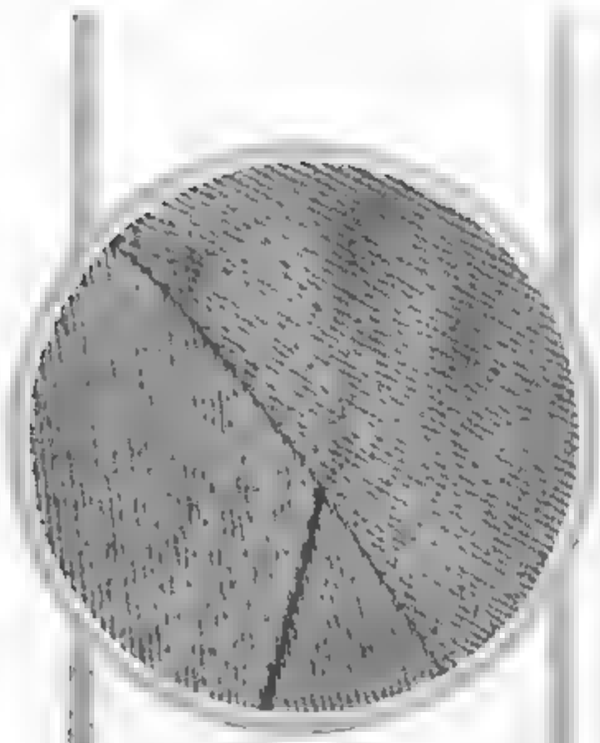

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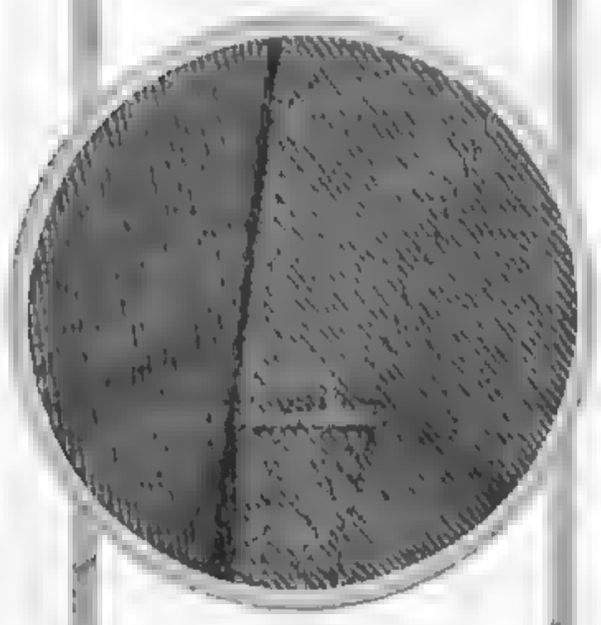

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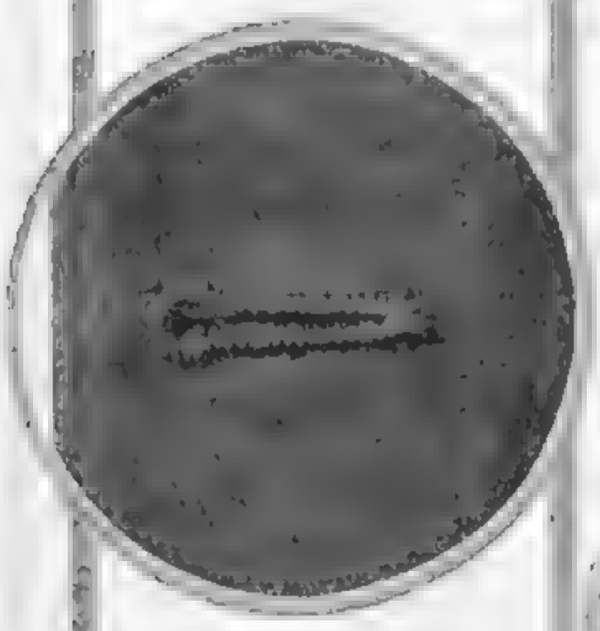

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BOY HOWDY!

(Continued from Page 7)

the world above I could put a patch on the seat of my pants and whistle cheerfully during the operation. I did not fear them; let the cowardly murderers do their worst! Our dugout was twenty feet underground and the entrance could not be hit unless the shell should back up.

Often and often we have played at cards while the foolish Hun wasted ammunition on the adjacent ruins. I have seen M'sieu Joe abuse his luck when he drew for a straight and got a pair of deuces—I have seen him abuse his luck, with a barrage pummeling our positions, just as heatedly as he was wont to argue with Madame Patsy over their games of dominoes in his mansion on the bluff.

We whiled many an hour, too, with the dice; but at this game I have never been able to acquire that combination of proficiency and luck that is essential to profitable endeavor. Not that I haven't tried faithfully; but the main ingredient of success appears to be facility in talking to the elusive numbers; and this I have not yet mastered. For that reason I am persuaded that craps is not a game for gentlemen, m'sieu. No; it seems to me better suited to colored persons and those Caucasians who say "Shut the do'."

My partner was passionately fond of the game. Indeed he would rise at any hour or abandon any form of work to indulge in a session with the dice. And he had an irritating habit of crooning absurd ditties during play, except only when he was shaking the cubes himself:

My papa drove me away from home,
My papa drove me away.
My papa drove me away from home,
And I got no place to stay.

Six weeks ain't long for me to be gone,
Six weeks ain't long, my dear.
Six weeks ain't long for me to be gone,
And I may be gone a year.

I promised my gal last Saturday night,
I promised her twice before,
I promised my gal last Saturday night
I wouldn't git drunk no more.

Six weeks ain't long for me to be gone,

and so on.

In vain did I beseech him to desist.

"I'll cut out singin' if you'll cut out that snorin'," he retorted. "Wow, but you're a fright! Why the Sam Hill cain't you snore like a departure, instead of an arrival, Henree?

"I swan, you scared me half to death this evenin'. Sounded just like a big ol' 155 comin' down the stairs!"

Was he not prodigious, my friend? But that was just like M'sieu Hicks; he was forever jesting.

On a day he came to me with a letter in his hand. He was pulling a long face.

"That's what a man gits for bein' away from home, fightin' for the liberty of the human race, Henree!" he cried.

"What has happened, m'sieu?"

"Why, Patsy's got a baby!"

I sprang up and embraced him.

"And you never told me!"

"But it ain't mine!"

"My poor friend ——"

"She adopted it," said M'sieu Joe. "Yes, she did. She's up and adopted a li'l' French kid; says he's the cutest thing I ever seen, and I just got to let her keep him. What do you know about that, Henree? It's like I'll collect a flock of 'em if this war keeps up much longer."

Despite his pretended chagrin I could discern, my friend, that M'sieu Joe was secretly pleased. For as we were lying in our bunks next day after a short sleep he remarked abruptly: "Patsy ain't such a bad ol' scout at that, Henree."

"Indeed, she is not!"

"You're whistlin'!" added my partner. "Dadgum, I'd rather fight with Patsy than have any other woman make a fuss over me."

But then he went on to talk the most extravagant nonsense. "I'll bet my kid'll put it all over them twins of your'n in another year, Henree. Patsy says he can say 'Daddy' already. She's been learning him to talk."

His preposterous conceit was sufficiently diverting; I was almost too amused to be angry. You have seen my boys, m'sieu, and I need make no comment. Yet here was a man with a ready-made family beginning to boast! Luckily I remembered his predilection for jest and stifled the seathing retort that trembled on my lips.

I regret to confess, however, that M'sieu Joe did not always stop at verbal jokes. No; he did not hesitate to perpetrate pranks on his comrade in arms. This I attributed to the insatiable American fondness for practical jokes, and consequently bore him no resentment, though on occasions he carried them to extremes.

For instance, he once brought a French soldier into our lines from another sector for the express purpose of engaging me in conversation. So far, so good; I conversed affably, as is my wont. But the visitor pretended inability to comprehend what I was saying. He kept vociferating that I was not speaking French, and topped the insult by proclaiming to everybody present that my accent betrayed my origin, and that I undoubtedly came from Sorel, Quebec! It was false, m'sieu. I came from Lachine.

The first few days of my stay in the trenches were made miserable by two circumstances—firstly, I had not yet learned to distinguish between boche shells coming toward us and our own going over; and secondly, the gas alarms.

M'sieu Hicks took a malicious delight in yelling a warning and throwing himself flat at every sound, thereby startling me into automatic imitation of his precautions. But after a while I learned the difference between incoming and outgoing shells, and then all his efforts went for naught. When he raised the alarm I would shrug my shoulders and say "*Là, là, là!*" like the seasoned poilus; so he gave up that diversion in despair.

Of gas *alertes* we had many. Such is always the case with new troops when they first take cover. A soldier scents an unfamiliar odor; straightway he grabs his mask and goes stumbling down the trench in the dead of the night to sound the siren, croaking to all he meets: "Gas! Gas!" *Ma foi*, it is a terrible sound in the still, dark hours! The blood runs cold when the siren raises its ghostly voice and one hears on all sides from panicky comrades: "Gas! Gas!" Of all the horrible instruments of war invented by a barbarous people, to my mind poison gas is the worst. It is so sneaking, so insidious, so hard to guard against—and so dreadful in its action. God will deal with a race which has perpetrated such a crime against humanity, m'sieu! Rest assured of that.

One night my partner, in collusion with sundry others, among them the person known as Sleuthfoot, was successful in getting me to wear my mask for three hours under the delusion that the dugout was filled with the poison. Meanwhile, behind my back they silently played cards in all comfort.

But I had my revenge. Indeed, yes! M'sieu Joe cried "Wolf!" once too often. He raised the alarm early one morning because he happened to be late with the breakfast and hoped that the ruse would hide his laxity; but I detected his purpose, my friend. *Mais oui!* I detected his purpose and refused to don the mask, so that when the lieutenant came storming into the kitchen to find out what all the pother was about M'sieu Joe was caught red-handed. In a word he could not make his alibi stick, and the captain administered a tongue-lashing that he did not soon forget.

Owing to the unfortunate American habit to which I have referred before, my partner found many among the soldiery who were only too glad to aid and abet him. One night a party of them set upon me in the kitchen, bore me to the ground, and after severely tying my hands behind my back marched me through a long stretch of trench. What was I to think? Two of them talked a guttural jargon; the officer seated at the table in the dugout to which they led me, a prisoner, wore a long blue coat and a boche helmet. *Eh bien*, what would you yourself have concluded? That you were in the hands of an enemy raiding party, *n'est-ce pas?* How could I know that the false officer was an Alsatian from the French battalion on our right, who had eagerly lent himself to the cruel deception?

He put a number of questions to me, and I answered them. But when his queries touched on military information, m'sieu, Henri Giraud's lips became sealed. Yes; they could not make me talk after that, try as they would. Not even when they

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blindfolded me and caused me to sit on the parapet. I would not open my lips. And at last they turned me loose. It was only then that I discovered, amid gales of laughter, that I was not on the parapet at all, but in a funk hole—that my captors were not stealthy raiders as I had supposed, but my own comrades in arms. The childish foolery caused a prodigious stir among the soldiery.

Another time—and to this I cannot refer without rancor—a sergeant called for volunteers to make a raid on the boche lines in order to seize a few prisoners. Now such an appeal can never be made in the hearing of Henri Giraud without bringing from him an instant response. I volunteered.

The raid was to be made without artillery preparation, I was informed. We were to sneak across No Man's Land and into the German front line, there to grab whatever of the enemy were about.

O. K. The undertaking was one after my own heart, at once hazardous and feasible. I eagerly assented.

We went. We went, m'sieu. The little party crawled out of the trenches and started across No Man's Land, and in a short while there were other trenches in front of us. And now in some inexplicable fashion I became separated from my comrades. But that did not deter me. There were the enemy positions, and I was armed with hand grenades.

I softly let myself down into the trench and crawled along until I perceived in the darkness several forms near the door of a dugout. The moment had arrived. I released the pin from a grenade, took aim and threw it. The bomb fell at the very feet of the party, but it did not explode. No; it did nothing but fizzle, and before I could let go another they were upon me. In a trice I was thrown to the ground, and then three of the party sat on various portions of my anatomy and laughed.

It is true, they laughed, m'sieu! The trench to which I had been led was merely a salient in our own line; the grenade was a dummy; and I was the victim of a contemptible jest—a butt for their ribald mirth.

However, *c'est la guerre.* One must take the bad with the good, and I bore them no grudge. I bore them no grudge, but in my heart of hearts, m'sieu, I resolved to even accounts with every man concerned, if my neck paid the price.

For a long while no opportunity presented itself. Our tour ran its uneventful course. There was considerable shelling, and now and again a comrade got bumped off. We had, also, one real gas attack, and a raid that broke down under the furious fire of our artillery; but aside from these incidents our life was singularly uneventful and routine.

It was not until long after we had been relieved—until we had spent some time *en repos*, and were once more holding our old sector—that the chance came for which I had been waiting.

On a pitch-black night I was alone in the kitchen, engaged in making coffee to be sent up to the men in the front trenches. This kitchen was under the ruins of a house, as you already know, and that house formed one of about a dozen that had once constituted the village. Trenches traversed the village in various directions. Some led to our front lines; some to the rear; one ran down across the little bridge and thence to a road that pierced our own lines, crossed No Man's Land, and on, straight through the German positions, to the frontier and beyond.

Eh bien, I was engaged in making coffee. The other cooks and kitchen police were down in the dugout shooting craps. It did not require much effort to make the coffee, and since I seldom played at dice I had volunteered to do the work alone.

Suddenly I heard a crunch of feet on the duckboards of the trench. I gave them no heed; men often came and went during the night, and there were sentries at intervals to challenge and demand identification.

They approached the door of the dugout. Still I did not bother to concern myself with them. It is true that I had a passing impression of stealth in the way they came on, but stealth too was not unusual.

I had just straightened from putting a stick of wood on the fire when the door opened and a deep voice cried: "Come out, American!"

Aha, another trick! My comrades, who had pretended a desire to indulge in craps, had sneaked out to try another practical joke at my expense! But I was ready for them this time. They should see of what stuff Henri Giraud was made.

Like lightning I seized a heavy fire iron and put myself into a posture of defense. An exclamation of surprise and consternation from the doorway; then the interloper drew back, and before I could move a muscle a curiously shaped object on a short stick landed at my feet.

The fools! The dolts! They sought to scare me with a false grenade, but they greatly underestimated their man.

Oddly enough, though I knew the bomb to be false the sight of it angered me. I felt a hot rush of resentment that they should have thrown it, just as one does when a friend deliberately scares you, and almost before it touched the ground I had the thing by the handle and hurled it with all my force straight for the doorway.

Ma foi, what happened then, m'sieu! There was a tremendous explosion that brought stones and earth rattling down from the roof about my head. It was not a false bomb! It was a genuine one!

With the discovery my rage knew no bounds. They would have exposed me to injury, perhaps death! Had my presence of mind not averted the calamity the bomb would assuredly have gone off in the kitchen, and my adorable boys would at this moment be without the protection and guidance of a father.

M'sieu, for the moment I went mad. Yes; I saw red. My one desire was to lay my hands on the miscreants.

Emitting a fierce cry of triumph I rushed at the doorway, and heedless of several shots which the cowardly rabble aimed at me I sprang into their midst and laid about me with the full strength of my arms and a righteous cause. There were screams and howls and curses. Two men went down. Another jabbed at me with a bayonet, but missed. Him I laid out with a shrewd poke in the mouth; the blood spurted along the shaft of my weapon.

Never was such pandemonium. A fellow not six feet away tried to shoot me, but I forestalled his intention, and wresting the rifle from his grasp emptied its chamber into the press of my enemies. For they were enemies now, m'sieu. Nothing else mattered but that I should destroy them.

I heard running feet coming toward us. Was it help for them or relief for me? A crushing blow with the butt of the gun on the helmet of one who tried to grapple me, and then abruptly: *"Kamerad! Kamerad!* Don't kill us! We surrender!"

There came a rush of soldiers, rifles and gleaming bayonets all round me; and in the thick of the confusion the voice of my partner: "Well, I'll be damned! Henree's gone and grabbed a bunch of squareheads!"

And I had, m'sieu. *Oui!* Of course I had known it all along. It was a raiding party of the perfidious Hun, which had crept down the road in the darkness, and I had killed three, wounded five and captured seven.

How is that? To be sure! To be sure! Otherwise, would I have laid about me in such fashion among my own comrades, think you?

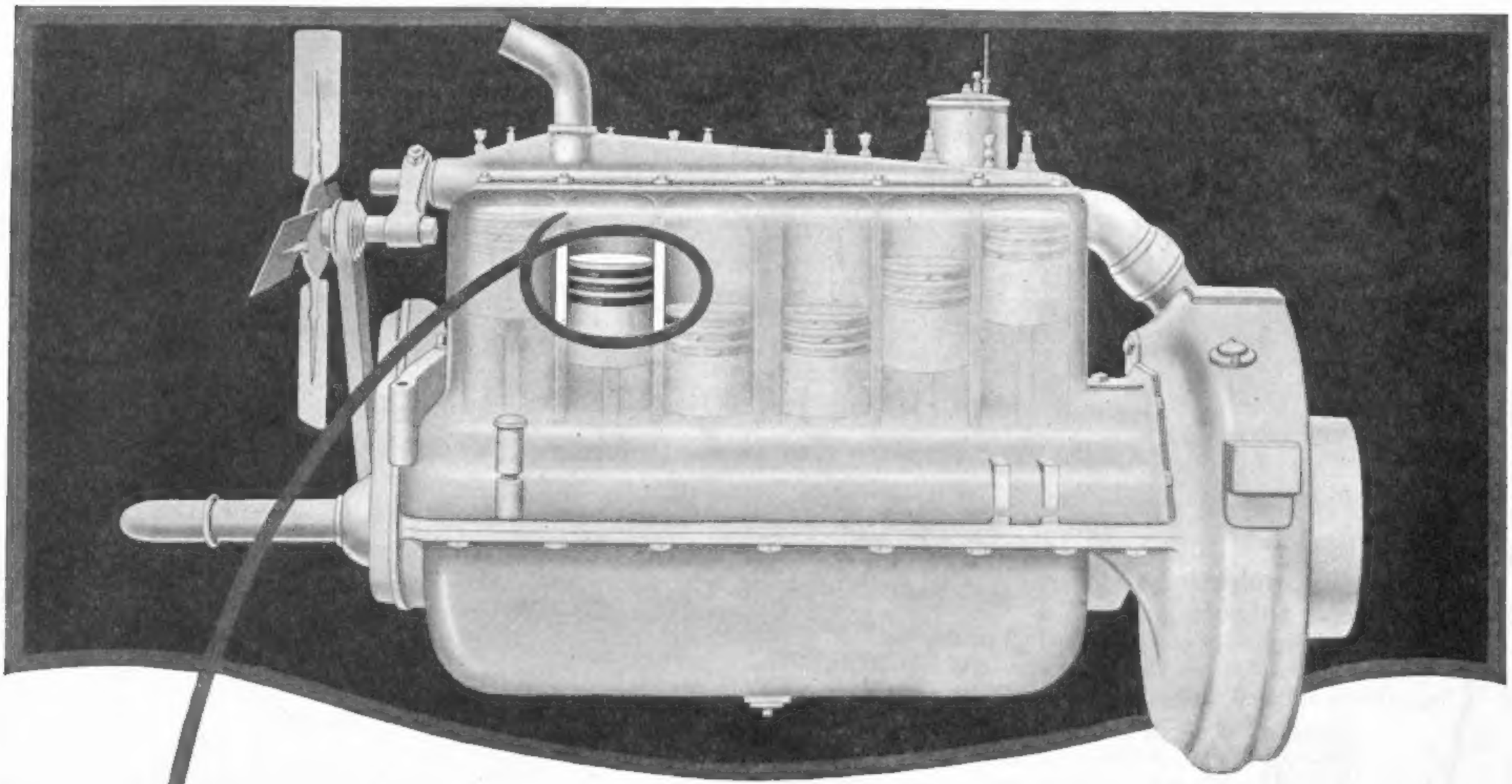
The barbarian had thought to surprise us. Taking advantage even of the night he had crossed No Man's Land and followed the road until he reached our lines. A sentry challenged, it transpired later, but the raiders employed a knowledge of English one of them possessed to approach close to him. Then they set upon and killed him, slitting his throat. After which they sneaked into our trenches and were making their way from the rear toward the captain's dugout when the gleam of my kitchen fire through a crack in the door attracted them—attracted them to their own undoing. They sought prisoners, my friend. Instead they became prisoners.

It is to that deed the general referred. It is for that I wear this decoration.

As for Sleuthfoot and others of his ilk, who contend that the entire business was a fluke and that I fainted on discovery of who the prisoners were, let them rave. I will not deny that I momentarily lost consciousness at the conclusion of the affair, but that was due to loss of blood from an abrasion on my cheek, caused by the passage of a bullet which one of the assassins fired at me.

So let the envious hiss. Suffice that I did my duty.

As M'sieu Joe so justly observed: "What difference does it make who he thought he was lickin'? He done a fine job, and us cooks had ought to stand together. Besides, many a man couldn't tell how he won his medal! It's the obsolete truth."



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